HISTORIC HOTELS
OF THE WORLD

By ROBERT B. LUDY

Historic Hotels of the World

Past and Present

By

ROBERT B. LUDY, M. D.

Author of Historic Churches of the World, Etc.

Illustrated

THERE have been books about inns and hotels before this one, but no such comprehensive work as Doctor Ludy has written has yet appeared. Here is told in a rapid, entertaining, gossipy manner the stories of many of the Historic Hotels in all parts of the world. Beginning with antiquity, the volume follows in a sketchy, vivid way, the development of the hotel from the primitive shelter for wayfarers to the luxurious, palatial sky-scraping hostelry of the present day.

We are given little side glimpses of kings and queens, peers and princes and other eminent or distinguished personages who have made the reputation of hotels. We learn how history has been made in many of these great houses, and how it continues to be made in this kind of environment. The reader may be surprised to learn about the modern hotel life that is to be found in those distant parts where the tourist and cruise passenger seldom are found.

Doctor Ludy treats his subject in a light, anecdotal fashion which makes the book attractive reading without detracting from its authority as a historical presentation.

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To

Dr. Milton Fraser Percival

With highest regards and
good wishes of the Author

Robert B. Ludy M. D.

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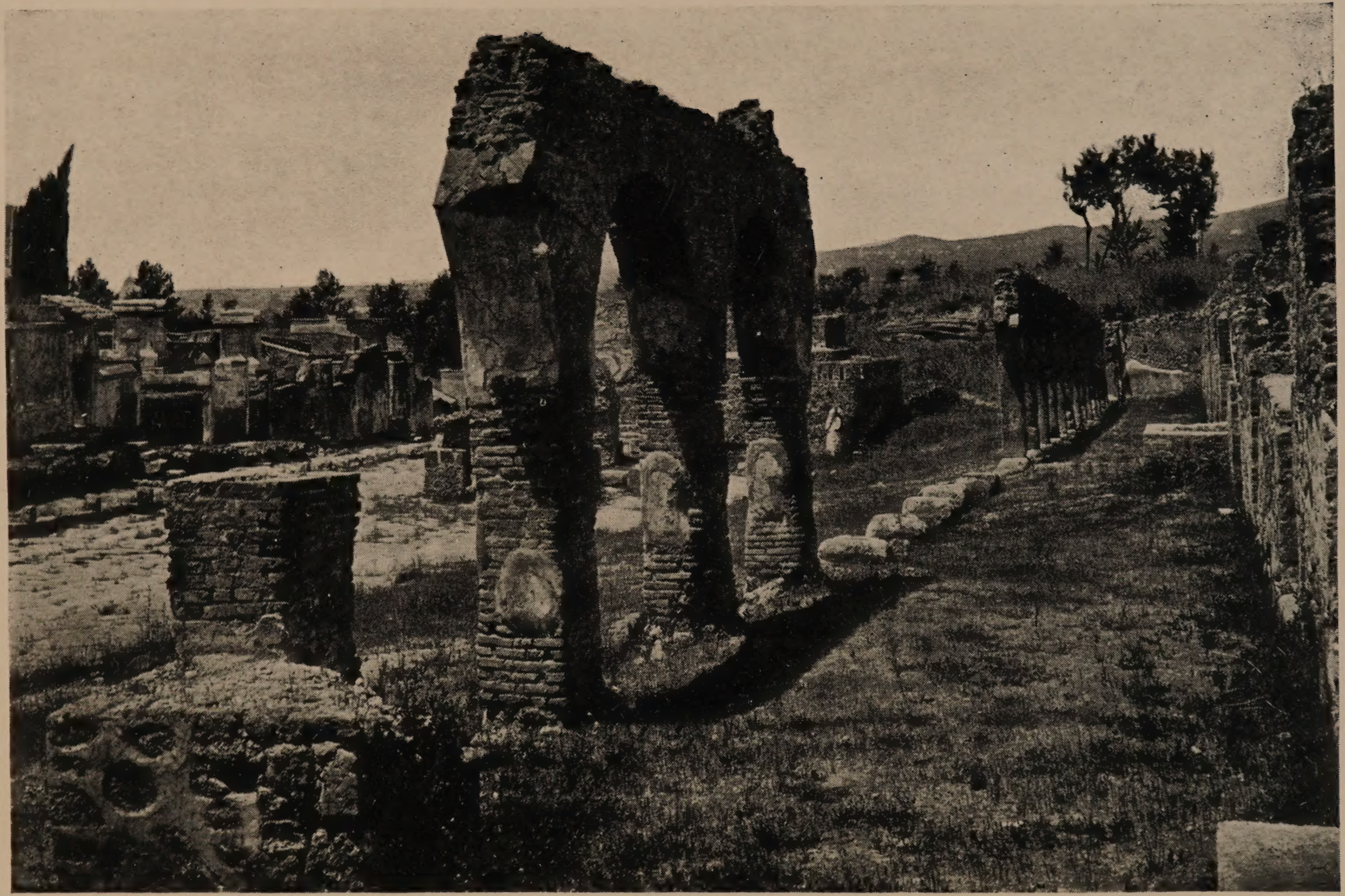

POMPEII. *Inn near the Herculaneum Gate.* (Page 1)

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PREFACE

Perhaps a hotel man, although not a historian in the strict sense of that word, has some qualifications for writing a book on the historic hotels of the world. In the first place, if he has been connected with guest houses for a quarter of a century or more, as I have been, he has absorbed a great deal of information on the subject. This is especially true if he is always seeking for novelties and improvements which make the modern hostelry even a little more convenient than the average home.

I think all hotel men like to travel; I know I do; for I have toured around the world no fewer than three times. There is still a great deal I have not seen, and a great deal I have not learned about hotels, consequently, I am not at all certain that I have concluded my globe-trotting.

It was only natural that on these many expeditions, in addition to other journeys, I was impressed by the stories of many of the hotels I have visited or of those of which I had heard. It occurred to me that if these were of interest to me there must be many other travellers who have had similar experiences and would be pleased to have some of this material in a permanent, handy form. Hence this book.

Hotels, like other adjuncts of civilization, have their careers, and then often pass away, from one cause or another. Some of these hostelries of the past played so important a part in their times that they should not be swallowed up in oblivion; but so far history very seldom mentions them. Indeed, when one comes to think about it, as I have done, he finds that very little has been written about hotels. It is true that in many localities in the United States there is a deep feeling for the town's historic inns, and this feeling has led to a few volumes on American Colonial inns.

It would be a mistake to think that all the historic inns or hotels are to be found in America. They exist everywhere that civilization has penetrated. Every person who has travelled extensively will recall here and there a hotel or inn, or ancient tavern which appears to him to be historic. All of these may not be found mentioned in this volume; for while it was designed to be comprehensive, it would have grown into an unmanageable size had any attempt been made to have it inclusive. In a general way, I think, it will be found to show the development of the hotel from those very ancient times when the inn was a poor kind of shelter for the tired wayfarer, to the present, when the hotel is a palatial but comfortable home for the traveller accustomed to expect luxury.

It will readily be understood that a book such as this is of necessity very largely a compilation. That means that without the courtesy and generous help of others I never could have finished the book. Indeed, I have been under so very many obligations to Historical Societies and Libraries throughout the United States; to the managers of hotels everywhere in the world, who usually have promptly and kindly replied to my queries and made many valuable suggestions; and to others, that I am unable here to publicly thank them individually.

Through almost every stage of the work I have had the ready assistance of Joseph Jackson, of Philadelphia, himself a traveller and author, who has relieved me of the burden of seeing the book through the press, and has been of great help to me in other ways. In addition to expressing my grateful appreciation of his co-operation I desire also to mention the useful assistance I have received from J. Loder Park, Vice-Consul at Aden, Arabia; North Winship, Consul at Cairo, Egypt; Graham H. Kemper, Consul at Yokohama, Japan; Willard L. Beaulac, Consul at Arica, Chile; and Francis H. Styles, Consul at Durban, South Africa.

ROBERT B. LUDY, M. D.

Atlantic City, *July*, 1927

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HISTORIC HOTELS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

I

INNS OF ANTIQUITY

As you go through the strangely paved streets of the ruined city of Pompeii you have pointed out to you a group of brick arches, not unlike those of a wine cellar; and some damaged foundations, more or less square in design, which you are told once were an inn.

If the guide is correct in his archæological impressions, you have seen the oldest hotel in the world. Unfortunately, like many other statements about the city whose life was puffed out by Vesuvius, nearly two millenniums ago, this one is disputed by some learned antiquaries.

We may well leave the problem to them with the thought that there must be an "oldest inn" somewhere in the world, and Pompeii offers a most attractive and logical setting for this structure.

Where or when the first inn or hotel was established we may never learn, but if we can discover the age when civilized man first began to travel in the interests of commerce, we shall be on the road to the acquisition of this knowledge. At present it is a subject for discussion with very little light falling upon it.

As our present civilization comes to us from the Orient, it is there we shall have to delve for the earliest information and remains of these landmarks on the world's highways.

From some statements made by Herodotus in his Second Book, to the effect that in ancient Egypt women were assigned to the businesses that we have long regarded as

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fields for the masculine members of the race, it has been assumed by some writers that Egyptian inns were kept by women. It also has been asserted, with what truth it can better be imagined than described, that these hostelries bore an evil reputation. As it also has been declared by the first of historians that the ancient Egyptians were prohibited from travelling with that freedom we all have been accustomed to, these inns, after all, may have been little more than taverns; and we know Egypt is the land where beer was first brewed. This may account for the evil repute of their proprietresses.

Throughout Asia there have existed since the first caravan set out, stopping places along the great highways where men and beasts of burden were offered refreshment and rest for the night. These were, and are still where they remain, called Khans or Caravansaries.

Originally these stopping places were situated at the sites of wells or well watered places. They were rude in architecture and not over-commodious. In two thousand years they evidently have changed very little, either in design or in the smallness of their conveniences.

Loftus, in his book, "Chaldea," gives both a plan and a description of a Khan at Adalia, in Asia Minor, on the road from Baghdad to Babylon, which evidently does not differ greatly from those stopping places in the Far East in earlier ages. Sometimes these retreats for travellers are called "locando."

"It is a large and substantial building," he wrote, "in the distance resembling a fortress, being surrounded with a lofty wall, and flanked by round towers to defend the inmates in case of attack. Passing through a strong gateway, the guest enters a large court, the sides of which are divided into numerous arched compartments, open in front, for the accommodation of separate parties and for the reception of goods. In the centre is a spacious raised platform, used for sleeping upon at night or for devotions of the faithful during the day. Between the outer wall and the compartments are wide, vaulted arcades, extending round the entire building, where the beasts of burden are placed. Upon the roof of the arcades is an excellent terrace and over the gateway an elevated tower containing two rooms, one of which is open at the sides, permitting the occupants to enjoy every breath of air that passes over the heated plains. The terrace is tolerably clean, but the court and stabling below are ankle-deep in chopped straw and filth."

There are probably half-a-dozen references to inns in the Bible. One of the first is in Exodus IV. 24, in the course of the narrative describing Moses' call to be the deliverer of Israel:

"And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him and sought to kill him."

It would be hazardous, however, to assert that in this passage is meant what we regard as an inn, just as it seems is the inference by some writers that Judges XI. and XVI. refer to inns. The latter reference is to Samson's visit to Gaza, where he met Delilah, who has been regarded as an innkeeper, following the theory that Egyptian houses for travellers were maintained by women.

Jeremiah IX. 2, cries out, "Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people, and go from them!" Some commentators interpret this as a reference to an inn or hostel as they do another passage in Jeremiah XLI. 17: "And they departed, and dwelt in the habitation of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem, to go to enter into Egypt."

In the New Testament, however, we find "guest-chamber" replaces reference to "inn" in both Mark and Luke, in describing the scene of the Last Supper. Mark

XIV. 14 and 15, which, from the contents, one might interpret either as a guest chamber of a private house or as a guest chamber in a hostel. The verses in Mark are:

"And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the goodman of the house, The Master saith, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

"And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us."

From the description of the large upper room, the impression might well be gained that the reference was to an inn, instead of a private residence. Yet, it is well known that in the East in those times it was not unusual for travellers to be accommodated in what was called "the guest-chamber," which none seemed too poor to provide.

In the Parable of The Good Samaritan, in Luke X. 34, will be found another reference to an inn, when the victim of highwaymen, after his wounds were dressed, was taken and cared for. The use of the inn here indicates that they were frequent on the main roads in the lands of the ancients, and in the second chapter of the same Book we are told that the newly born Saviour was wrapped in swaddling clothes "and laid in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn."

This shows plainly that the inns of the time had accommodations for beasts of burden as well as for the travellers, and it was in the stable of an inn in Bethlehem that the Christ child was born.

Like the modern hotel, the inn of the time of Jesus was an evolution or growth which indicates that its history must date back to ages which even then were regarded as ancient. Originally, it seems, the inn was not even a house, and was very little of a shelter, being usually a plot of ground near a spring, which sometimes was walled in, or had a rude fence surrounding it. This space was allotted as a camping ground for travellers, and at this stage of its evolution it seems that the various communities provided this accommodation without payment or price.

By degrees the wall was raised at the expense of some wealthy traveller. Arches were built and united to the wall by a roof. Doors were added, and the roofed-in inclosure was divided into apartments, so that several parties of travellers might be made comfortable at the same time and enjoy some privacy. Usually, there was a central space that was open to the skies, and around it were added rough sheds or in some instances, natural caves were used to stable any animals accompanying the travellers. It has been conjectured from the remains of the inn of the Nativity, which exhibits these natural caves, that this style of structure was common in Asia Minor in ancient times. Commentators have suggested that in the verse referring to the miraculous birth, the word translated as "inn" may, indeed, simply mean "guest-chamber." If this rendering be the correct one, then it seems logical to infer that the meaning is "guest-chamber" of an inn, for only an inn would be likely to have on its grounds natural caves used as stables.

The French word *auberge*, and the German word *herberge*, both usually translated as "inn," are traced by Larousse, in his "Grand Dictionnaire Universel," to a common Germanic source, in the expression composed of *heer*, army; and *bergen*, to protect, to defend. Primitively the word designated the place where an army raised its tents. In the Order of Malta, the hotels of the Chevaliers of various nations, where those of each nation or tongue assembled for meals, were called an *auberge*—naturally, there were as many inns as tongues.

In the East, the Mussulman inns are called *manzil* (literally, place where they descend). The Persians and the natives of a large part of Asia Minor have called these stopping places *Khans* and *Karavan Serai* (house of the Caravans). In these latter places, the lodgings are ordinarily given to the travellers without payment, and also their beasts of burden are similarly provided for, but the board for both, that is, the meals and other refreshment, is given upon the payment of money. This custom is more or less a survival of the customs established some thousands of years ago, for it is known that in the home of the ancient Hebrews, travellers and merchants generally, from time without record, were able to count upon the hospitality of friend, parent or associate on the road. They were lodged without price; hence we learn that in those lands where the Israelites were in control there were no inns. One might go further and say that in Ancient Egypt the Hebrews were warned not to stop at the inns kept by persons not of their race, and perhaps this rule influenced the hospitality we have seen was universal in that part of the world in the days of the Prophets.

There were so very many different kinds of inns in Ancient Rome and Greece, and so many refinements upon the character of these establishments, that it is with difficulty that any adequate idea of these places or of those earlier establishments in Babylonia can be given. The inn sometimes was not an inn, but a drinking place, which is only half of the genuine hostelry. Even in more recent times in France we find the *auberge* had competition in the *cabaret*, the *gargote*, the *guinguette*, the *hotellerie*, and the *taverne*, each of which expresses a different form of the same thing. Larousse tells us that in the *cabaret* they did not at first sell wine: the *taverne* is a *cabaret* "where they do not drink to excess." The *gargote* is a small *cabaret* "where they serve refreshments at a low price"; the *guinguette* is a *cabaret* in the suburbs, "where the people go to drink, dance and divert themselves on holidays." The *auberge* or true inn, the same

The Way to the holy lande

A Pilgrim *of the Middle Ages.* (*Page 10*)

Post *House on Road to Caspian Sea, Persia.* (*Page 2*)

Talbot (*Tabard*) *Inn, Southwark, London.* (*Page* 11)

La Grande *Chartreuse, France.* (*Page* 15) authority tells us, "gives above all food," while the *hotellerie* "furnishes equally shelter and food."

Thus we find that in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome the inn very often was a place for drinking only, while in France it is above all a place for food. In England and in the United States, in the days when inns were in their original form, they were, in fact, the hotels of the period, differing from the hotels which immediately followed by having stables and coach yards attached. This was essential in the days of horse-drawn transportation.

There is reason to believe that the ancient inns which marked the distances on the main roads of the Orient had their origin in the days when posts were established. Persia had a system of posts where horses and their riders might refresh themselves, and it is noteworthy that these posting inns were to be found at more or less regular intervals, usually the distance, it was calculated, that a horse could travel within a certain time. Long periods of time elapsed before Greece or Rome imitated the Persian system.

That hospitality which was so typical of the East from remote times was characteristic of the dealings of Athens, in classical days, with all strangers to the city. They were careful also to provide comfortable quarters for sailors from other countries, and, of course, had public inns or hotels to accommodate the visitors from other parts of the country when they crowded into the capital city on occasions of sports or plays or national festivals. In ancient Athens there were officials named "proxenoi," not totally unlike our consuls, whose chief duty was to dispense hospitality to visiting foreigners of distinction.

While it would be the merest guesswork to set a time when the first inn was in being in the Ancient World, there is very good reason to believe that by the year 500 B. C. the inn was already a fixture in Greece.

Supply followed demand twenty-five centuries ago, just as it does today, although not quite so rapidly or effectively. Consequently when the capital of the Grecian world became a busy and gay one, it was the attraction of travellers from all parts of the empire. That means that something more than private hospitality had to be provided, therefore we may feel secure in a belief that inns of various types and sizes were opened in Athens.

We are told that the ambassadors sent from Athens to negotiate with Philip of Macedon lodged at inns. Clodius, that scoundrelly Roman who was banished from Rome, and who was murdered by the athlete, Milo, is said to have met his fate in an inn. From the unsavory character of Clodius, who was an enemy of Cato and Cicero, it is thought that the scene of his murder must also have been a place of evil reputation. It is an interesting commentary on the hotel keeper that he died defending his guest.

Mercury, having been regarded as the patron of travellers and shepherds, was early seized upon by the ancient Grecian innkeepers for their patron, notwithstanding that Mercury was one of the most incessant and rascally thieves in all heathen mythology, being also esteemed as the special god of pickpockets and highwaymen.

Rome, like Athens, early had its inns and taverns. The words *taverna*, or *taberne*, seem to have been more or less indiscriminately used to designate an inn or a tavern, and neither is to be confused with the wineshops of the period, for in these latter one purchased wine to be brought to the house and not necessarily to be "drunk on the premises." The *taverna* was essentially a drinking place.

Sufficient remains of an early Roman inn have been recovered to show that the better class of hospices were well-built, and were arranged with apparatus for heating the guest-room. These places evidently were fairly numerous in and around Rome at the dawn of this era, for we know that laws were enacted for their proper supervision.

This supervision seems to have been almost modern in its comprehensive character, and also, it might be added, in its meddling, mischievous character. The inns, taverns and similar resorts were under the inspection of the aedile and his four myrmidons. They inspected the foods sold, the wine offered, and also passed upon the correctness of the weights and measures used in these establishments.

In these decrees issued in the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Claudius and Vespasian, we find that, under the guise of preventing the sale of adulterated foods or drinks, the inspectors forbade the sale of pastry in some instances; in others they allowed nothing but certain vegetables to be served to guests.

From these few scattered facts it will be easily imagined that the hotel-keeper, or inn-keeper, follows one of the world's most ancient occupations or businesses.

II

EUROPEAN INNS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

If we define the Middle Ages as that period between the fall of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the Reformation, it will be admitted that the thousand and more years that elapsed were quite sufficient to see the development of the inn in Europe from a small, inconvenient structure to one of more imposing proportions and more romantic life.

Indeed, it might justly be said that at the beginning of the Middle Ages the inn was still the inn of antiquity, while at the close of this era it had undergone a species of change that brought it nearer to the hostelries of our day. It had ceased to be a tavern only, for it accommodated "both man and beast."

One reason for the slow development will be found to be in the fact that in nearly all parts of Western Europe the wayfarer found abbeys and monasteries hospitably holding open their doors for him. These institutions of the Church in many instances were esteemed wealthy and their incomes were sufficient for them to lodge and feed worthy travellers for a small sum if they were able to give, and for nothing if they were too poor to make a return for their entertainment.

For some centuries before the Crusades excited Europe pilgrims were frequently—perhaps constantly—passing from England and France to Rome, or to Venice, where they took passage on ships for Jaffa and thence, on donkeys, travelled to Jerusalem. Some of these pilgrimages were enforced upon the pilgrims by way of penance and the others were led to make the long, hazardous journey for the sake of pure spiritual satisfaction and enlightenment; still others, according to Hallam, went in a spirit of adventure. The abbeys and monasteries usually provided the stopping places on the way. In the Holy Land the pilgrim had to act the part of Gypsy, and carry with him food and drink, and get what shelter he could.

The necessity for better caring for these hordes of pilgrims which each year appeared to increase in size, led to the establishment of the Knights Hospitallers, who sought to protect the visitors by erecting shelters or hospices for their accommodation. The first of these was founded about the middle of the eleventh century, before the Battle of Hastings, and probably paved the way for the Crusades which followed.

Pilgrimages were becoming common, but all of them did not have the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem for their objective. Some were made to the shrines of Saints and many to the Eternal City. In England, as all readers of Chaucer know, pilgrims regularly left London to visit the shrine of St. Thomas a'Becket, the Martyr, in Canterbury. By the time Chaucer wrote the inn in England had reached the stage it continued to maintain for the next three centuries.

We catch a glimpse of the Southwark (London) inn, The Tabard, whence Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims set out. It has been suggested by commentators of Chaucer that the pilgrims did not make the journey from London to Canterbury in a single day, since the distance is about sixty-four miles. There were stages in the journey and it has been suggested that four days were consumed by the Pilgrims.

Strangely enough, the information we have concerning the Tabard, and the pilgrimage noted by Chaucer, is obtained from an early editor of the poet's works, Thomas Speght, who was responsible for the edition printed in 1598. Chaucer wrote more than half a century before the art of printing was invented, for the Canterbury Tales are supposed to date from 1383, and Chaucer died in the year 1400. Richard Morris, who edited the edition of the poet's works in 1866, referring to the Tabard Inn, wrote:

"Mr. Speght, who appears to have been inquisitive concerning this inn in 1597, has left us this account of it in his Glossary, V. Tabard, 'A jaquet, or sleeveless coate, worn in times past by Noblemen in the Warres, but now only by Heraults, and is called they're coate of Armes in servise. It is the signe of an Inne in Southwarke by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims mett together, and, with Harry Bailey their hoste, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath bin much decaied, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoyned, newly repaired, and with convenient roomes much encreased, for the receipt of many guests.' "

Mr. Morris, after noting that for many years a sign was hung out by the inn, called in 1866 The Talbot, noting that it was the identical house from which "Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine Pilgrims lodged in their journey to Canterbury, Anno 1383," goes on to give some history of the ancient hostelry, which was burned in 1873.

"While I am upon the subject of this famous Hostelry," he wrote, "I will just add, that it was probably parcel of two tenaments which appear to have been conveyed by Witham deLudegarorle to the Abbott, &c *de Hyda juxta Winton*, in 1306, and which are described, in a former conveyance there recited, to extend in length, 'a communi fossato de Suthwerke versus Orientem, usque Regiam viam de Suthwerke versus Occidentem.' If we should ever be so happy as to recover the account books of the Abbey of Hyde, we may possibly learn what rent *Harry Bailly* paid for his inn, and many other important particulars."

Although the Tabard was destroyed by fire in 1873, after having been condemned in 1866, it is interesting to note that it was located on the Borough High Street, in Southwark, not far from that White Hart Inn which, in addition to having been very ancient was made immortal from having been the scene of the first meeting of Mr. Pickwick and his inimitable servant, Sam Weller. There are several pictures extant of the Tabard. One of the last is that which appears as a frontispiece to Timbs's "Clubs and Club Life in London," 1872. John Urry's edition of Chaucer, printed in 1721, gives a view of the ancient house as it was then, and in "The Gentleman's Magazine" in 1812, another picture, which shows a galleried coach yard, was published. It should be explained that probably none of these pictures really gives us a correct representation of the Tabard which Chaucer must have seen, for that house or the greater part of it was destroyed by the fire that ravaged Southwark in 1676.

Those London Pilgrims who dwelt on the north side of the Thames had to cross London bridge and make their way through Southwark, if their destination was Canterbury, and the Tabard, which was not far from London Bridge, was a logical place for making the start. From Chaucer we learn considerable about the host of the Tabard who figures so prominently in that poet's "Canterbury Tales." Henry Morley, in his "English Writers," paraphrases the poet's description of the host and his wife in these words:

"Harry Bailly, also called Henry Balif, the host, was fit to be the marshal in a hall; large, deep-eyed, bold of speech, shrewd, manly, well informed. He had a big-armed, blabbing shrew for his wife, who brought him the clubbed staves when he beat his boys and cried, 'Slay the dogs every one, and break their back and bone!' She ramped in his face, and cried at him as a milksop who would not avenge her, if any neighbor failed to bow to her in church; and he must bear with her, unless he would fight her, which he dared not do. Some day she would be driving him, he said, to slay a neighbor, and then go his way, for he is dangerous with knife in hand. No wonder that the Host was ready for a pilgrimage to Canterbury, while his wife stayed by the Tabard."

It is believed that the Tabard was originally intended as an ecclesiastical hostel designed for those who would make the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas. London had several similar institutions before the dissolution of the monasteries; one of these still survives in the Charter House, whose present walls do not appear to have been erected earlier than the Elizabethan period, but contain stone from the original monastery of Carthusian Monks who built the place in 1371. The popular name, Charter House, will be recognized as a corruption of the name Chartreuse. We have no memories of the Charter House entertaining wayfarers, but of its later character as a "hospital" for forty poor boys and eighty poor men. We recall the connection with the institution of Thackeray, John Wesley, Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island; and John Leech, the illustrator.

Froude, who has written the history of the reign of Henry VIII, and who was never friendly to the religious houses, wrote of the "Charter" house, the chief monastery in England of the religious order founded by St. Bruno, at the period of its dissolution, 1535, that it had a high reputation for believers, "perhaps the best ordered religious house in England. The hospitality was well sustained, the charities were profuse, the Carthusian monks were true to their vows and true to their duty." Yet, the prior, and, as Froude relates, several of his monks were publicly executed, and great indignities performed upon their remains.

The Carthusians were not organized to provide for the welfare of travellers, although their storied hospitality might convey that impression, but in the sixteenth century the order had 206 monasteries throughout Europe, and these were daily called upon to shelter and entertain wayfarers, who never were turned away. The order was founded by St. Bruno in the eleventh century, and the site of the original group of modest buildings is occupied by a rather impressive assemblage of structures known to the world as La Grande Chartreuse, where the general of the Order formerly resided. This great house is in the Chartreuse Valley, in the neighborhood of Grenoble, in the Department of Savoie, France. Founded in 1084, the monastery was several times burned down and rebuilt, the last time in 1676; but under the Associations Law of France, passed in 1901, the monks were expelled in 1903. Since that time the historic character of the buildings was recognized and they were listed as a national monument, which in France means they must be preserved. For centuries visitors to these lower Alps were entertained at La Grande Chartreuse, and the monks even erected a special hostel for women travellers. Now, tourists have to stop at hotels at St. Pierre, two miles away, but are admitted to the quaint buildings of the monks at certain times of the day. Its glories are gone, but the casket remains.

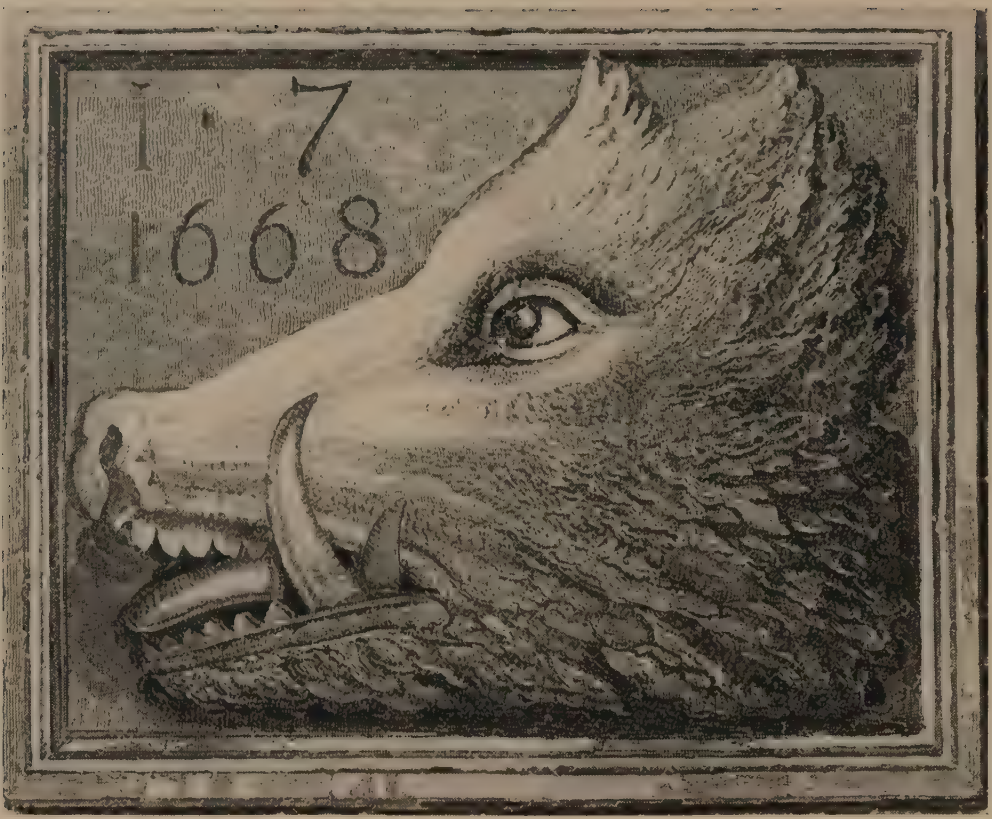
In former days the monks each year made about 1,600,000 litres of their favored liqueur, the sale of which was a source of considerable revenue. They went to Tarragona, in Spain, after having been driven out of France, and there they still send out their aromatic beverage under the name of "Liqueur des Peres-Chartreux." While the monks, who ate by themselves in their "cells," excepting on Sunday, when they all sat at a table together, were frugal in their fare, they never imposed frugality on guests, who always were served with some of the best of their green Chartreuse. In some measure this compensated for the unappetizing meals, which one traveller tells us consisted of "eggs, and some little dried figs, and withered apples and a curious, tasteless fish—I think with more bones than any ordinary fish possesses—and soup which was at all events warm though it had no taste." With catering of this kind, is it any wonder that they invented their matchless liqueur?

From the days of Hannibal the passes across the Southern Alps, between France and Italy, or between Italy and Switzerland, have been frequented by travellers, and made historic by the fortitude of armies which struggled over them. While all of the passes have their hospices, several of them maintained by Augustinian monks, that on the Great St. Bernard is the one most noted in history, and its story is a very old and very heroic one.

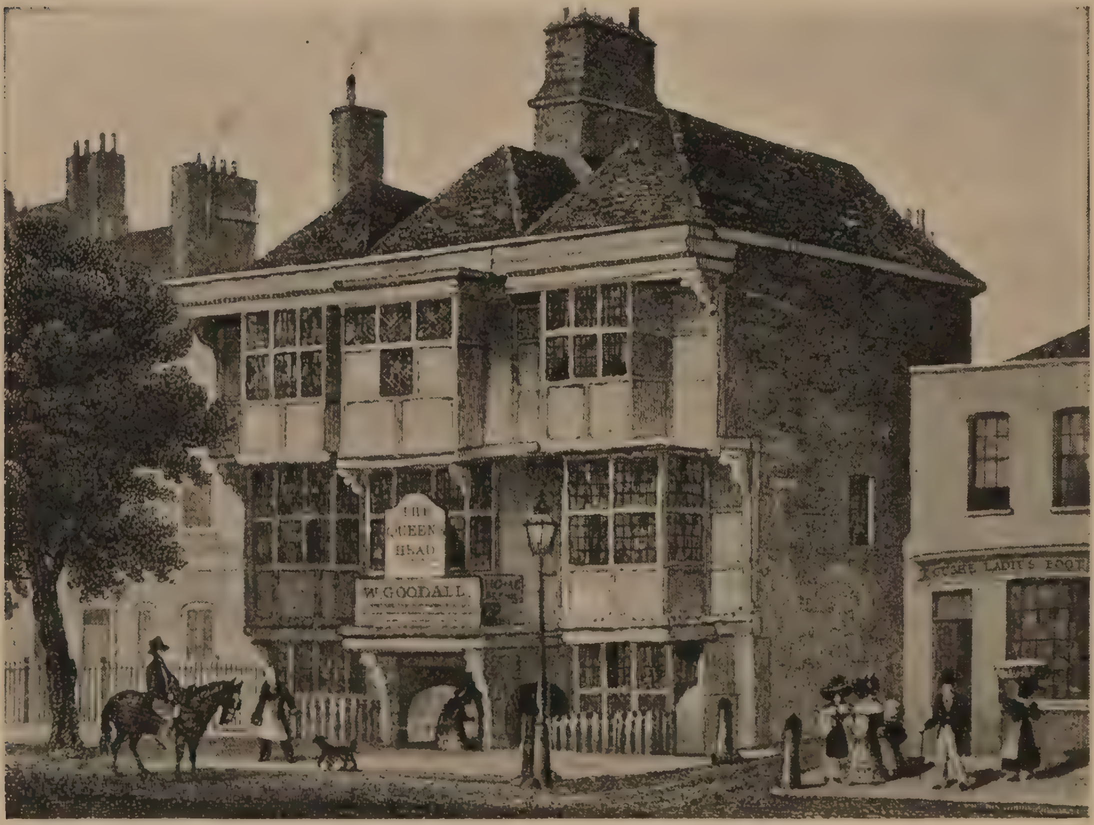
Whether Hannibal in his crossing with his great army and his elephants, most of which were lost on the way, did go by way of the Great St. Bernard Pass, is one of those historical questions which has not been settled satisfactorily to all students. Edward Holdsworth, an enthusiastic eighteenth century admirer of Virgil, who, because he projected a new edition of that poet's Georgics, made many journeys to Italy in order to study the Roman "on the spot where he wrote," took exceptions to Livy's assertion that Hannibal did not go over Mt. Cenis, but passed a little to the right of it. This ancient historian has always been the authority for the assertion that the great General passed over the Great St. Bernard Pass. Holdsworth, who is quoted in Spence's "Anecdotes," placed more reliance on Polybius, who wrote that Hannibal passed over to the left of Mt. Cenis and descended into the Milanese. As both the Little St. Bernard and the Great St. Bernard lie to the left of Mt. Cenis, it would appear that Holdsworth has not been correctly quoted. The general impression seems to be that the Spanish general made his

LE GRAND *Saint-Bernard Hospice.* (*Page* 16)

ST. JOHN'S *Gate, Clerkenwell, London.* (*Page* 22)



Boar's *Head Inn Sign, Great Eastcheap.* (Page 33)



Old *Queen's Head, Islington, London.* (Page 41) descent into Italy by choosing one of the St. Bernard passes which were known from very early times. The old Romans used it frequently and Constantine is said to have had the road over the Great St. Bernard improved in the year 339.

It seems certain that Charlemagne, who conquered Saxony and Lombardy in 773, and was crowned Emperor of the West in 800, or a thousand years after Hannibal's exploit, crossed the St. Bernard Pass with his invading army.

Napoleon, always a mighty dreamer and student of the conquerors of the past, duplicated the feats of both his predecessors, and in 1800, or a thousand years after Charlemagne, while First Consul of France, headed 30,000 troops, or about the same number Hannibal lost, and ascended the Great St. Bernard, for his conquest of Italy.

When he interviewed one of his engineers on the possibility of the task, the conference was closed by the First Consul asking:

"Do you believe, then, that the army will be able to brave this passage?"

"Yes, General," was the response, "it is possible to French soldiers."

"Ah well!" said Napoleon, evidently uncertain, "let us attempt it then."

In the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, the visitor inevitably halts before David's imposing and dramatic painting, "Bonaparte au Mont St. Bernard." In the lower left-hand corner of the picture one discerns, painted on the rocks, the names of the Conquerors: "Bonaparte," "Karolus Magnus," and "Annibal."

The Hospice on the Great St. Bernard is probably the oldest in the Alps, having been founded by the Savoysien nobleman, St. Bernard de Menthon. As there are two other St. Bernards in the Church calendar, it is essential that the founder of the Hospice be properly designated.

The work of establishing this shelter, 8,110 feet above sea level, the highest winter habitation in the Alps, was accomplished in the year 962, especially with a view to caring for pilgrims on their way to Rome or to some other shrines. The name of the mount is believed to have been derived from that of Bernard, an uncle of Charlemagne, who led some of the latter's forces across the pass; and undoubtedly the Saint received his name from the mount and its pass.

Of course, none of the present buildings date back so far as the tenth century, but it is not improbable that some of the materials of the original monastery were used in the construction of the more modern structures.

These consist mainly of two buildings, one of which contains the chapel, the quarters for the brethren and 175 beds in the rooms for travellers. Across the roadway is another and newer building. This is called the inn and it was erected on the site of the old Hotel St. Louis. It has 200 beds. The former structure is said to date from the sixteenth century, and the church from about 1680.

Like most of the medieval hospices, that of the Great St. Bernard was reputed very wealthy when the German emperors were influential and powerful, five centuries ago, for it received many extensive grants from these great princes. It was also the recipient of large gifts from various parts of Europe, for the beneficent work and self-sacrifice of the monks were generously recognized. Then, as now, no charge was made for lodging and feeding visitors. Indeed, it was the cardinal object of the institution to do this valuable work of succor to wayfarers gratuitously. However, it was expected that those who received the bounty of the Hospice and who, able to pay, would contribute generously. Even this is hinted to the traveller, for in the chapel is a box bearing a scroll on which is painted:

"Offrande pour l'Hospice."

For nine months in the year the Hospice is covered by snow and sees no visitors, but during the other three months entertains from 20,000 to 25,000 guests. As the annual expenses of the monastery before the Great War was only about $10,000, it naturally would be imagined that so large a number of travellers would at least contribute that much to the revenues.

But they did not. "The sum they have contributed," remarks so good an authority as the Baedeker Handbook, "barely amounts to what would be a moderate hotel charge for 1,000 guests."

Fortunately, the brethren have still a little income from their estates, and each year a collection is taken up for them in Switzerland. There are on an average from ten to fifteen monks and a half-dozen attendants in residence in the monastery.

Admission to the Hospice is a very simple operation. The traveller rings a bell in the porch of the older building, and a smiling monk welcomes him, conducts him to his room, and generally sees that he is made comfortable during his stay.

At the time the Hospice was founded, and for centuries afterwards, many travellers were lost in the snows that covered the pass. This circumstance led to the introduction of intelligent dogs to seek out the unfortunates and bring them relief. The St. Bernard dog probably is better known to the world than the Hospice itself, but the breed is said to now be almost extinct. Originally, the St. Bernard dog came from the Spanish Pyrennees. Latterly Newfoundland dogs have been used in the work of succor, but the occasions for their services have become less.

One curious visitor to the Hospice some years ago, Lewis Hind, has given, in a paper in the *English Magazine*, an interview with one of the monks regarding the trained dogs.

"'And do the dogs find travellers, and do they drag them from the snow in their mouths, and do the monks watch the operation benignantly, blessing everything and everybody in a general way, and carrying wine and long loaves of bread, which they never seem to offer to the traveller?' he inquired.

"The monk smiled, 'What happened in the days when the Sunday-School books were made I do not know. But I can tell you the method of procedure to-day. First of all, lives are not lost on the pass now.'

"'Not lost on the pass, now!' I echoed. 'Then what is the meaning of your morgue yonder—so full!'

"He shook his head. 'Those poor, unclaimed creatures have been dead a very long time. It is six years since the last body was placed there. Some have been there fifty years. Travellers do not die on the St. Bernard Pass now.'

"'Indeed,' I said sceptically, 'and pray how is that managed? Do the good monks control the snow-storms and command the deep drifts to roll back from the valleys?'

"'No,' he replies, 'it is done by the telephone. Listen! The danger of the St. Bernard Pass begins, on the Swiss side, at the Cantine de Proz. Thence to the top, in the fine weather, the pass is good and clear, but in winter the snow fills all the valleys, and those who live here, and have walked to and fro hundreds of times, cannot find the way. Were it not for the dogs, nobody would even venture out. Well, the Hospice is connected by telephone with the Cantine de Proz. When the weather is bad, and travellers insist upon attempting the pass, the telephone warns the Hospice, and two monks and two dogs go forth to meet them. If the wayfarers are too exhausted to walk the monks put sticks under their arms and carry them to the Hospice. The dogs have an extraordinary gift of scent over the snow. So, you see, it is almost impossible for a traveller to be lost nowadays. Even if he is sunk in the snow-drifts up to his neck, the dogs will find him. The brothers always carry wine and food in their expeditions down the mountains. No, they could not do without the dogs. The hounds have a fine, lazy time during the three months of summer; but with the first fall of snow they are eager to begin work.

"'The use of the dogs has always been to point out the way. They are never baffled. Before the days of the telephone two of them, one old and one young, accompanied by a couple of monks, started each morning from the Hospice to the shelter at the foot of the pass on the Italian side. A similar party left for the shelter on the Swiss side of the pass. The dogs ran on ahead as they do now.

"'The first question asked by people at home,' I broke in, 'is—if the pass is so dangerous why do so many people attempt it in the winter time?'

"The monk smiled. 'If, living in your Oxford Street, you had some very particular business to transact in the City, would you postpone the journey if it happened to be raining in the Holborn Viaduct, or if Newgate Street was deep in snow? No! During the summer months people come here from curiosity, and we are very glad to see them, but the winter wayfarers are all poor travellers seeking work in Italy, or from Italy seeking work in Switzerland. This is the high road and a terrible high road it is sometimes.' "

The Hospitallers, known variously as Knights Hospitallers, Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Knights of Malta, were originally established in 1050 to protect pilgrims to the Holy Land, which indicates that these pilgrimages were of frequent occurrence half a century before the First Crusade. They established Hospices with headquarters in the East and cared for those who strove to make at least one visit to Palestine. In 1522, the Turks drove them out of the Isle of Rhodes, where they had established themselves in 1310, but in 1530 they became masters of the Isle of Malta. They maintained Hospices at convenient places, one of them, in London, where St. John's Gate is all that remains of their priory, which, of course, fell foul of the Act of Dissolution under Henry VIII.

In the "Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach," described on the title page as "a true story" and claimed in the preface to have been "compiled from the archives of the family to which it refers," we are able to catch a glimpse of the routine and etiquette of the Knights of Malta in the closing years of their activities.

We are shown how the Grand Master of the Order "a short time before sunset daily fed twelve poor persons," at the Palace, "before seating himself at table."

"A regal dinner table was spread, and the Knights were placing bread and wine upon it," to quote further, "Twelve poor men stood drawn up against the wall.

"The Grand Master entered, accompanied by two Knights of the Grand Cross, and gave a friendly smile as he approached the table, from which he took the bread, reciting the 'Benedicite.' Then he divided the food into twelve portions, and having tasted the wine and bread himself, he requested the poor men to be seated. Viands from the side table were handed round in silver dishes by the Knights of the Grand Cross, and after a hearty encouragement from them, as well as from the Grand Master, the poor men began their meal. When he noticed that there was not sufficient wine, some having been offered to the assembled guests, he gave one of the Knights a key, in order to fetch some more.

" 'Does his Serene Highness carry on his own person the key to the cellars?' inquired the Count with evident astonishment.

" 'He does not keep the key to his own cellars: that is in the charge of the Master of the Household; but the cellars where the wine for the poor is kept he locks himself, and never allows any inferior wine to be given them, remembering that our Saviour at the marriage feast of Cana ordered the best wine to be set before the guests.'"

After the invention of printing the popularity of Pilgrimages to the Holy Land induced the publication of several treatises on the subject. One might call them guide books. In 1498 Wynkyn de Worde, the successor to Caxton, the first printer in England, published a pamphlet entitled, "Informacion for Pylgrymes Unto the Holy Londe," which was reproduced in facsimile in 1893, but also was reprinted twice in the lifetime of its first printer, the last edition being the quarto of 1524. This pamphlet gives the distances from Calais to Rome by way of France; from Rome to Naples; from Rome to Venice; from Venice to Milan. There are also various other routes, and "chaunges of money fro Englonde to Rome and to Venyse."

The Pilgrim is advised to be alert and speedy both in selecting a lodging when he comes to land, and also in choosing a mule or donkey for the last stage of his journey. It is evident that inns were not plentiful even at ports, in those days, for the author of "Informacions" advises:

"Also when ye come to haven townes if ye shall tary there three days go betymes to londe, for then ye may have lodgynge before another, for it will be take up anone. And yf ony good vytayle be yt maye be spedde before a nother."

The ancient guide also advises haste in selecting an ass at Jaffa, "for and yet come betyme," he warns, "ye may chese the best mule or asse that ye can, for ye shall paye no more for the beest than for the worste." He gives a long list of supplies, ranging from bottles and gourds to knives and harness. Departing from Jerusalem the Pilgrim is advised to take with him out of that city, "brede, wyne, water, harde eggys, and chese, and suche vytalles as ye maye have for two dayes. For by all that waye, there is none to selle." All of which indicates that inns were rather few in that part of the world.

A few years after this pamphlet for Pilgrims made its appearance, there came from the press the "Colloquies," by Erasmus. This work is of deep interest here because it gives us one of the best pictures we have of an inn and inn life at the close of the Middle Ages. The quotation made here is from the translation appearing in "Source Book of the German Renaissance," by Merrick Whitcomb. The Colloquy quoted is that one entitled "Diversoria," which gives not the slightest clue to either its importance or its subject.

The dialogue—for it is a conversation between two persons designated as A and B—begins by A asking "Why do so many people stop over for two or three days at Lyons?" and B, responding enigmatically, "I wonder that anyone can be got away from the place."

Let us hear the reason travellers in that day disliked to leave Lyons.

"That is the place the companions of Ulysses could not have been drawn away from. The Sirens are there. No one is treated better in his own home than there at an inn."

"What do they do?"

"Some woman was always standing near the table to divert the guests with wit and fun. First the woman of the house came to us, greeted us, and bade us to be of good cheer and make the best of what was set before us. Then came the daughter, a fine woman, merry in manner and tongue, so that she might amuse Cato himself. Nor do they talk to their guests as if they were strangers, but as if they were old acquaintances."

"Yes, I admit the French people are very civil."

"But since they could not be present all the time, and the business of the house had to be attended to and the other guests greeted, a girl well supplied with jokes attended us during the whole meal. She was well able to repay all jesters in their own coin. She kept the stories going until the daughter returned, for the mother was somewhat elderly."

"But what sort of fare had you with all this? For the stomach is not filled with stories."

"Fine! Indeed, I wonder that they can entertain guests so cheaply. Then, too, after dinner they divert you with pleasant conversation, lest you should grow weary. It seemed to me I was at home, not travelling."

"Very likely such manners suit the French; as for me, the customs of Germany please me more. They are more manly," observes the other, and then follows an ironical description:

"I am not certain that the process is everywhere the same. I will relate what I have seen. Upon your arrival nobody greets you, lest they should seem to court a guest; for they consider that mean and unworthy of the German gravity. When you have shouted yourself hoarse, finally someone puts out his head from the window of the stove-room (for they live there up to the middle of summer), just as a snail pokes its head out of its shell. You have to ask him if you may be entertained there. If he does not tell you no, you understand that place will be made for you. To your inquiries, with a wave of his hand, he indicates where the stables are. There you are permitted to take care of your horse as you choose; for no servant lifts a finger. If the tavern is a large one, a servant will show you the stables and a rather inconvenient place for your horse. They keep the better places for those who are to come, especially for the nobility. If you find fault with anything, you are told at once that if it does not please you, you are at liberty to hunt another tavern. In the cities it is with difficulty that you can get any hay, even a little, and then they sell it almost as dear as oats. When your horse is provided for, you go just as you are to the stove-room—boots, baggage and mud. There is one room for all comers."

"Among the French they show the guests to sleeping-rooms, where they may change their clothes, bathe and warm themselves, or take a nap, if they please."

"Well, there is no such thing here. In the stove-room you take off your boots and put on slippers. If you like, you change your shirt; you hang your clothes, wet with rain, against the stove; and you sit by it yourself, in order to get dry. There is water at hand if you care to wash your hands, but it is generally so unclean that you have to seek more water to wash off that ablution. Even if you arrive the fourth hour after noon you cannot get your supper before the ninth, and sometimes the tenth."

"Why is that?"

"They serve nothing until they see all the guests assembled, in order that the same effort may serve for all."

"They have an eye to labor-saving."

"You are right, and thus very often eighty or ninety persons are assembled in the same stove-room: footmen, horsemen, tradesmen, sailors, coachmen, farmers, boys, women, healthy people and sick people."

"That is in truth a community of living."

"One is combing his head, another wiping the perspiration from his face, another is cleaning his winter shoes or boots, another reeks of garlic. What more could you desire? Here is no less confusion of tongue and persons than there was once in the Tower of Babel. But if they see a foreigner, who shows some evidence of distinction in his dress, they are all interested in him, and stare at him as if he were some animal from Africa. Even after they are at the table they turn their heads to get a look, and neglect their meals rather than lose sight of him."

"At Rome, Paris and Venice no one wonders at anything."

"Meanwhile you may not call for anything. When the evening is far advanced and no more guests are expected, an old servant appears, with gray beard, cropped head, a savage look and shabby clothes. He casts his eye about and silently reckons how many there are in the stove-room. The more there are present the more violently the stove is heated, although the weather may be uncomfortably warm outside. This is the certain indication of hospitality, that everyone should be dripping with sweat. If anyone who is not used to this steaming should open a chink of a window, lest he be stifled, immediately he hears: 'Shut it!' If you reply: 'I cannot bear it!' you hear: 'Then look out for another tavern!'"

"It seems to me there is nothing more dangerous than for so many persons to breathe the same air, especially when the pores are open, and then dine and stay there several hours."

"Oh, but they are sturdy fellows. They laugh at these things."

"Twenty-five years ago nothing was more common among the people of Brabant than public baths; now there is hardly one to be found, for the new ailment has taught us to avoid them."

"But listen to the rest. The bearded Ganymede returns and spreads linen cloths as many tables as he considers necessary for the number of guests. But heavens and earth! how far from fine are the clothes. You would say they were sail-cloths taken down from the yardarms of a ship. He has reckoned eight guests to each table. Those who know the custom of the country now sit down, each one where he pleases; for no distinction is made between a poor man and a rich man, between master and servant. Well, after all are seated, the grim Ganymede comes out and counts over his company once more. By and by he returns and sets before each guest a wooden dish and a spoon of the same kind of silver; then a glass and a little piece of bread. Each one polishes up his utensils in a leisurely way, while the porridge is cooking. And thus they sit not uncommonly for upwards of an hour."

"Does no guest call for food in the meantime?"

"No one who is acquainted with the temper of the country. At length wine is served—good Lord, how far from being tasteless! Those who water their wine ought to drink no other kind, it is so thin and sharp. But if any guest seeks to obtain some other kind of wine, offering to pay extra for it, at first they dissemble, but with an expression as if they wished to murder you. If you insist upon it they answer that a great many counts and margraves have lodged there and none of them has complained of the quality of the wine; if it does not suit you, why then, look out for another tavern, for they look upon their noblemen as the only men of importance, and exhibit their coats of arms everywhere. By and by the dishes come on in great array. The first usually consists of pieces of bread soaked in meat-broth, or, if it be fish-day, in a broth of herbs. After this comes another kind of broth, then some kind of warmed-up meat or salt fish. Again the porridge is brought on, then some more substantial food, until, when the stomach is well tamed, they serve up roast meat or boiled fish, which is not to be despised. But here they are sparing, and take the dishes away quickly. In this way they diversify the entertainment, like play-actors who mix choruses with scenes, taking care that the last act shall be the best."

"This is indeed the mark of a good poet."

"You must sit there through the prescribed time, which they measure, I suppose, with an hour-glass. At last the bearded fellow, or the inn-keeper himself, who differs very little from the servants in his dress, comes in and asks if there is anything wanted. By and by some better wine is brought on. They admire most him who drinks most; but although he is the greater consumer he pays no more than he who drinks least. When at last the cheese, which hardly pleases them unless rotten and full of worms, has been taken away, the bearded fellow comes forth, bearing a trencher, in which are drawn with chalk some circles and semi-circles, and lays it upon the table, so silent, meanwhile, and sad, that you would say he was some Charon. They who comprehend the design lay down their money, then another and still another, until the trencher is filled. Then having observed who has contributed, he reckons it up silently; and if nothing is wanting he nods with his head. Then each is shown to his rest, and it is truly nothing more than a bed-chamber; for there is nothing there but a bed, and nothing else that you can use or steal."

"Is there cleanliness?"

"Just as at dinner; linen washed six months ago, perhaps. How would you like me to tell you how guests are treated in that part of Italy which is called Lombardy, or in Spain, or in England and in Wales? For the English have assimilated in part the French and in part the German customs, being a mixture of these two nations."

The "Colloquies," published in 1522, from which the above extracts have been taken, undoubtedly gives the atmosphere of the period, even if Erasmus at times may let his sense of humor get the upper hand. There is nothing of the time that so well describes with agreeable life-like touches the manners of the age at the dawn of the Renaissance in Europe.

III

SIXTEENTH CENTURY INNS IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT

Erasmus, who was quoted in the preceding chapter as writing in the early years of the sixteenth century, may be regarded as good authority for the general conduct of inns in western Europe throughout that century, for they did not begin to change in character until after the Reformation when, in England, the dissolution of the religious houses occasioned the multiplication of inns. Naturally, these did not greatly differ from the few which had preceded them. They were something more than taverns, and yet, apart from the business of furnishing farmers with lodgings and stabling, depended, like the common taverns, on their tap rooms for their chief support.

In England the inn was about to undergo a transformation, but this was postponed until the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, when a new life was given to the English people, especially in military prowess and literary glory. Up to the time of Elizabeth, it will be recalled England had been the prey of conquerors. "Rule Britannia" had yet to be written. The Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans in turn had conquered the land. In Elizabeth's day, the Spanish, feeling themselves lords of the seas, sought to add England as another province to their mighty empire, but their expedition was annihilated instead. Having finished off the champion whose very name had been feared, England became mistress of the seas.

When the 608 religious houses, including 48 of the Knights Hospitallers, in England were suppressed by Act of

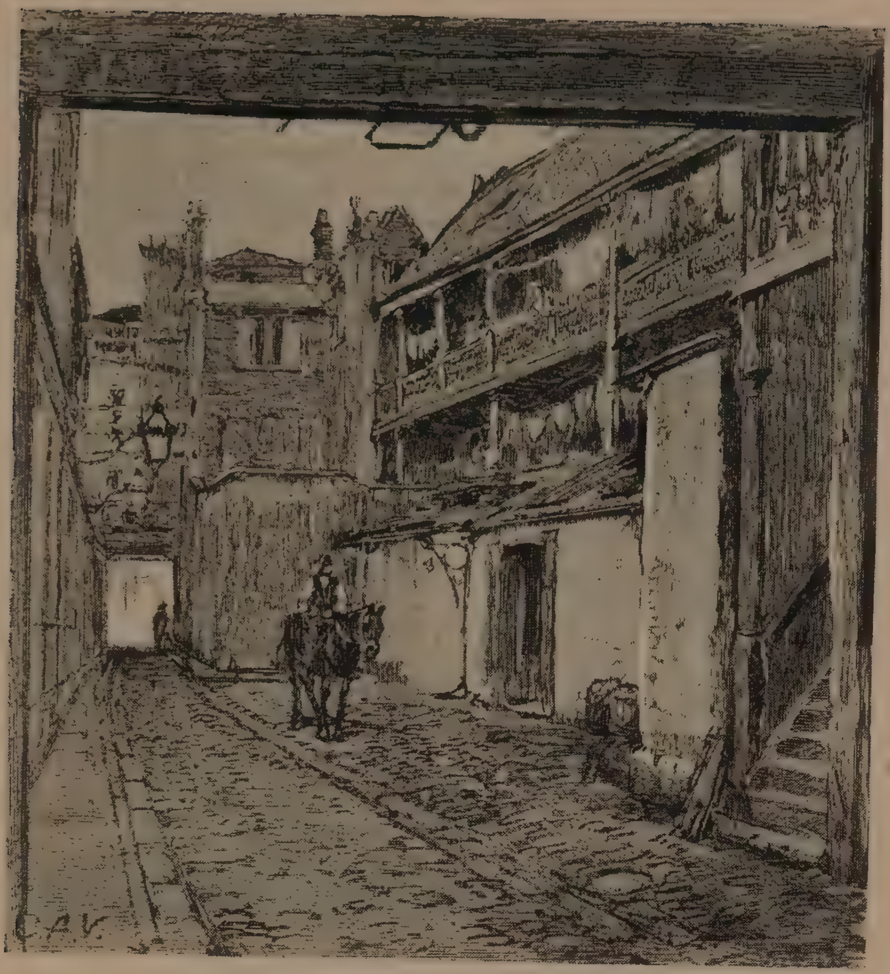
Parliament, in 1539, wayfarers were suddenly deprived of their accustomed places of refuge along the main travelled roads. This curtailment was followed more or less quickly by the opening of more inns. As for the poor wayfarer, he was entirely thrown upon the mercies of the charitable everywhere and those who could afford to pay for accommodation were now forced to find it in public inns. Many of the churches and abbeys formerly had, on certain church anniversaries, been accustomed to exhibit morality plays, and as these were in abeyance, a desire for popular theatrical exhibitions was formed. There were, of course, still in existence the stages, or movable elevated platforms, upon which the morality plays had been performed, usually by the churchmen themselves or the Mystery plays, which seem to have been the province of the guilds of Craftsmen, as in York and Chester; but when Elizabeth became queen and the new style of inn came in, plays on more vulgar subjects were written, and in these the galleries, which were a feature of the inn yards, presented a kind of amphitheatre which naturally lent itself to the accommodation of an audience. As is very well known the modern theatre was evolved from this simple beginning.

Plays were not given in all inns, but even after The Theatre and The Curtain, the first buildings in London to be designed and erected for theatrical exhibitions, plays were seen in The Bell Savage Inn, on Ludgate Hill; in The Cross Keys, in Gracechurch Street; and in The Bull, in Bishopsgate Street. These inns probably were not very new in 1576 when the first playhouse, The Theatre, was erected in Shoreditch, by James Burbage. The very names indicate greater antiquity. The Cross Keys, for instance, received its sign from the insignia formerly found on the walls of religious houses. Of course, The Crossed Keys, or Keys in Saltier, as the insignia is known in heraldry, are the Keys of St.

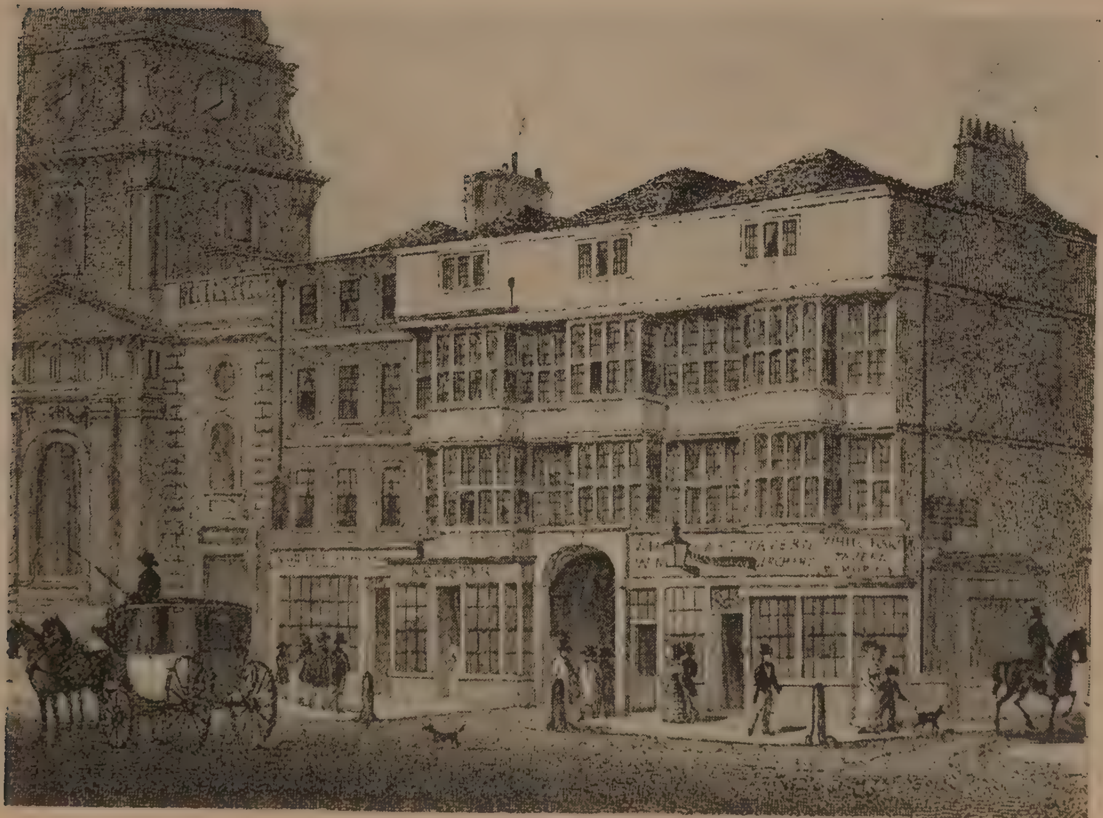
Peter. The Bull, "in all colors," as one writer expresses it, was a fairly popular sign all over England, and, when playhouses became more common in London, there was a rather popular theatre in St. John Street, Smithfield, known as The Red Bull.

The history of The Bell Savage is varied according to the authority quoted. At times it is spelled "Belle" and thought to mean "The Indian Princess," Pocahontas, who, however, did not visit England until the first quarter of the Seventeenth Century. Another view of the origin is given by Charles Hindley, in his "Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings."

"The Bell Savage Inn," he wrote, "was formerly situated in a yard so named on the north side of Ludgate Hill, and was a house of considerable fame and business, whence coaches took their departure to various parts of the country. Few signs have been so wrongly explained. There can be no reasonable doubt that the Bell Savage Yard, now (1875) a court surrounded with noble buildings, from one of which Cassell, Petter and Galpin's numerous publications are issued, was once the site of an inn called The Bell and Hoop, or possibly The Bell and Hope, or Anchor, the symbol of hope; and that, as years went on, this degenerated, under the tenancy of one Savage, into The Bell Savage's Inn, or simply The Bell Savage. The signboard, too, having commenced life with representations of the double security of a sailor, a bell, and anchor, or 'hope'—for we must remember that 400 years ago ships sailed up the Fleet as far as King's Cross, and were moored almost at the door of our hostelry—the bell and hope got changed by degrees into a bell within a 'hoop,' and at last, during the tenancy of the now immortal Master Savage, the sign became a savage man under a bell, in which form it was well known in the old coaching days, from being painted on all the vehicles plying to and from Ludgate Hill."



White *Hart Inn, High Street, London.* (*Page 35*)



White *Hart Inn, Bishopsgate Street, London.* (*Page 35*)

CHESHIRE *Cheese, London.* (*Page* 61)

HOSTELLERIE *de Guillaume le Conquerant, Dives-Sur-mer.* (*Page* 43)

Over the page devoted to the above description in Mr. Hindley's book is a reproduction of a crude wood cut picturing an angry woman striking a man who appears to have been drinking in a tavern. Under the picture is the legend, "The Belle Savage."

Hindley quotes Taylor, the water-poet, to substantiate his view of the origin of the inn's sign. In Taylor's work, entitled "The Carriers Cosmographie," printed in 1637, occurs the statement, "The carriers of Doncaster, in Yorkshire, doe lodge at the Bell, or Bell Savage without Ludgate; they do come on Fridaies, and goe away on Saturdaies or Mundaies." Walpole is given as authority for the statement that Grinling Gibbons, the wood carver, lived in Bell Savage Yard, "where he carved a pot of flowers which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that pass by."

As there were, in 1576, no fewer than 132 inns in the county of Middlesex and 77 in Surrey, in which the city of London lies, one may be sure that all of them were not the scenes of plays. It is an interesting fact that at this period there were only about one-sixth as many taverns as inns. However, there were more than 1,000 places designated as Alehouses or Tippling Houses in London in the same census.

Some of the inns in existence in London at this time which have become the centres of legends and tradition really dated back several centuries before. One of these was The Boar's Head in Great Eastcheap, which, as Timbs reminds us, was mentioned as early as the time of Richard II. This famed inn or tavern was swept away by the Great Fire of 1666, but was rebuilt two years later, and when Washington Irving wrote so engagingly of the house in his "Sketch Book," he seemed to believe he was idealizing the very spot where Falstaff and Prince Hal made merry, entirely forgetful of the fact that that Boar's Head had fallen victim to the Great Fire.

As the original Boar's Head was no more, the London admirers of Shakespeare in the eighteenth century were accustomed to hold their banquets in the rooms of its successor, and the last of these celebrations was held in the year 1784. The tavern, of course, was known to Goldsmith, who probably was responsible for leading the American essayist Irving astray, for in one of his essays, quoted by Burn in his "Catalogue of the Beaufoy Tokens," he conjures up a merry party at the Boar's Head, with Sir John Falstaff, Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheat, Madame Proserpine and the merry men of Eastcheap. The last hostess of note of the Boar's Head, according to Goldsmith, was a certain Jane Rouse. But even when Irving was rambling through the crooked streets of old London the ancient tavern had ceased to exist, and in its place he found two shops, for the ancient structure had been converted to other uses. Even these shops were removed in 1830 so that the north approach to the new London Bridge might be constructed. A monstrous statue to King William IV, who opened the bridge in 1831, was erected on the site of the old tavern, but it, too, has been removed.

There was another Boar's Head Inn in Southwark, London, in the rear of Nos. 25 and 26 High Street. This was part of the benefaction of Sir John Falstaff, who gave it to Magdalen College, Oxford. This Sir John, who is said to have been a brave general in the French Wars of the fourth, fifth and sixth Henries, we are warned by Timbs, is not to be confused with Shakespeare's fat Knight, although Sir Sidney Lee, in his life of Shakespeare, shows that originally the dramatist had named the character "Sir John Oldcastle," until a descendant raised an objection and then the character became "Sir John Falstaff." Although Shakespeare did not live to hear further objections to selection, Fuller, in his "Worthies," first published in 1662, regretted that Shakespeare had substituted the name and made overbold with a great warrior's memory.

Another contemporary inn which dated to medieval times was the White Hart in Bishopsgate Street, which was said to have once been part of the priory founded by Robert Fitzmary, in 1246, and believed to have been erected as a hostelry for the accommodation of strangers in connection with the priory. For many years the old building carried the figures 1480 on its front; evidently its landlord, in 1787, when the original façade was altered, had the date placed there believing that was the year the inn was established. The tavern was taken down in 1829 and rebuilt. The Inn was known to Stow, for he mentions it in his "Survey" in 1598, describing it as "a fair inn for receipt of travellers, next unto the Parish Church of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate."

There was another White Hart, in Southwark, the Surrey side of London, and also very old, but now mainly recalled as the place where Sam Weller was the "boots," and evidently another at the Holborn end of Drury Lane, because in 1910 it was announced that improvements had demanded the removal of "Ye Olde White Harte," which, newspapers of the time informed us, dated from 1272, and this hostelry was described as the oldest tavern in London. There is a Hart Street in this neighborhood and it probably received its name from the tavern or inn sign. The White Hart, in Bishopsgate Street, of which a view was given in the *European Magazine* for March, 1787, had a pictorial sign over the doorway, showing a reclining white hart. This view also displays the date 1480 on one of the bays which interrupted an otherwise plain façade.

In the days when such cities as London had a distinct inn and tavern life there were to be found more than one tavern or inn bearing the same sign. As we have seen there were several White Harts, so were there several Mermaid Taverns, and more than one that boasted of the Mitre for its sign. It is therefore quite easy to regard the wrong Mermaid as the scene of the jollities of the Elizabethan poets and men-about-town of that day, and to make a similar mistake about the Mitre, which really got a place for itself in English literature. Some of the errors that have crept into statements have been due to the different ways in which the location of some of the famous taverns of other days have been described. For instance, take the Mermaid:

"The Mermaid in Bread Street," observed Mr. Burn in his book on "London Traders, Taverns and Coffee-House Tokens in the Seventeenth Century," "The Mermaid in Friday Street and the Mermaid in Cheape, were all one and the same. The tavern situated behind had a way to it from these thoroughfares, but was nearer to Bread Street than Friday Street."

This Mermaid in Cheape is the one we are most concerned with, for it was, by tradition, the home of the Mermaid Club. Tradition also is responsible for the statement that Sir Walter Raleigh was the founder of that celebrated organization of wits which are said to have included Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Cotton, Carew, Martin and Donne. So far as is known Gifford, who edited the works of Ben Jonson in 1816, seems to have been either the creator of a legend or the fortunate possessor of a tradition, for there does not appear to be before his time any facts regarding the existence of the Mermaid Club or of its institution by Sir Walter, although both Jonson and Beaumont have left references to the Mermaid Tavern in their verses.

Jonson, in his verses on "Bread-street," which are given in Gifford's edition, displays enthusiasm for the tavern:

> "At Bread-street's Mermaid having dined and merry,
> Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry."

Francis Beaumont, in his oft-repeated epistle to Ben Jonson, gives us a lively picture of the wits at the Mermaid:

"Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters; What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
'Till that were cancell'd: and when that was gone
We left the air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise."

The Old Mermaid in Cheape passed out in the Great Fire of 1666, but its memories and its legends persist to the present time.

Without having attained the celebrity of The Mermaid, or rather, not having been referred to as often by modern essayists, was the ancient tavern in whose sign was The Mitre. As Hindley, in his "Tavern Anecdotes," properly observes, "The Mitre is an ancient sign, coeval with the introduction and establishment of the prelacy in England." That probably is not an accurate statement as applied to inn or tavern signs, which most likely did not exist until a long time after those events. But The Mitre in Cheape, which was one of the wards of Old London, recalled by Eastcheap and Cheapside of more modern times, had a history which the parish records of St. Michael's, Cheapside, show to have antedated the year 1475. It had the distinction of having been frequently referred to in the plays of the times of Elizabeth and James. The third act of "Miseries of Inforced Marriage," a comedy by George Wilkins, published in 1607, is laid in The Mitre. In Thomas Middleton's "A Mad World, My Masters," a comedy printed in 1608, Sir Bounteous Progress, one of the characters, when his grandson arrives with his companions, a party of players to enact a little farce, exclaims:

"Why! this will be a true feast, a right Mitre supper, a play and all."

This tavern, being in the track of the Great Fire, also fell victim to the flames.

In one of the notes to his "History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare," J. Payne Collier refers to a manuscript which he said was "in the possession of Mr. Thorpe, the enterprising bookseller of Bedford Street, which was full of songs and poems in the handwriting of a person named Richard Jackson, all copied prior to the year 1631, and including many unpublished pieces." He mentions one song in five seven-line stanzas headed: "Shakespeare's rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleete Street." So here we have another famed Mitre Tavern. Another shorter piece, entitled "Shakespeare's Rime," is quoted:

> "Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which was the Mitre's (*drinks*) and now is mine;
> Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
> Their lives as well as lines 'till now had lasted."

Collier declared his belief in the genuineness of these lines and mentioned that there were others in the collection attributed to Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Donne and others.

On the Bankside, Southwark, in Elizabeth's day, was the Falcon Tavern, close to the playhouses. While it is not now easy to locate its exact site, since even the Falcon

Stairs that led to the river have disappeared, it was not far east of the present Blackfriars Bridge. By some sort of ironic destiny the name survives in that of streets and squares in London, but all of them are on the opposite side of the Thames.

Like the Mitre and The Mermaid, The Falcon, on Bankside, has been much celebrated for having welcomed to its hospitable rooms such players, poets and wits as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Richard Burbage, John Heminge, John Lowin, and Henry Condell, to mention only a few of the genial company that frequented this part of London in the latter years of the sixteenth century. But it should be borne in mind that much of the celebrity of the old place rests upon the lively imagination of writers of this period. There are in existence views of the ancient tavern, all taken in the early part of the nineteenth century, and picturing the old place as a kind of none-too-well-preserved relic of Tudor days.

The Falcon was situated in what was known as Paris Garden Manor, and in his book on this estate Mr. Meynott says of the Falcon: "The front of it projected quite out of the line of the other houses thereabouts, and faced towards Gravel Lane. It had two large gateways and was a place of considerable business, and from it coaches left (in tolerably modern days, I mean) for various parts of Surrey, Kent and Sussex." The same authority informs us that the next door house to the inn was for some time the residence of Sir Christopher Wren; so that while he was superintending the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral he could view at a distance across the river the progress of his work. In the pictures made of the old inn, and probably it was as much inn as tavern since an early map of the Bankside carries the legend over the effigy of the house, "The Folken Inn," only one gateway is shown and modern writers who have tried to justify Mr. Meynott's statement with the pictures have always confessed their defeat. However, in the map referred to, a rather crude drawing of the inn appears and reveals the fact that in Shakespeare's time The Falcon was at least one-third larger than it was in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Very little has come down to us about the innkeepers themselves, but the diligence of Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office, London, whose volume, "Society in the Elizabethan Age," has long been regarded as an authority, has in one of his chapters given us a picture of "The Host."

"The innkeeper paid somewhat dearly for the recognition of his social importance," observed Mr. Hall; "whenever funds were urgently needed for some work of national importance, besides contributions from the clergy, impositions on shipping, licenses for exporting grain, and other noted expedients, a license re-imposed on every tavern and ale-house was sure to be resorted to.

"The host of such an inn as The Tabard, with his family and guests, was not very sumptuously accommodated in the matter of furniture. But then the requirements of the establishment were easily satisfied. The host himself was no longer the host of Chaucer, the portly and flourishing vintner, the fairest burgess in Cheape. The number of members had far outgrown the limits of the company, and many carried on the trade who were wholly unconnected with the guild.

"We find by the returns from the shires in 1577, that the average ale-house keeper formed one of the poorest and most squalid classes of the community. This was especially true of the country sort, as indeed it may be held to be in the present day (1886). In London, perhaps the taverner was rather objectionable in another aspect. Here the host himself, unless actually a professed vintner or cook, was nominally a member of some other trade guild, a cloth-worker or the like, and left the supervision of the inn business to his good wife. A host of this kind, a sleeping partner in the trade, might too often be ranked as either a parasite or an usurer."

So celebrated a person as Sir Walter Raleigh obtained a patent in the thirtieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or in 1588, "to make lycences for keeping of taverns, and retailing of wynes throughout Englande." About a century ago there was an inn in Lower Street, Islington, a suburb of London, whose sign was the Queen's Head. While the origin of this building, which was regarded as "the most perfect of the kind remaining in London," was said to be unknown, it was popularly believed to have been owned by Sir Walter, who was supposed to have hung out the Queen's Head, in compliment to his royal mistress. At the time the house was described in Brayley's "Londiniana," in 1829, the highway was so much raised that access to the house was by a descent of four feet. Timbs, who states that the house was pulled down in 1820, attributes it to the period of Henry VII. It was a three-story building with the Tudor timbered and plastered walls so much admired, and was entered by a central porch. Evidently it had been originally erected as a residence, and the Queen's Head sign hung up towards the end of the sixteenth century. Of course, the Queen whose rough portraiture was shown on the sign board was Good Queen Bess herself, which lends an air of credence to Brayley's belief that Raleigh was connected in some proprietary way with the house.

A great many storied taverns or inns in London which flourished during the Elizabethan period have been entirely ignored by history, and all we know of most of them is found in scraps of contemporary verse. "Newes from

Bartholomew fayre," a poem which was printed in black letter in that period, enumerates some of the more noted houses of the time:

"There hath been great sale and utterance of Wine,
Besides Beere, and Ale, and Ipocras fine,
In every country, region, and nation,—
But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the *Salutation;*
And the *Bore's Head*, near London Stone;
The *Swan* at Dowgate, a Taverne well renowne;
The *Mitre* in Cheape, and then the *Bull Head*·
And many like places that make noses red:
The *Bore's Head* in Old Fish Street: *Three Crowns* in the Vintry:
And now, of late, *St. Martin's* in the *Sentree:*
The *Windmill* in Lothbury; the *Ship* at the Exchange;
King's Head in New Fish Street, where Roysters do range:
The *Mermaid* in Cornhill; *Red Lion* in the Strand;
Three Tuns in Newgate Market; Old Fish Street at the *Swan*."

While a few of these signs persisted until a century ago, the majority of them were swept away by the Great Fire. Perhaps the word Ipocras in the above poem needs explanation. In Arnold's "Chronicle," where there occurs a receipt for the mixing of this favorite drink of Elizabeth's day, we learn that it was little more than spiced red wine.

The old Bull and Mouth Inn, which was said to have really dated back to the seventh year of the reign of Henry VI, or 1429, formerly stood at the corner of Bull and Mouth Street and Aldersgate Street, St. Martin's le Grand, London. The name is generally understood to have been a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, or Harbor, which was adopted as a tavern or inn sign in England some time after the year 1544, when Henry VIII took Boulogne. While the original inn, a most romantic-looking structure, with great galleries running around three sides of its coach yard, was pulled down about 1829, another Bull and Mouth Inn of what then was regarded as modern, was erected on the site. This structure was completed about 1840, only a part of the ground having been built upon immediately. Its early history does not appear to have been exciting, but in the days when stage coaches were multiplying in England, like modern inter-city buses, the old Bull and Mouth was the starting point for several important lines. Its story therefore belongs as much to the early nineteenth century as it does to the sixteenth, so we shall refer to it again.

French inns in the sixteenth century differed from those in England at the same time only as the customs of the two people differed. Life in neither was either refined or restrained, if we are to judge from the glimpses we get in the verses of Villon, the pages of Scarron, or the Colloquies of Erasmus. It is true that the first of these ended his days on a gibbet before the sixteenth century was born, and that the second came into this world nine years after that century had passed, yet The Pineapple Tavern and The Puppet wine-shop referred to by the poet and the inhabitants of the inn at Mons, where Scarron lays the scene of his "Comical Romance," indicate that the freedom of the French inns in the time of Erasmus had changed in character very little. Indeed, in virtually all parts of Europe they were mainly the resorts of people of light hearts and few moral principles. Villon's companions may be interesting figures for ancient romance, but one would scarcely like to choose them for associates, even at a table d'hote.

There are, or were before the Great War, so many ancient buildings in France that at one time or another were occupied as inns, especially in the days of the diligences, that we can mention only one or two that seem to have some claim to a historic past. There is the old Guillaume le Conquerant at Dives, close to Caen, in that romantic, historic and picturesque part of France called Normandy.

Guillaume le Conquerant has had a great attraction for tourists who have heard of its storied career.

One American tourist writing home gave evidence of this magnetic call in these words: "We came back to Dives that evening in order to spend the night at the Inn called Guillaume le Conquerant. It was just as curious and interesting as I expected. It was built around a court and was full of delightful things, and there were two perfectly beautiful rooms with magnificent carved high dadoes and tapestry above and wonderful cabinets and bric-a-brac. They were where Madame de Sevigne had spent the evening with the Duchess of Something. The bedrooms all opened off very low galleries which went all around the court on the second floor. I had Madame de Sevigne's room, and could not sleep; I was so afraid the canopy of magnificent, but very old brocade would fall on me."

Inns such as this one in Normandy may have a great deal of their history based upon legend, but certainly Guillaume le Conquerant is very old. It is said to have been built by William the Conqueror himself, so that he might be on the spot to supervise the building of his fleet which was to carry him and his victorious army to England where, it will be remembered by all who have a few outstanding dates of English history at their finger-tips, he defeated the Saxons under Harold at the Battle of Hastings, in the year 1066. While the sceptical might doubt the validity of this legend of the old inn's origin, they are bound to admit it is an extremely probable story, for Dives is not far from Bayeux, where the famed tapestry, supposed to have been embroidered by Queen Matilda with her own hands, may still be viewed.

Anna Bowman Dodd, in her entertaining volume, "In and Out of Three Normandy Inns," has told some of the history of the old inn at Dives, having evidently collected her traditions in the neighborhood. She tells us that for five centuries "The inn became a manoir, the seigneurial residence of a certain Sieur de Semilly. It was his arms we saw yonder, joined to those of Savoy, in the door panel, one of the family having married into a branch of that great house."

From the same source we learn that that weird, crafty king, Louis XI, also stopped in this inn on one occasion. "Of the famous ones of the world who had travelled along this Caen postroad and stopped the night here, humanly tired, like any other humble wayfarer, was a hurried visit from that king who loved his trade—Louis XI. He and his suite crowded into the low rooms, grateful for a bed and a fire, after the weary pilgrimage to the heights of Mont St. Michel. Louis's piety, however, was not as lasting in its physically exhaustive effects, as were the fleshly excesses of a certain other king—one Henry IV, whose over-appreciation of the oysters served him here caused a royal attack of colic, as you may read at your pleasure in the State Archives in Paris, since, quite rightly, the royal secretary must write the court physician every detail of so important an event. What with these kingly travellers and such modern uncrowned kings as Puvis de Chavannes, Dumas, George Sand, Daubigny and Troyon, together with a goodly number of lesser great ones, the famous little inn has had no reason to feel itself slighted by the great of any century."

The "Duchess of Something," referred to in the letter of the American tourist quoted above, was, according to the author of the little book about these Norman Inns, none other than the Duchesse de Chaulnes, and the historic conversation was held in one of the famed lower rooms, that named "la Chambre de la Pucelle." Just why an apartment should be named for the Maid of Orleans, now St. Joan of Arc, is not entirely easy to explain. Certainly at the period when "la Pucelle" was leading the soldiers of France she was in this neighborhood, but if she ever stopped here, there does not seem to be even any well-defined tradition. It is agreeable to think that she stopped here, so let us enjoy the beautifully panelled apartment which is called the "room of the Maid."

On that most picturesque spot in Europe, Mont St. Michel, Mrs. Dodd found another ancient inn. How long the Poulard Inn had been a hostelry is not known, but the building in which it was then (1892) kept by Madame Poulard dated back to the sixteenth century. In later times those venturous tourists who safely crossed the sands from the mainland which, when the tide is high, are hidden by the sea, were thrilled by the publicity which the innkeeper's omelets received. There on the rock which from the mainland rises with its towers and pinnacles and spires like a gigantic cathedral out of the sea, is a little town, and the Poulard Inn gave it some of its later day celebrity, and the picturesque town was placarded everywhere, directing the visitor to the inn of "L'Incomparable, la Fameuse Omelette!"

One probably never thinks of the magnificent de Medicis, or the war-like Sforzas, those great Italian families of the sixteenth century, having any connection with inns. However, they did own a considerable number or at least licensed them within their domains. In Robert Dalington's "Survey of the Great Dukes State of Tuscany, in the yeare of our Lord, 1596," this early guide-book writer, his quarto pamphlet was printed in 1605, shows us that the Medici who was Duke at that time derived no mean revenue from the numerous "Camere Locande" in his Dukedom.

"He hath also no small matter of the Camere Locande lodgings for strangers, and the innes in the state; of some fortie, of others fiftie, and of some foure-score duckets, every third yeare"; observes Master Dalington, who continues, "he hath also in some places his bakehouses, where the innekeepers are enjoyned to take their bread of him. Though this exaction be so great upon the innes at Florence, and in the road way to Rome notwithstanding in Pisa the yoake is now so heavy, there the manner of raising the *Gabell* is thus: At every three yeares end, all the inne-keepers in the Cittie are to appeare at a Court in the *Dogana* kept for that purpose. There it is cryed by the Officer, that such, and such an Inne, paide these last three yeares so many Duckets to the Prince, who biddeth more? There is a candle set up light, and while it lasteth, it is lawful to loan and bid for the same, and he that biddeth most shall have it. Wherein this one thing may seeme more strange, then that which hath beene already enformed concerning a man's Corne, that in some cases he cannot make his provision of his owne: for here if another will give more for the Inne then I, though the house be mine owne, he shall have it, paying me onely my rent, and I shall be forced to seeke another. I have this privilege above another that I offering as much as he, I shall be first served. The Inne-keeper of Pisa where lye our English Merchants, avowed this to be most true; he paieth for these three yeares forty Duckets."

IV

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY INNS IN EUROPE

Western Europe first tasted coffee about the middle of the seventeenth century, and so small a circumstance as the bringing of a moderate quantity of the beans from the East in a few years changed the complexion of houses of entertainment both in England and in France. It is said that the first coffee was brought into England in 1641 by a native of the Isle of Crete. It was even later before tea was introduced by some one who brought some of the leaf from the Netherlands, where it was introduced into Europe. Although the English for a century or more have been regarded as a nation of tea drinkers, it was a long time before tea was either cheap enough or plentiful enough to be generally used. On the other hand, coffee made a popular appeal a great deal earlier in England although it was not until later that it was imported into France, where it immediately became the fashion. The Ambassador of the Porte brought it to the Court of Louis XIV; Madame de Sevigne, whom we encountered in the preceding chapter, gave it celebrity, and an Armenian named Pascal, through his stall at the Fair of St. Germain, introduced the beverage to the public. In 1650 a man named Jacobs opened the first coffee house in England, in Oxford, and the vogue for coffee houses spread so rapidly that we find the Rainbow Coffee House in Temple Bar suppressed as a nuisance in 1657, and in 1675 coffee houses throughout England were suppressed by Proclamation. The traders rebelled at this and the order was revoked the following year. It was not until the early

SARACEN'S *Head Inn, Aldgate, London.* (*Page 65*)

THE *George Inn, Southwark, London.* (*Page 65*)

Old Bell and *Black Bull, Holborn.* (*Page 66*)

An *English Inn Coffee Room, 1825.* (*Page 68*) years of the eighteenth century that the coffee houses in London exceeded in number and probably in importance the inns and taverns in the English metropolis.

However, we do not find Samuel Pepys, of the "Diary," frequenting coffee houses. He wanted more solid fare. He was a great eater, sometimes carrying his own meat to his favorite tavern to be cooked; and he was able at times to drink more than was good for him. Liking his wine sweet, we find him occasionally stopping to buy some sugar to carry with him to the tavern. One of his favorite resorts was the Cock and Bottle, in Fleet Street.

Ben Jonson gave the prestige of his presence at a number of taverns in London, and as the head of the Apollo Club, he gained the poetic title of "The boon Delphic god." This convivial society held its meetings in the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, in later times opposite the Cock and Bottle Tavern, just mentioned. Jonson must have had a warm attachment for the house for we find him, in his play, "Staple of News," performed in 1625, one of the characters advising:

> "Dine in Apollo, with Pecunia at brave Duke Wadloe's."

Yet, as no rose is without its thorn, the contemporary of Shakespeare did not always approve of the wines served at "The Devil," for he afterwards explained that he wrote the play, "The Devil is an Asse," which was acted in 1616, when he and "his sons" (meaning young poets in whom he took a fatherly interest) "drank bad wine at the Devil."

There is more to connect Jonson's name with the Devil tavern than with any other inn or public house in London. The place had such a fascination for him that in the time of King James, Jonson, in order to be near the tavern, lived without Temple Bar, in a combmaker's shop.

A large room in the tavern was set apart for the Apollo Club, and Timbs believed it to have been built apart from the tavern itself. This apartment, called "The Oracle of Apollo," was an upper room, above whose door was a bust of Apollo, and over the entrance was "The Welcome," a poetic invocation, inscribed in gold letters on a black painted board, at the foot of which was the line from Jonson's grave in Westminster Abbey:

"O Rare Ben Jonson."

Jonson wrote the "Leges Conviviales," which several writers have described as having been cut in marble but which Mr. Burn, already quoted, declares was, like "The Welcome," merely painted in gold letters on a black painted board. He also is authority for the statement that The Welcome was placed in the interior of the room, "so also, above the fireplace, were the Rules of the Club, said by early writers to have been inscribed in marble. These rules were justly admired for the conciseness and elegance of the Latinity." The translation which has become well known under the title, "Ben Jonson's Sociable Rules for the Apollo," appeared in Alexander Brome's volume of "Poems and Songs," 1661. In the process of translation, Jonson's twenty-four lines of Latin became thirty-four in English. The whole of the thirty-four need not be quoted, but the opening lines give the very essence of this company of wits:

"Let none but guests, or clubbers, hither come,
Let dunces, fools, sad sordid men keep home.
Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
And modest too; nor be choice ladies slighted."

Which reveals the fact that women might occasionally be found at their dinners. The last rule of the two dozen in Jonson's original was the warning:

"Whoe'er shall publish what's here done and said
From our society must be banished;
Let none by drinking do or suffer harm,
And, while we stay, let us be always warm."

But Jonson, and his coterie who flourished under the early Stuart régime, were not the only notables who sought the Devil Tavern for their convivial feasts. A rather notorious pickpocket and fashionable highwayman, John Cottington, known among the light-fingered gentry of his time as Mull Sack, was an occasional visitor. He always dressed as a man of fashion, and his good appearance and gentlemanly gestures permitted him to go after big game. While Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector, he fell victim to Mull Sack, and was relieved of his purse. The genial criminal played no favorites, and, consequently, when Charles II was living in exile in Cologne he, too, was robbed by this enterprising cut purse. Mull Sack did not pick Charles' pocket, but got into his house and relieved him of silverware valued then at £1,500.

He was a frequent visitor at the Devil, where he mixed freely with its best society. Originally a chimney sweep, Mull Sack acquired the habits of the fast society and showed amazing skill and cleverness in his thievery. His robberies were audacious and ingenious, and although arrested several times he managed to escape punishment for years, even after he had committed murder. But his undoing was the robbery of the exiled King Charles II at Cologne. He boldly returned to England with his booty, notwithstanding he was known to have fatally stabbed a man there. He told Cromwell he had secured royalist papers of great importance. Put to the test, he failed to substantiate his claims; at the same time news of the robbery reached London, and Mull Sack went to Newgate this time. He was tried, convicted and hanged in 1659, when he was fifty-five years of age.

The Devil Tavern, whose sign depicted St. Dunstan, the patron of blacksmiths, tweaking the nose of the Evil One by means of hot tongs, was a very lively resort. Lord Rochester and gay men of his stamp were among its patrons, but its real storied days were those when Ben Jonson sat at the head of the table around which were the jovial members of the Apollo. Later on in the seventeenth century we learn from the volume, "Cambridge Merry Jests," that the Devil Tavern was the resort of London lawyers and physicians.

In the reign of Queen Anne it was the occasional haunt of the essayists and men of letters, for it was almost next to Temple Bar, and in the midst of the publishers of Fleet Street. Steele mentions the resort as the scene of the wedding entertainment in honor of Bickerstaff's sister Jenny's wedding. This was in October, 1709. A year later Swift wrote to Stella saying he had dined there with Addison and Dr. Garth. Later in the eighteenth century the Royal Society held some of its dinners at the Devil Tavern. Concerts were given in the main apartment about the middle of that century.

Projecting signs in London were forced to be removed by law in 1764, and then the famed sign board which was suspended before the Devil and St. Dunstan was taken from its hinges and nailed against the wall of the tavern, where it remained until the old building was demolished in 1787. Brush Collins, in March, 1775, according to Timbs, delivered a lecture on Modern Oratory there for several evenings, and the next year an organization which rejoiced in the hilarious name of Pandemonium Club held its meetings in the tavern. Mr. Burn, whom we have freely quoted, is authority for the statement that the "devils" of this club were lawyers who so thoroughly justified the name of the organization by their boisterous conduct that the *bon-vivants* who were accustomed to drop in at the tavern were thoroughly disgusted. Whether or not the Pandemonium Club was responsible for the decline of the old place cannot be proven now, but it afterward became less and less attractive, and at the time the property was sold, the halls of mirth and jollity, of wit and frolic, had long been silent. The site of the tavern was occupied by buildings called Childs Place, from the new owners of the property, the banking firm of the Messrs. Childs.

When he was poet laureate, Colley Cibber—actor, dramatist, poet, pamphleteer and man of fashion—is said to have frequented the Devil Tavern, and to have recited his verses there to an admiring coterie. Doctor Johnson, who admired the ease of the eighteenth century tavern, must have dropped in at the Devil once in a while, but there appears to be only one record of his appearance there. This, according to Hugh H. L. Bellot, in his volume, "The Inner and Middle Temple," was when, at the suggestion of Doctor Johnson, Mrs. Charlotte Lennox was given a supper there by the Literary Club. Unfortunately the year given by Mr. Bellot, 1751, does not agree either with that of the first novel by Mrs. Lennox, "The Female Quixote," which was published in 1752, and which was said to have been the event honored; nor does it agree with the fact that the Literary Club was not organized until 1764. However, we may safely assume that in the main the statement is correct, and that the Doctor really did sup there with friends to honor Mrs. Lennox.

Perhaps it should be explained, before we forget it, that the "brave Duke Wadloe," mentioned in Jonson's play, "Staple of News," was a reference to one of the early and perhaps best recalled of hosts of the Devil Tavern. His full name was Simon Wadlow, and the burial register of St. Dunstan's shows a "Symon Wadlowe, vintner," was "buried out of Fleet Street on St. Thomas's Day," March 30, 1627. His widow carried on the business for two years, and a son John evidently succeeded her.

At the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, 1702, London was filled with coffee houses. It must appear mystifying that a nation so long accustomed to wines and beers should voluntarily take to drinking coffee. As a matter of fact, the coffee house usually sold alcoholic beverages as well as coffee, a circumstance that is illustrated by a letter of Bishop Trelawney to Bishop Sprat, dated July 20, 1702. An extract from this is given by John Ashton in his "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne."

"I had a particular obligation to Burnett," wrote my Lord Trelawney, "and will publicly thank him in print (among other matters I have to say to him, and to his Articles against our religion) for his causing it to be spread by his emissaries that I was drunk, at Salisbury, the 30th of January; whereas the Major General (his brother), Captain Culleford, a very honest Clergyman, and the people of the Inn (which was a coffee house too) can swear I drank nothing but two dishes of Coffee: and, indeed I had not stopped at all, but to enable my children, by a very slender bait, to hold out to Blanford, where I dined at six that night."

A picture of the interior of a coffee house of the period was given in the "Vulgas Britannicus," published in 1710, and this shows a boy serving customers who are grouped around long tables, pouring the beverage from a small coffee-pot into a "dish." This latter article was apparently a little larger than a coffee cup of to-day, but without a handle, and probably would be best described as a small bowl. "M. Misson's Memoirs and Observations in his Travels over England," published in translation in England in 1719, refers to coffee houses in this way:

"These Houses, which are very numerous in London, are extremely convenient. You have all Manner of News there: You have a good Fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a Dish of Coffee, you meet your Friends for the Transaction of Business, and all for a Penny, if you don't Care to spend more."

Steele, in his "Tatler," the first of the periodical papers of the times, which subsequently became so numerous (Drake enumerates fifty-six imitators during the first half of the eighteenth century), described some of the expenses of collecting the gossip for his paper. "I once more desire my readers to consider," he wrote in his first number, "that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish (snuff) to be able as others at the learned table."

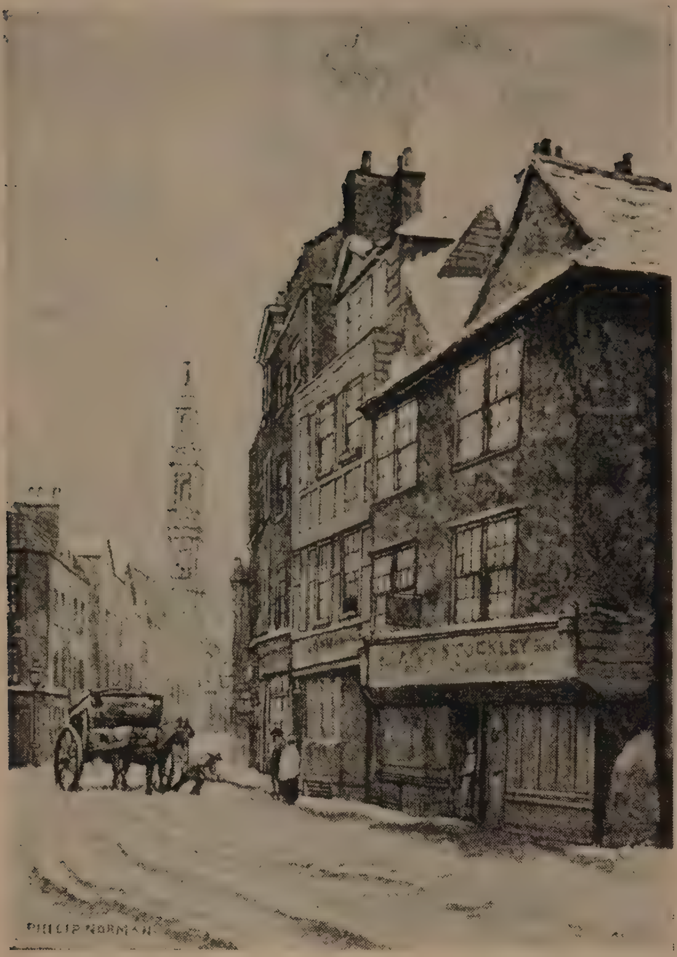
Addison, in the first number of "The Spectator," which succeeded "The Tatler," remarks: "There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives, that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James' coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-Lane and Hay-Market."

Aston traced about 500 of the coffee houses which were in existence in London during the twelve years of the reign of Queen Anne. He gives their names and locations in his volume on the social life under that sovereign. From this list we find that Child's was in St. Paul's Churchyard; the Grecian, in Devereux Court, Temple; and no fewer than six coffee houses known as Will's. There was one at No. 1

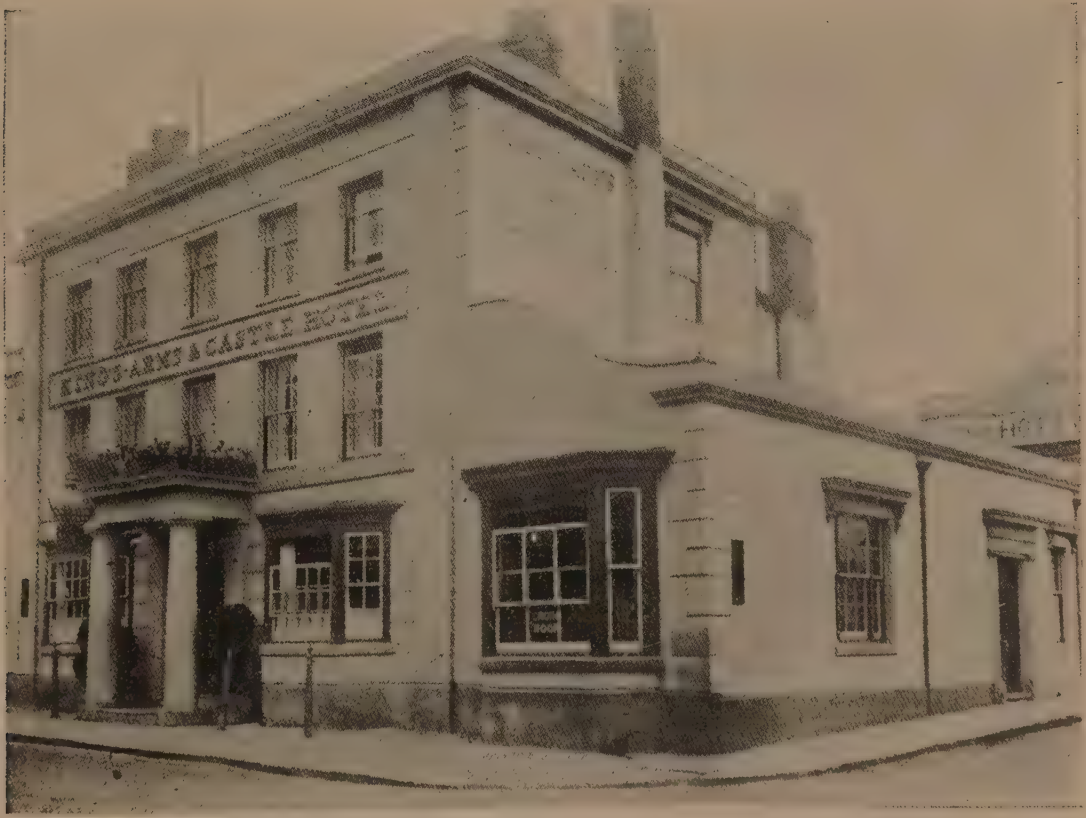
Bow Court, whose proprietor was William Unwin; one in Threadneedle Street; one under Scotland Yard Gate; one in Cornhill, by the Exchange; one in Fuller's Rents, and one in St. Lawrence Lane. The Cocoa Tree, as its name implies, was a chocolate house, and it was in Pall Mall. The St. James mentioned was also a chocolate house, and it was better known as White's. It was in St. James Street, which probably accounts for the way Addison described it.

Will's Coffee House may be said to have been first made famous by Dryden, who frequented that place, and, of course, attracted in his wake many youthful poets and others who liked to get into the presence of genius. Other distinguished wits of the time, among them Addison and Pope, were seen there often. This Will's Coffee House was in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and at the west corner of Bow Street. The place became noted for the theatrical appearance of a Justice of the Peace, Giles Earl, described as "a creature of Sir Robert Walpole," whose sense of dignity was not acute, since he frequently examined culprits in the public room of the coffee house "for the entertainment of the company."

Whether this sort of performance had any influence in increasing the business of Will's cannot be asserted, but it is certain that the business became so extensive that the coffee house could not accommodate all who sought admission. About this time, 1712, Addison, whose Spectator Essays probably had something to do with the increase in the crowds at Will's, backed Daniel Button in a coffee house venture on the opposite side of Russell Street. Will's establishment was regarded as a place of distinction, and so jealous was the proprietor of his patronage that Colley Cibber tells us it required an introduction before one was admitted to this unofficial club, in order not to be considered as an impertinent intruder.



OLD *Cock and Pie Tavern, Drury Lane.* (Page 67)



KING'S *Arms and Castle Hotel, Kenilworth.* (Page 69)

GRAND HOTEL DE LA CROIX BLANCHE

Grand *Hotel de la Croix Blanche, Tours.* (*Page 80*)

Bridge *Hotel, Newhaven, England.* (*Page 70*)

Button is said to have been a former servant of the Countess of Warwick, to whose son Addison acted as tutor, and later married the Countess, to his own sorrow, for, as Doctor Johnson rather cleverly and bluntly described the union: "His advances at first were timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused; to whom the sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" It is said that Lady Warwick never forgot that Addison had been tutor to her son, and seemed to have thought that in consequence he was not entitled to be treated with much respect.

Button's Coffee House became a rival to Will's as soon as it was opened. Addison, of course, was an almost daily visitor. He had set up there a letter box which became an historic object. It was designed by Hogarth, then a young painter and engraver, after the famed Lion's Mouth, of Venice. Constructed of wood, it was rather curiously carved, and after Button's became a memory, the Lion's Head letter box was removed to the Shakespeare Tavern in Covent Garden. The picture given of the letter box in Samuel Ireland's "Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth" is a hideous piece of work, and suggests the scantest knowledge of a lion's appearance. Letters intended for Addison's use in "The Guardian" were left in this receptacle.

Among the frequenters of Button's in its early years was William Hogarth, the great painter, engraver and satirist of the eighteenth century. On occasions he made sketches of some of the celebrities he saw there, and these have been reproduced in Ireland's book already referred to. We see in one of the sketches, Daniel Button, himself, and an eccentric of the period, whose identity does not appear to have been discovered. Other sketches made by the young Hogarth picture Addison, and Martin Foulkes, a mathematician and antiquary, who was so much distinguished at the age of twenty-four that he was admitted as a member of the Royal Society. In another sketch are shown Doctor Arbuthnot, Count Viviani and two unknown characters. Arbuthnot was said to have had the most prolific wit, and that when he was present Swift had to take second place. Little seems to be known about Count Viviani, whom Horace Walpole identified in Hogarth's sketch for Samuel Ireland. All Walpole said was that he remembered him well. Alexander Pope, and the celebrated Doctor, afterwards Sir Samuel Garth, whose wit gained him a knighthood, and led to his appointment as physician in ordinary to George I, are shown in another sketch. Garth was an advocate, as early as 1701, of free dispensaries for the sick poor, which proposition was opposed by the apothecaries. He answered his critics in an admirable poetic satire, entitled "Dispensary, a Poem with a Key," in 1701.

Button's gained even more favor among the wits than had Will's, and it remained a centre of men of learning until the death of Addison in 1719 and the retirement of Richard Steele from London. The vogue of the place did not linger long after the two chief attractions were eliminated, and it is said that Button, who in the days of his prosperity paid two guineas for two places in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, was receiving an allowance from the parish at the time of his death, in 1731.

The Cock Tavern, whose earlier and full name was The Cock and Bottle, has already been mentioned as being a close neighbor of the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street. This place, while not so historic in its story as the Devil, because it was not quite so famed for its visitors in the Jacobean and late Stuart periods, as the home of Ben Jonson's Club, yet it existed until forty years ago, and consequently is nearer our own times. Writing about it in 1866, Timbs remarked: "It is, perhaps, the most primitive place of its kind in the Metropolis: it still possesses a fragment of decoration of the time of James I, and the writer remembers the tavern half a century ago, with considerably more of its original panelling." A branch of the Bank of England succeeded to the site in 1886.

The Cock, however, is not without a background of history. It had an ancient atmosphere of tradition, and it dated from the seventeenth century. We know it was there in Jonson's time, because it probably was built early in the reign of King James I. It was there when the Plague raged in 1665, for we are told that the landlord, very wisely, shut up his house and retired to the country. Pepys, as we have mentioned, occasionally went to the Cock, when he described it as an ale-house, but his "Diary" informs us that there he "drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mightily merry." He was there with Mrs. Pierce and Knipp whose names are known to readers of the "Diary." The sign of the cock which was over its door was said to have been carved by Grinling Gibbons, who probably did some of the interior carving. Tennyson frequented the Cock when in London, and he has made its head waiter of the time famous, even if anonymous, by the poet laureate's reference to him as:

"O plump head-waiter of the Cock!"

Thackeray has referred to the Cock, and Dickens frequently strolled in there, while Mark Lemon laid a scene in one of his novels in the ancient tavern.

While the London Tavern, which succeeded the lesser known White Lion, in Bishopsgate Street, London, in the days of George III, might belong to the period covered by this chapter, its real story belongs to a later Hanoverian period, consequently we shall refer to it in a subsequent chapter.

There were several Mitre Taverns, but the one which has been frequently referred to in literary anecdotes and annals was The Mitre in Fleet Street, which was the centre of London's publishing activities and the rendezvous of her poets and authors from the early seventeenth century almost down to the present day. It still is the centre of newspaper and magazine publishing, but booksellers have now scattered their offices and shops all over the English metropolis.

Among the noted visitors to the Mitre in the seventeenth century was William Lilly, the astrologer, whose prophecies of dire calamities must have sent some of his readers to bed shivering, met that other noted astrologer, Old Will Poole, in The Mitre in 1640. One of Lilly's most quoted works is "England's Prophetical Merlin," which was published in 1644, but he was the author of many, and his "Life and Times," supposed to have been written by himself, appeared in 1715, long after his death.

The old tavern was rendered more or less of immortal memory, in the Eighteenth Century, from having been one of Doctor Samuel Johnson's favorite resorts. The Doctor lived in a court off Fleet Street, and of course all the taverns in the vicinity were familiar to him. But he became attached to a few of them, and one of these was The Mitre, in Fleet Street. We are assured by Timbs that, notwithstanding the herculean efforts to authenticate The Mitre in Mitre Court, Fetter Lane, as the Johnsonian Mitre, it was not the simon-pure article Johnsonians should be attracted to.

Boswell tells us of his meeting with the Doctor and Goldsmith at The Mitre, where they supped. As usual, the Doctor acted as oracle, holding forth on the merits of the celebrities mentioned in the conversation, in the course of which the Doctor exclaimed against Churchill, the satirical poet: "No, sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and

I will call him a blockhead still." It was here, after one of the suppers, that the Tour of the Hebrides was planned.

After Johnson's day, Charles Macklin, who claimed relationship with the actor of that name, took the house, then No. 39 Fleet Street, and reopened it in 1788 as the Poet's Gallery. Later it became an auction room and finally was removed to accommodate a new bank.

Once in course of conversation Macklin, the actor, then long past his ninetieth birthday, was asked whether Mr. Macklin, the late print-seller in Fleet Street, was any relation of his. To this he answered, rather shortly:

"No, Sir—I am the first of the name—there was no other Macklin before me, as I invented it merely to get rid of that damned Irish name, McLoughlin."

Of all the ancient taverns that have been in Fleet Street for centuries, only one remains, the Cheshire Cheese, which is about fifty feet back from the street, snuggled away in Wine Office Court. Certainly "The Cheese," as it is now briefly and commonly known, is very old, but how old, or what of its ancestry, is hidden away in legend. Several volumes about the picturesque place have been published, a mass of legend, but few facts. Even the date of the establishment of the old place, if known, is not public property. It is even said that Shakespeare has taken his ease at the Cheese; a manuscript play, "of the time of Ben Jonson," is quoted in which the Cheshire Cheese is mentioned. Pope, Addison, and other worthies of Queen Anne's time are said to have frequented the tavern. One thing seems to be beyond dispute, and that is the antiquity of its wine cellar, to which only the privileged few are admitted. The tankard of ale which is served has the correct natural temperature and it probably is one of the few places in England where this can be found. Although Boswell never refers to the Cheshire Cheese, the fact that Doctor Johnson's house in

Gough Square lies immediately behind the old tavern and that Wine Office Court opens into Gough Square, makes it extremely probable that the author of the great dictionary really did frequently occupy the seat at the head of the long oaken table, over which his portrait now hangs. Voltaire is another distinguished personage who is said to have enjoyed the fare there, and the favorite seat of Charles Dickens is pointed out to any visitor who seeks the information.

V

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY INNS IN EUROPE (*Continued*)

DEVELOPMENT OF COACHING HOUSES

"How the people managed to get from place to place before the post-office had a history," soliloquizes James Wilson Hyde in his book, "The Royal Mail: Its Curiosities and Romance," "or indeed for long after the birth of that institution, it is hard to conceive. Then the roads were little better than tracks worn out of the surface of the virgin land proceeding in some cases in a manner approaching to a right line, over hills, down valleys, through forests and the like; in others following the natural features of the country, but giving evidence that they had never been systematically made, being rather the outcome of a mere habit of travel, just as sheep-tracks are produced on a mountain-side."

He was describing the early roads of England, but a little further along he declares, "In Scotland, about the same time, the roads were no better." Of course, the writer of that entertaining work did know how people managed to get from place to place, because ordinary travellers rode horses or were passengers in carriers' wagons, and the very wealthy had elaborate vehicles in the days before the stage-coach. At this period the roadside inn was a very poor specimen of refuge for the traveller, and therefore travelling was not one of the recreations of the people, as it is now, because it was uncomfortable and slow.

In 1679 a Yorkshire squire, Thomas Kirke, travelled in Scotland and subsequently wrote his experiences. "The highways in Scotland," he wrote, "are tolerably good, which is the greatest comfort a traveller meets with amongst them. The Scotch gentry generally travel from one friend's house to another; so seldom require a change-house [inn]. Their way is to hire a horse and man for twopence a mile; they ride on the horse thirty or forty miles a day, and the man who is his guide foots it beside him, and carries his luggage to boot."

After reading this one does not know whether to admire the imagination of the writer, or the endurance of his guide. One or the other is wonderful.

Similar conditions existed in virtually all of Western Europe at the time and these quotations may be accepted as applying almost equally well to France, Italy and Germany in those days.

There was another method of travel open to persons whose business compelled them to go from place to place, before the advent of the stage-coach, which may be said to have been the outcome of the organization of a postal system in Great Britain and Scotland. This method was the carrier's wagon. Of course, freight and goods of one kind or another which could not reach the interior towns by water were carried in wagons owned by individuals whose business was to haul parcels and packages. These wagons were not very comfortable, and as their best speed on a long summer's day was only fifteen miles, the traveller who selected this mode of travel did so to save the greater expense of hiring a horse. The only attempt to make life bearable for passengers was found in the introduction of straw or rushes which filled the floor of the wagon, and on this the weary traveller might sit or lie until his journey's end. These wagons usually were drawn by six horses, and the driver walked alongside.

The stage-coach may be said to have been the evolution from both the postboy, who had become "a source of great vexation and trouble," and the carrier's wagon; and as it progressed in speed and little comforts, the road-side inn progressed through the increase of patronage. At first the stage-coach was not so speedy as the postboy, for in 1635 postboys made the journey from London to Edinburgh in three days, while in 1763 the stage coach between these two cities required four and a half days for the journey. The postboy had become obsolete in England by the year 1715.

One of the earliest of the stage-coach inns in London was the George Inn, without Aldersgate, which is not to be confused with the Old George Inn, Borough; nor yet with the George, Tower Hill, which stood on a site which overlooked the public execution ground, where a granite slab in the pavement informs the curious that "this was the site of ancient scaffold. Here the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino suffered, 18th August, 1746." These men were among the last beheaded in England. Lord Lovat was beheaded the following year and consequently was the last person whose head fell under the blow from the headsman's axe. Strictly speaking, in his case not an axe but the first beheading machine, similar to the guillotine, was used.

An advertisement of stage-coaches in the year 1658 shows that from the George Inn without Aldersgate, London, a coach left on three days a week to Salisbury "in two days, for XX. s.; to Blandford and Dorchester in two days and a half, for XXX. s.; to Burput, in three days, for XXX. s.; to Exmister, Hunnington and Exter, in four days, for XL. s.; to Staniford, in two days, for XX. s.; to York, in four days, for XL. s."

There was still to be seen in London, thirty years ago, the remnants of The Saracen's Head, which stood on Snow Hill, which is on the Holborn Viaduct. It was a coaching house, whose history went back to the days of Charles II. While part of it, the coach yard especially, was pulled down when the Holborn Viaduct was constructed in 1868, remnants of the front were standing until more recent years. To modern readers, the Saracen's Head immediately suggests Dickens, and we shall have more to say about the ancient house when we make a survey of the Dickens inns and hotels in a later chapter. It is said the Norwich coach set out from this inn as early as 1681. Unless this Saracen's Head took its sign from another house, or *vice versa*, there was another Saracen's Head in London at the same time, and not much more than half a mile away, for an advertisement of 1739, which has been preserved, informs us:

"Exeter Flying stage-coach in three days, and Dorchester and Blandford in two days. Go from the Saracen's Head Inn, in Friday Street, London, every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday." Thirty years later the "Taunton Flying Machine, hung on steel springs, sets out from The Saracen's Head Inn, in Friday Street, London, and Taunton, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at three o'clock in the morning," the journey taking two days. In 1773 the Exeter Fly set out weekly from the Bull and Gate in Aldersgate.

In Holborn, too, was another ancient coaching house, or at least a post house which was removed in 1899. This was The Bell Inn, mentioned by John Taylor, the water-poet, who wrote in 1637, "there doth a Poste come every second Thursday from Walsingham to the Bell in Holborne." It was still in existence a quarter-century ago, and William Black makes a sympathetic reference to the old Bell in his most successful novel, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." It also figures in the "Pickwick Papers" of Charles Dickens.

A few other contemporary London inns in the same vicinity should be mentioned from their connection with well-known characters of other years. One of these was The Essex Head, No. 40 Essex Street, Strand, which bowed to improvements thirty years ago. It was here that Doctor Johnson established his Essex Head Club, whose rules were drawn up by the great oracle himself.

The Essex Head Club was formed by the Doctor near the end of his life, and, as Boswell informs us, that notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which he then labored, he "insisted that such members of the old club in Ivy-lane as survived should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once in his house; and in order to insure himself society in the evening for three days in the week he instituted a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's."

Under the rules the club consisted of twenty-four members who held meetings on Monday, Thursday and Saturday of every week; "but in the week before Easter there shall be no meeting." It was a very modest organization, for while a member who stayed away forfeited three pence, if he came to the club he "shall spend at least sixpence." The final rule was "one penny shall be left by each member for the waiter."

At the Strand end of Drury Lane there stood until 1896 a Tudor-like structure which for many years was distinguished by the sign of the Cock and Magpie. It was what is known in England as a public house, but the London antiquaries agreed that it was in this house that the famous Nell Gwynn, the actress who became a favorite of Charles II, lived. Pepys, the Diarist, mentioned that he saw her standing at her lodgings door in Drury Lane, adding, "she seemed a mighty pretty creature." Her biographer, Peter Cunningham, at the conclusion of his researches, placed this house at the corner mentioned, and a bookseller who occupied the building in the last century satisfied everyone that Cunningham was correct. Notwithstanding its appearance, a writer some years later declared the house was not built before the time of Charles I. Although its sign was the Cock and Magpie, in accordance with English usage the last word was cut in half, and the tavern was spoken of as the Cock and Pie.

There were seven main or stage roads in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries according to many popular writers, but "Patterson's Roads" gives particulars of nine. They were a little better in the latter century but it required a hundred years of stage-coaching to bring the roads into condition for quick horse traffic. It would not be possible to condense within a chapter the story of all of the inns on these roads that might reasonably be regarded as historic. This subject already has been rather exhaustively covered in the breezy, entertaining pages of Captain Mallet's "Annals of the Road," and of the volumes by Lord William Lennox, James Hissey, Charles G. Harper, W. Outram Tristram, and Stanley Harris. Even those coaching houses which had their praises sung by travellers, or by writers who have come after them, will be found to have been either within the limits of Metropolitan London of to-day, or not far from it.

Colonel Patterson's "Roads," which became the guide for all travellers in England in the opening years of the nineteenth century, lists the principal inns in England, Wales and the Scotch lowlands. The lists, however, will not bear reproduction because they are noted in the index under the large towns or places the stage-coaches stopped, and none of those in London is mentioned. Some of the inns either have disappeared altogether during the last century or, at least, changed their signs. There are various colored Bulls and Horses, and Swans, Saracen's Heads, to say nothing of various Arms, such as the Kings Arms, at Kenilworth, and the Rutland Arms at New Market. There are Black Lions and Red Lions, Roebucks and Harts; Blackamoor's and other kinds of Heads; Stars, Fountains, Crowns and Elephants and Castles. One would need the patience of a Cuvier to properly describe them, and they would furnish a new page of signboard natural history. While Colonel Patterson gives brief histories of country houses on the roads, no inn receives more than a mention. He did not even star them, as Baedeker does, to hint where the service is better. But then, it was a road book in the days when touring was not so common nor so convenient as it is in these.

While some of these old inns have changed their signs, in a few instances they have not obliterated all trace of their antiquity. Take the Golden Crown Inn, now the George, in Lichfield—Doctor Johnson's Lichfield, but the good Doctor's career never was connected with the inn—it formerly had the sign of the Crown and it was the Crown when the ill-fated dramatist, George Farquhar, that rather brilliant Irishman, wrote his comedy, "The Beaux' Stratagem," in 1707. He gave its landlord a name that has been bestowed on innkeepers and hotelkeepers from his day to ours. Who has not heard of the hotelkeeper referred to as the Boniface? It is he who opens the comedy with the scene in his inn when the Warrington coach arrives late at night. It is true that in the play the inn is given no name, figuring merely as "an Inn in Lichfield," but it is said Farquhar himself had stopped there and knew the Crown.

"Chamberlain! maid! Cherry!" cries the excited innkeeper. "Daughter Cherry! All asleep? All dead?"

Daughter Cherry comes running, crying as she enters, "Here! here! Why d'ye bawl so, father? d'ye think we have no ears?"

"You deserve to have none, you young minx! The company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them their chambers."

"And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it."

"But they threaten to go to another inn to-night."

"That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow. Coming! coming! Here's the London coach arrived."

From which it will be understood that in the daughter's estimation, London passengers were to be preferred to country ones.

The George, or Crown, which Baedeker identifies with Farquhar's inn, stands to-day on Lichfield's main street, but the suspicion arises that the old hostelry has been somewhat altered during the intervening two centuries.

Tristram found the Royal George at Dover had undergone a change since the eighteenth century. "There is no touch perceptible of the Dover of 1775, of the Dover, that is to say, of Mr. Jarvis Lorry and the old Dover Mail," he wrote in *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, "Where is the drawer at the Royal George who opened the coach door as the custom was? Who used to cry into the ears of still half-awakened passengers the following programme of peace: 'Bed room and breakfast, sir? Yes, sir! That way, sir. Show Concord!' " (The Concord bed-chamber was always assigned to a passenger by the Mail.) 'Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord (you will find a sea-coal fire, sir). Fetch barber to Concord! Stir about now for Concord;' and so on. Where is Concord, with its vision of comfort and a sea-coal fire? Where is the Royal George indeed? Its place is no longer known among Dover inns, or it may be the Lord Warden Hotel, for aught that I know."

At Newhaven, on the Sussex coast of the English Channel, there may still be seen the Bridge Inn or Hotel, which, while also showing signs of alteration, yet reveals some evidences of one of the chief incidents in its long history. Newhaven was on one of the links in the great Brighton Road, and the Bridge Inn was one of the favorite stopping places for passengers to and from Dieppe, France.

Early one morning in March, 1848, the steamer Express arrived in the harbor and Captain Paul, accompanied by General Dumas, put off in a boat for the shore. Arriving there, they went immediately to the Bridge Inn and told the hostess, Mrs. Smith, that a party of six persons on board required accommodations in her inn. Having made these arrangements, General Dumas started for London, and Captain Paul returned to his ship.

A few hours later, eleven o'clock, to be exact, a boat from the ship landed six passengers. There were "an elderly gentleman attired in an old green blouse and travelling-cap and a rough great coat; a lady of similar age, plainly dressed in a black bonnet and a checker black and white cloak, attended by a young female; and three other persons." The party was conducted to the inn, where preparations for it had been made. It was only then that the astonished and flattered landlady discovered that she was entertaining King Louis Phillipe and his Queen, of France. There had been set apart for the unknown guests two sitting and six bedrooms, together with the inn's long room for the royal attendants. Conducting the guests upstairs the landlady, turning to leave their majesties after she had ushered them into the sitting room, saw the exiles, overpowered by the events of the last few days, giving vent to floods of tears. The Revolution of February had shown the weakness of the monarchy, and while the streets of Paris were still filled with angry mobs which an unprepared military could not silence, Louis Phillipe abdicated his throne in favor of his grandson, the young Count of Paris. But with that act the

House of Orleans had passed from France, for the young Count was rejected and a Republic proclaimed, with the adventurous Louis Napoleon as president.

Long before the sun set on the day Louis Phillipe arrived, all Newhaven became aware it was entertaining the King and Queen of France. The following morning, while the royal party were preparing to board a train for London, they had to listen to two addresses in Latin and one in French, both signed by the pupils of the local grammar school. Newhaven had not seen so much excitement in a century, and the Bridge Inn never had so distinguished a party of guests.

There were so many inns with the sign of the Castle in London that if one is not careful he may confuse their respective claims to fame. As all of these have passed away we shall refer to only one, The Castle Tavern, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. While this house was a resort of the "bloods" in the eighteenth century, its chief claim to historical mention is in an incident which occurred in July, 1772, when a duel was fought between Captain Thomas Matthews and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Contrary to general belief, all duels are not dramatic in character, but there was enough of the dramatic in this one, not only to set the tongues of gossip wagging for weeks, but sufficient material was left for Sheridan to make one of his wittiest and most laughable comedies, "The Rivals." There was even enough material left after a century and a half for modern playwrights and cinema scenario writers to absorb sufficient to make new "original" plays.

The drama, which ended in an upper room of a tavern in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, had its opening scenes in Bath, then the abode of fashion in England. Both Captain Matthews and Sheridan became deeply interested in a fair young singer of Bath, Miss Elizabeth Linley, eldest daughter of the composer and conductor of the Bath Or-

Le *Chateau Rouge, Paris.* (*Page* 80)

Posting *House, Clermont-en-Argonne.* (*Page* 79)

Cheval *Blanc, Paris.* (*Page* 79)

Hotel *Du Grand Monarque, Varennes.* (*Page* 79) chestra, Dr. Thomas Linley. At first the beautiful singer, who had numerous admirers, showed a partiality for the Captain. Young Sheridan therefore did not press his suit, but harbored a suspicion that the Captain was not the worthy lover Miss Linley believed him to be. Sheridan sought his confidence, in the course of which he had several letters from the unsuspecting Lothario in which he described his real feelings towards the singer. In one of them he admitted he had no genuine love for her, that she had given him so much trouble that he would renounce all pursuit of her if his vanity did not desire conquest. That he was resolved to "abandon the character of a suppliant and to assume the authority of a master. But if she refused to meet him, he would carry her away by force."

Sheridan visited Miss Linley and handed her the letter among others he had received. After reading the note she fainted, and upon being restored she asked Sheridan's advice, saying that Captain Matthews would ruin her reputation. The young lover calmly proposed that she fly with him to France, where he would place her in a convent, so on the day fixed by Captain Matthews to kidnap the lady she was starting for London by post-chaise. They went to France, were married in Dunkirk, and then, leaving his young wife in a convent, Sheridan returned to England, having learned Captain Matthews had published an insulting paragraph in the *Bath Chronicle* in which he characterized Sheridan as one who no longer "deserves the treatment of a gentleman," and that he should "trouble himself no further about him than, in this public manner, to post him as a l— and a treacherous s—." Sheridan vowed he would not sleep until he had satisfaction. He searched London until he found the Captain, whom he challenged to a duel in Hyde Park. The parties met there, but discovering Matthews was trying to escape in the dusk, he seized him and dragged him to the Castle Tavern. Lights were called for and the party led to a private room; here Sheridan quickly had his antagonist at his mercy. The latter's secretary rushed forward crying: "Don't kill him!" and Matthews sued for his life.

Sheridan, after breaking the Captain's sword, insisted that he sign a vindication, which he did. So no blood was spilt.

Three years later, in Covent Garden Theatre, not far from the scene of this duel, was given its first performance of Sheridan's first comedy, "The Rivals," in which, it will be remembered, is that very timid duelist, *Bob Acres*, whom some have thought was originally intended as a satire on Captain Matthews.

While we have been loitering around Bath mention should be made of the York Hotel, a very old inn, which a century ago occupied the position of the most fashionable hostelry in the most fashionable resort in the United Kingdom. Pierce Egan, in his book, "Walks Through Bath," published in 1819, describes the house as it then was in this manner:

"The above Hotel is a fine building, and considered one of the largest and best inns in the kingdom, out of London. Its accommodations are in the first style of excellence, under the superintendence of Messrs. Lucas and Reilly. In the season it overflows with company of the highest rank in life. The dining room is equal, if not superior, to the large room at the Crown and Anchor, in London. The suite of rooms correspond and are furnished in the most superb manner. It has a subscription-club of the first respectability, denominated the 'Friendly Brothers,' consisting of *three knots*. The members are elected by ballot, and are free in London, Dublin and Bath. The subscription is three guineas per annum; but an additional charge is made for newspapers, publications, &c. Stages set out from York-House every day for London. This hotel is stored with a profusion of silver plate for the service of its visitors. A catch-club is likewise held here."

No one who has read "Life in London" or "Finish to the Life in London" could doubt that paragraph, with its amplitude of superlatives, was written by Pierce Egan, who, it might be said in passing, was a literary ancestor of Charles Dickens. Fortunately Boz improved upon his heritage.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there was a modest hostelry in Coventry, England, on the road to Birmingham, known as The Bull Inn. Richard Yates and John Palmer, two noted actors and managers of the period, stopped there one night in the year 1752 on their road to Birmingham, where they had erected a new theatre, which they were to open within a few days. After they had finished their dinner and were enjoying their glass of wine, their ears "were saluted by the melodious sounds of a young warbler." They listened with great interest and then had the waiter open the dining-room doors so they might hear the singer with better effect. Then they searched out the owner of the voice, who proved to be a boy of tender years. He was given a glass of wine and asked to sing one of his favorite songs. This he responded to so well that the managers called the landlord and began to question both. It appeared the boy supported a widowed mother by the pennies he collected from his songs sung in public houses. Yates offered to take him as an apprentice but the boy urged that his mother would be in need. Then the manager offered to pay the parent two shillings a week if the lad would accompany them. Finally the managers had their way. The boy went with them, was taught singing and acting and finally won a high place on the stage as a singer and actor, in England and in Ireland, as Joseph Vernon. He died in 1782, while still a young man, and the best singing actor the English stage had known.

With the coming of the stage coach, which on the continent was the diligence and a rather differently constructed vehicle, the frequency of tours, usually through France and Italy, with an occasional adventure into Germany or Switzerland, caused the creation of a new expression and a new recreation for wealthy Englishmen in the eighteenth century. This was the Grand Tour. The chief pivotal spots in this travel were Paris and Rome. The stage coach improved the roadside inn in England, and to some extent the desire to do business with the travelled Englishman led to an improvement in the inns and hotels in France and Italy during the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was in this period that the French word *hotel* began to be applied to the elaborated inns, both in France and in England, although it was not until the days of the French Republic that the word was properly naturalized in England.

Some of these travelled Englishmen have contributed books in which they have related their experiences on the Grand Tour. The poet Gray, probably best recalled for one poem, although he wrote many, "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard," made the Grand Tour with Horace Walpole as his companion. He disagreed with his noble young pupil, and returned alone to England. But not before he had visited Voltaire, Lawrence Sterne, made two journeys to France, and on one of them extended his tour to Italy. As a result we have that rather extraordinary performance, whose taste and morality have not always pleased his critics, "A Sentimental Journey to France and Italy," but which remains, in its way, a masterpiece.

Neither the French nor Italian inns of the period were regarded as good as the best inns in England at that time. Indeed, the French inns were praised faintly for their efforts to make life pleasant for their guests. As the principal route followed between England and France had Dover and

Calais as its termini, there were inns of some pretensions in each of those ports. At Calais, Dessein's was the leading inn, although it was admitted that it did not compare favorably with the better class houses in England. A contemporary described Dessein's Inn as one of the most extensive in Europe, with such modern innovations as gardens, shops and a handsome theatre.

Arthur Young, in his "Travels During the Years 1787, 8, 9, and 1790 Undertaken more Particularly with a View of Ascertaining the Cultivation, Wealth, Resources and National Prosperity, of the Kingdom of France," which was published in 1792, singled out the Hotel Henri IV, at Nantes, for such extravagant praise as "the finest inn in Europe." He expounds further, "It cost 400,000 liv. (£17,500) furnished, and is let at 14,000 liv. per ann. (£612-10 s.) with no rent for the first year. It contains (60) sixty beds for masters and (25) twenty-five stalls for horses. Some of the apartments of two rooms, very neat, are 6 liv. a day; one good 3 liv., but for merchants 5 liv. per diem for dinner, supper, wine and chamber, and 35 f. for his horse. It is without comparison the first inn I have seen in France, and very cheap."

But even Young found the French auberge usually a sad place for an Englishman seeking comforts. In some of the smaller villages, where there were post houses, other travellers of the same century declare that they offered very little beyond bare shelter. In some of them even beds were needed, and bread and a fire were often wanting. Smollet, who had travelled through France long before Young, wrote that in the South of that country, excepting in large cities, inns were cold, damp and dirty.

All who have read Dumas's breezy, rapid romance, "The Three Guardsmen," will recall the Franc-Meunier inn in Meung, before which the novel opens with D'Artagnan arriving on his Bearn pony. The town of Meung was a small place in 1625, when the story opens, and in 1883 it still had less than 4,000 population. Unless the map of France you examine is a very old one, you probably will fail to find Meung indicated upon it, for it has long since become Mehun-sur-Loire, being the chief place in the canton of Loiret, in the *arrondissement* of Orleans. The Franc-Meunier was a historic inn, although it would be difficult to identify it to-day, because D'Artagnan was a very real person and all Mr. Dumas did was to rearrange the mousquetaire's memoirs and put into them those touches which permitted him to place his name on the title page as author. With all respect to the redoubtable D'Artagnan of reality, he would have remained in oblivion had not Dumas given us the dashing, tactless D'Artagnan of romance.

Until the World War made a desert of the Eastern part of France, there stood on the main roads between Paris and Metz a number of ancient inns and former posting houses which were scenes of a drama enacted in the summer of 1791, when Louis XVI, and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, together with the French royal family, were fleeing France in a common road vehicle, called a Berline, which was a form of diligence or stage coach then in more or less general use in that country.

The flight had been organized with the greatest care by Count Fersen, a handsome, well-liked young officer, who was popularly believed to be in love with the Queen. The route mapped, money gathered for expenses, details of soldiers arranged to be placed at critical points, all made with the greatest secrecy. Louis and his Queen were dressed in costumes that allowed them to pass for bourgeoisie. The start was made in the early morning, but difficulty pursued the fleeing monarchs; details of hussars were not where they should have been; an indiscreet and loquacious postmaster at one of the post-houses remarked that the king was expected. News of the escape was in the hands of the National Assembly, and pursuit followed quickly.

At Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, where there were, indeed, a party of soldiers in waiting, the post-master confided in one of the dragoons that the king was going to pass; at Sainte-Menehould, a similar rumor was spread by a barmaid. At the former posting-house this rumor caused so much excitement that the officer in charge of the detachment retired with his company. Another crowd greeted the emigrants as they stopped at the posting-house at Clermont-en-Argonne, while they received a relay of horses. They felt that Metz was near, and Paris far off, and that they had not been recognized. At Varennes, where they arrived late at night, the party found neither soldiers nor horses for their relay. One of the inhabitants of the town was awakened and advised that the party go to the Hotel Grand Monarque. Before long some lingering roysterers in a nearby tavern discovered the identity of the travellers. Their conveyance was directed to the Bras d'Or, where passports were demanded. A grocer, Sauce by name, gave the Royal travellers a lodging for the night, and by morning they realized they were captives.

There was to be seen in the Rue Mazet, Paris, between the Pont Neuf and the Boulevarde Saint-Germain, until recent years—perhaps it is there still—an old coaching house that was used for that purpose so far back as the time of Louis XIV. Then the coaches set out from this house for Orleans and the central part of France. During the Eighteenth Century until the Revolution, it was a posting house under the *service general de la poste*. A quarter century ago it was, as appears from its sign, once more an *auberge*, known as "Restaurant du Cheval Blanc." It is a very old building, evidently antedating the Grand Monarch.

In Tours, the ancient town hall of the commune of Chateauneuf for a long period was occupied as an inn. Its proprietor, as the sign indicates, thought it deserved better, so he named it Grand Hotel de la Croix Blanche. The Hotel de la Crouzille, which was still standing in Tours a quarter century back, its two Norman high peaks giving its façade that distinction and appearance belonging to centuries of age, which perhaps permitted the telling to visitors that here was born the famed Mlle. Louise de la Vallière, one of Louis XIV's favorites, whom he declared was the only one who ever loved him, and who was said to have died of a broken heart over that love. Louis had the audacity of the Grand Monarch of his time and the de la Vallière and the Montespan were placed in the same coach with his Queen, the devoted and pious Maria Theresa, when all three ladies accompanied the king to Flanders to see him carry on a war. More recent commentators declare that the belief that Mlle. de la Vallière was born in this ancient structure is a false one backed up by no scientific proof. Yet it is interesting to think that a woman who exerted so much influence over one of France's most magnificent kings, might at least have seen the old house, and perchance might even have entered it, once upon a time.

Before we leave France let us see one of the last of the old French inns to disappear from that part of Paris which everybody, Parisians and visitors alike, allude to as Old Paris. In the Rue Galande, until a few years before the World War, stood an ancient inn, then proclaiming itself La Chateau Rouge, and apparently with good reason. It had the old archway for an entrance, the old signs painted on the walls so long ago that they were nearly obliterated, letting the passer-by know that he could get "Vins Bieres Cafe" there. Whatever its past, glorious or otherwise, it had fallen from its high station, and had become a common lodging house for unfortunates who slept on chairs and tables; crowded in wherever they could find the space. The building was picturesque, but its story evidently was a sad one.

Those travellers who made the Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century and published accounts of their travels, seem to agree that the inns of Italy at that time were beneath contempt. One traveller advises those about to go to Venice to hire a house in the better class section; or at least to rent a furnished room. No one recommended the existing inns. Again we are told by the same authorities that outside of the capitals of Rome, Naples, Turin and Milan, there were no good inns to be found in Italy. It is true that some other travellers have even said that good accommodations could be obtained in Venice and condemned the inns of Naples. If it be of any significance it might be related that Parrino's Guide to Naples, which was published in the year 1725, goes into meticulous detail about everything in Naples. He describes churches, hospitals, statues, fountains; all the wonders and all the religious congregations of the wonderful city on the Bay of Naples, but he is silent about inns or hotels. No modern guide book would be regarded as worth while that did not mention at least the leading hotels of the city it sought to describe.

From some of these old travellers we learn the names of a few hotels or inns they seemed to be willing to recommend, even if they restrained themselves from expressing any enthusiasm. Thus we learn from De Brosses' "Lettres sur l'Italie," quoted by William Edward Mead, in his book, "The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century," that at Rome the Auberge du Mont d'Or, in the Piazza di Spagna, was the only good inn for strangers. Nugent, an English traveller, in his "Grand Tour" declares that in Naples the Cardinal's Hat and the Three Kings are the best inns in that city and the ones usually selected by English travellers.

Much the same was written about the German inns during the same period. While exceptions were noted the tourists seemed to unite in generally condemning the inns of France, Italy and Germany at this time. The beds were bad, the dinners uneatable and the accommodations lacked the common conveniences. Yet, in the Eighteenth Century it must be admitted that inns nowhere, even in England, were above reproach.

VI

COLONIAL INNS IN AMERICA

"Like true Englishmen," wrote Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, of the men who founded Jamestown, Virginia, "they built a church that cost no more than fifty pounds, and a tavern that cost five hundred."

Unfortunately we have no details about this first inn in America, and can only suggest the date of its construction, which must have been between the years 1607, when the city was founded, and 1616, when the settlement was at its ebb. Despite the proportionately large sum of money spent upon its building, according to Colonel Byrd, the Jamestown tavern probably was not any too good. Even a century and a half later, the inns, taverns and ordinaries in Virginia, according to Thomas Auburey, Rochefoucauld, and Smyth, were not regarded as much more than shelters for the traveller. Henry Cabot Lodge declares "the taverns were probably the most uncomfortable habitations in the province," although he admits that in the latter half of the eighteenth century "a good inn could be found" here and there in the towns.

Wherever there was a port, in the colonies, there the traveller would be certain to find an inn. At long distances along the high-roads between the great towns there also could be found inns or taverns. Interior travel in the early days of the colonies could be accomplished only on the back of a horse, which necessitated accommodations for the traveller's steed as well as for himself. Post roads were established early in the eighteenth century, and just as they had improved and multiplied the inns in England, so they increased travel in the colonies. The first post offices established in the colonies were created by Act of Parliament in 1710.

Very few particulars are available about the earliest inns in the colonies. Only a few of them were even passably good. In a general way they were patterned on the inns of Europe, but it should be remembered that they were here in a sparsely settled country which was little more than a fringe of civilization on a wilderness extending westward across a continent.

One of the earliest inns of which we have a picture, and no one dare vouch too strongly for its authenticity, although it probably is fairly faithful, is the Blue Anchor Inn, which was erected in Philadelphia some time during the year 1682. When William Penn landed in the city of his dreams, in November of that year, he was welcomed at the inn as he stepped ashore from the boat which had brought him up the Delaware River from Upland, now Chester, Pennsylvania. Aside from the Jamestown inn, in Virginia, and the official inn in New Amsterdam, the Blue Anchor, in Philadelphia, was the earliest historic inn in Colonial America. It is true the Habitation built by Champlain at Quebec might be regarded as an inn. But it also was a fort, a military headquarters, and the chief French Settlement in French America in the early seventeenth century, or a year after Jamestown was founded, 1608. l'Habitation was a group of buildings, but it also had claims to be classed as an inn.

What was known as the Hancock tavern, in Boston, and regarded as the oldest inn in the Massachusetts capital, was even earlier than the Blue Anchor, but its chief history is entwined with that of later times. Indeed, some New England historians dispute the claim that it occupied the site of the first inn in Boston.

The Blue Anchor Tavern, or inn, which stood in Front

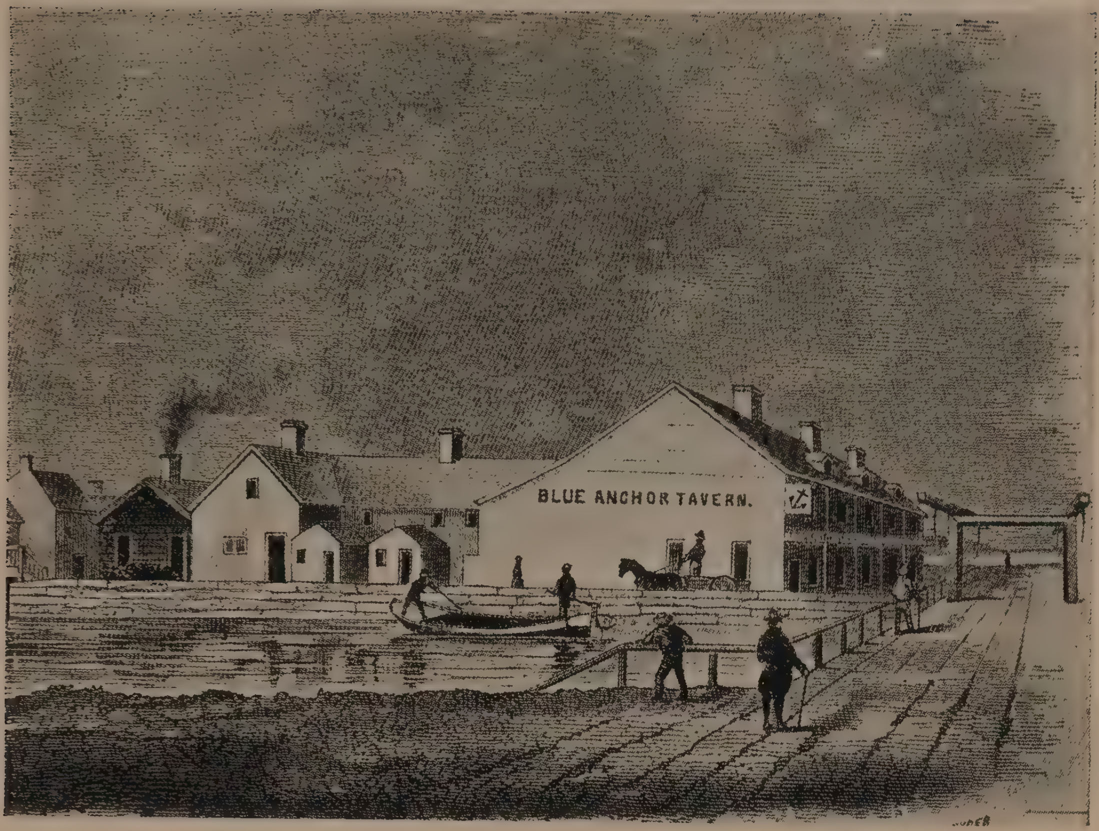
Street, Philadelphia, until early in the nineteenth century, had caused so much speculation regarding its origin and history, especially as the proprietor of a rather modern saloon situated a block away claimed for his house the honor of being the real Blue Anchor Inn, that the Colonial Society of Pennsylvania had a report on the subject made by one of its members, Thomas Allen Glenn. This report, together with a picture of the original Blue Anchor Tavern, was published in the January, 1897, number of the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography.

In the course of his investigations and researches, Mr. Glenn discovered that taverns or inns were fairly plentiful on the Delaware River by the time William Penn paid his first visit in 1682. "In the year 1671," the historian wrote, "it was proposed by Captain Carr, on behalf of the townspeople of New Castle, and Plantations on Delaware, to the Governor and Council, 'That ye number of Strong Drink be ascertained, That is to say, three only for ye towne and some few up, Ye River, who ye Officers, shall think fitt and approve.' Of some few up ye River, the Blue Anchor became one." It should be understood that in 1671 Penn had no idea of ever possessing the great territory which in 1681 was granted him by King Charles II.

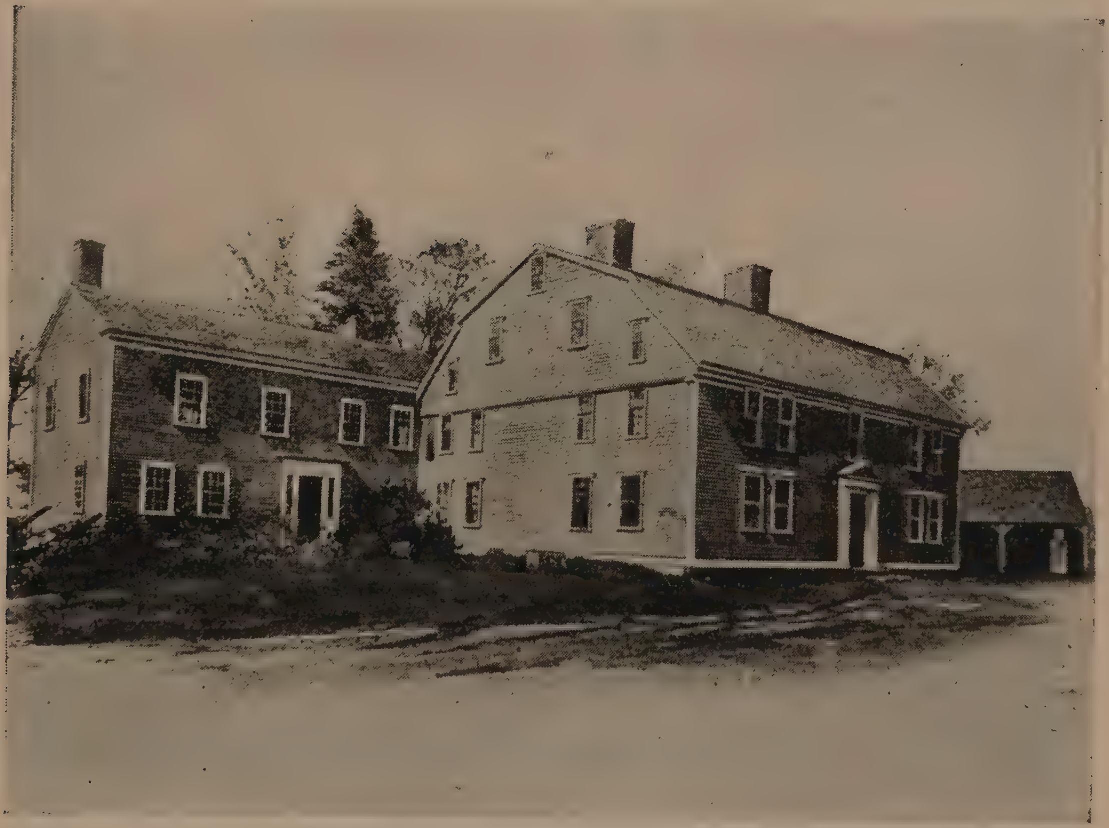
At the time this proposition was made the Duke of York claimed both sides of the Delaware River, and these territories were administered from New York, by the British Governor, Sir Edmund Andross, although the Dutch claimed all this region as the New Netherlands. Mr. Glenn was not able to definitely find the date of the building of the Blue Anchor, which was a brick structure, but he reported that at the time of Penn's arrival it was owned by Captain William Dare, the first landlord. The building had a front of sixteen feet, and a depth of thirty-six feet and was situated on the bank of Dock Creek at a point which subsequently was in the line of Front Street, and at a distance of 146 feet north from the creek a stream long since covered by Dock Street. There would be little profit in following the brief of title to the property, relating the successive owners, but it is essential to show that after the City of Philadelphia was laid out, the Blue Anchor was moved to the western side of Front Street. During the Revolution the sign was changed to "Boatswain and Call," and in later years was kept by Peter Evans at what was then No. 138 South Front Street, represented by the present number 256. The Old Blue Anchor Inn was removed in the year 1810 and a new building erected on its site by Levi Garrett, who came from Delaware in the year and established snuff mills there which remained in the family for nearly a century.

While there might be some flaw in the claim to antiquity made for the inn or tavern in Boston, long known as the Hancock Tavern, which, until about twenty-five years ago, stood in Corn Court, on the south side of Faneuil Hall Square, it has been related that as early as 1634 Samuel Cole established a public house on this site, which building had undergone many changes, and in 1780, when John Hancock was made Governor of Massachusetts, the tavern sign bore a portrait of that patriot and former president of the Continental Congress and became known as the Hancock Tavern. There was no doubt that the building, which even the present generation may have seen, was a very old one, and there was no question that it had many claims to be regarded as historic.

Writing of the old place, in 1903, Edwin M. Bacon referred to it in these words: "From the south side of this Square (Faneuil Hall Square) opens Corn Court, which runs in irregular form to Merchant's Row. Herein was the Corn Market of Colonial times. A landmark of a later day, which remained till the present year, was an old inn long known


BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.

Blue Anchor Tavern, Philadelphia. (Page 84)



Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Mass. (Page 88)

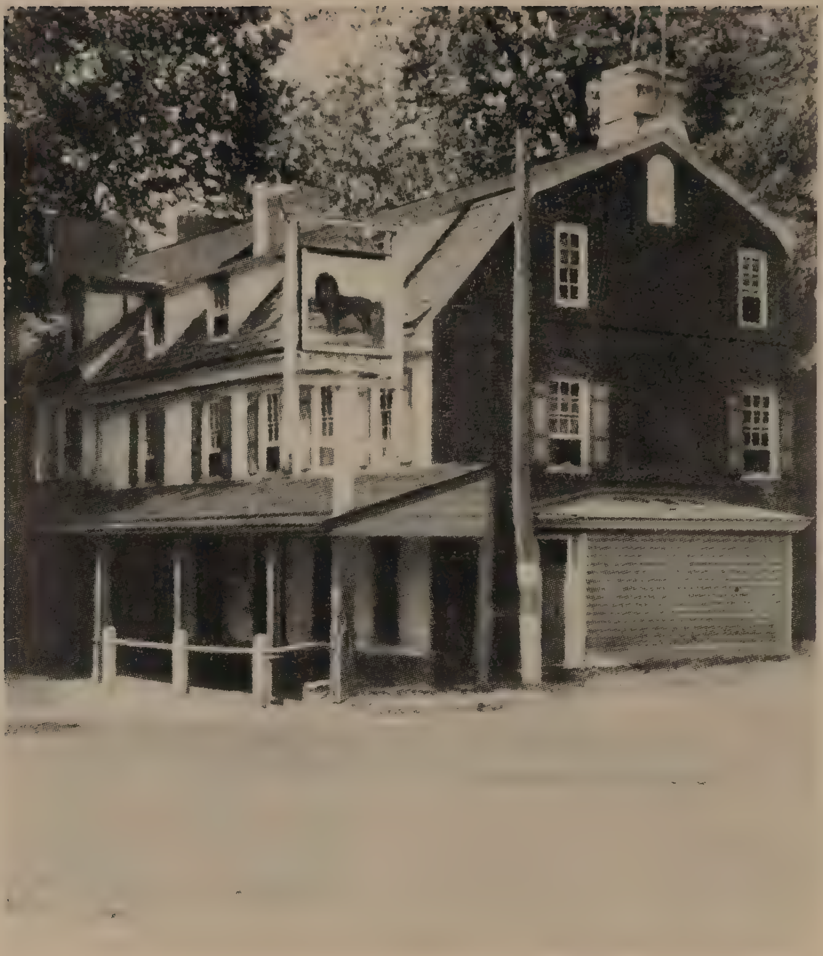
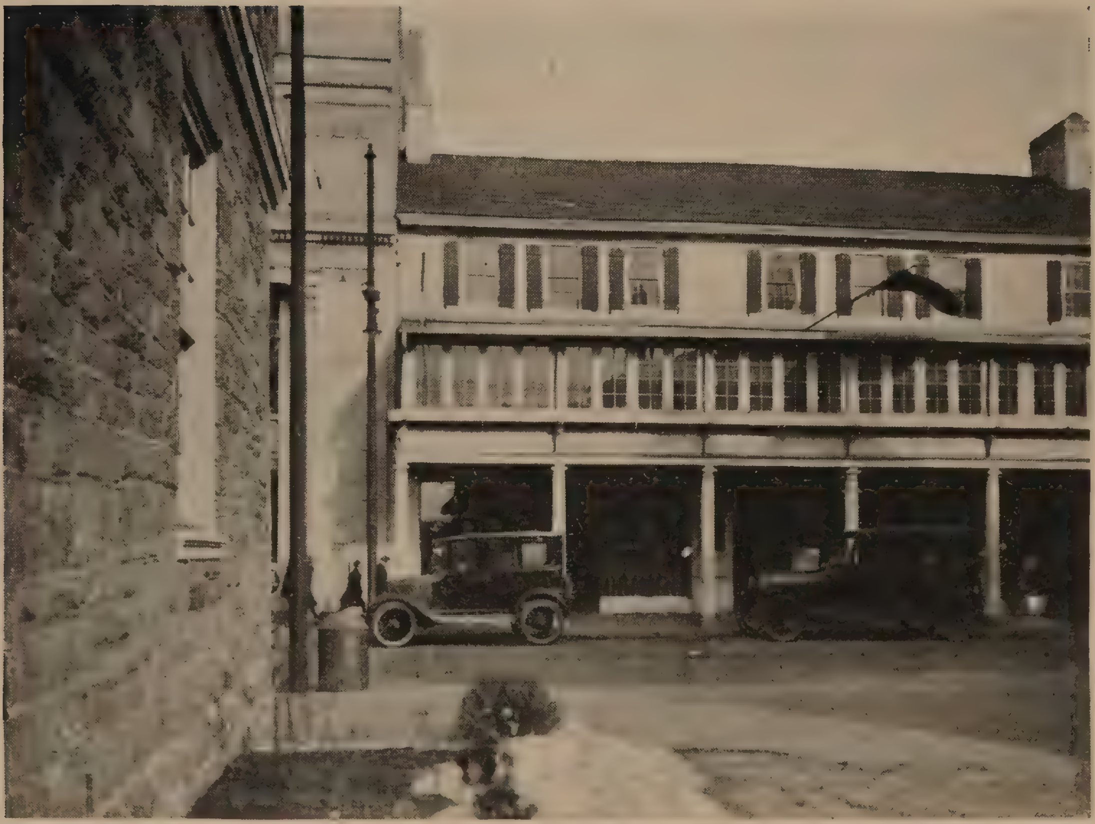


Photo.—Dr. A. B. Gilliland

Red *Lion Inn, Bristol Pike, Pa.* (*Page* 98)



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Washington *House, Chester, Penna.* (*Page* 104) as Hancock Tavern. While not so ancient as it was alleged, the site of the first tavern in the town, it was an interesting landmark with rich associations. It became the Hancock Tavern when John Hancock was made the first governor of the Commonwealth, and the swing sign displaying his roughly painted portrait is still preserved. At other periods it was the Brazier Inn, kept by Madam Brazier, niece of the Provincial Lieutenant Governor Spencer Phipps (1733), who made a specialty of noonday punch for its patrons. In this tavern lodged Talleyrand when exiled from France, during his stay in Boston in 1795; also two years later, Louis Philippe; and, in 1796, the exiled French priest, John Cheverus, who afterward became the first Roman Catholic bishop of Boston. A modern office building is to occupy its site."

Other writers who have referred to the old inn state that in 1636 Governor Sir Harry Vane entertained there Miantonomah and his Narragansett warriors; that the historic Boston Tea Party held meetings in this great room; and that Washington, Franklin, and other patriots visited the tavern.

As the principal inns in the Colonies were to be found along the main highways, the post roads, it is interesting to know that the chief post roads were few in number. Of course, there were branch roads tapping the populated sections of each colony, but the principal roads before the Revolution were about four in number. There were the Boston Post Road, between the New England Capital and New York City, by way of Springfield, and the road between the two cities by way of Providence; there was the road across New Jersey from a point near Amboy to Burlington, the remainder of the distance between that town and Philadelphia being usually accomplished by boats on the Delaware River. There was a southern road which led from Philadelphia to the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, where passengers were ferried to continue their journey to Baltimore. About the time the Revolution began the road between New York and Philadelphia started at Pawles Hook, now Jersey City, to Trenton, where passengers were ferried to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River to continue their journey to Philadelphia, or vice versa, by a road then opened, instead of making the remainder of the journey by boat.

Inns or taverns that had any claim to being regarded as historic from any view other than mere age were found along these three main thoroughfares. Those early travellers who visited America and then wrote books about their experiences when they returned to Europe, passed from city to city, and town to town along these historic highways.

Starting from Boston, we may hurriedly sketch some of the inns that have received attention from distinguished visitors who had been their guests. By the Boston Post Road, the distance between that city and New York was 250 miles, by the Springfield route. This and the Providence route are still the chief highways for motor traffic between these two cities.

One of the old inns along the northern road which has been much celebrated is the Old Red Horse Tavern near Sudbury, Massachusetts, about 24 miles from Boston. Very few persons would recognize in its name anything suggestive of the historic, but among other things, and probably chiefly because the poet Longfellow laid the scenes of one of his longest series of poems there, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," it has become a place of pilgrimage. He may not have made its fame, but he spread its story throughout the reading world. So deep an impression did the poem make that the house has since been pointed out as "The Wayside Inn." It is generally understood that the present building, which

Henry Ford bought a year or two ago to preserve as a museum and as a specimen of New England Colonial architecture, is not the original Red Horse, which is said to have been erected here about the middle of the seventeenth century.

However that may be, it bears evidences of considerable age, especially in the tap room, and perhaps one might say that the present structure contains some of the features of the original. It is admitted a tavern or inn was on this site very early and also it is claimed that after the Battle of Lexington some of the soldiers reassembled at the inn. In 1840 it was a tavern or an inn, for Longfellow, in a letter, mentions that he sat out in a stage and breakfasted at the Sudbury tavern. Later, about the time his "Wayside Inn" tales were appearing, the poet rode out to the old place with his publisher, James T. Fields, and on his return wrote in his journal, or diary, that, alas! it was no longer an inn. Mr. Ford is now making the old inn a place for pilgrimage, and recently has had moved to the same property the little school house at Sterling, where the equally historic Mary Sawyer's lamb "followed her to school one day," which venerated structure Mr. Ford also bought to preserve for posterity. The new addition to the Wayside Inn property is to be maintained as a school for the children of the employees of the Inn, and others of the neighborhood.

We can get the best and most lively idea of some of the inns on the old Boston Post Road by examining the accounts of distinguished travellers who had passed that way, for the great part after the Revolution, but so near to the time of that war that the changes either in methods or conveniences were only slight. One of the earliest of these to write a book on his American experiences was Hector Saint-John de Crevecoeur, whose two volumes published in 1784 were immediately translated as "Letters from an American

Farmer," and since many times reprinted both in England and in the United States. De Crevecoeur was here before and during the Revolution, and while he does not detail his travels, he gives an accurate picture of the state of the country at that time.

Another Frenchman, who came over in 1788, was the ill-fated Brissot de Warville, whose interesting book on his experiences did not suit some Americans. He returned to France in time to be caught up by the whirlwind of the Revolution and finally died by the guillotine in 1793. He was regarded as one of the most noted French journalists of his time. In the early days of the French Revolution this Girondist demanded a Republic, while Robespierre, later known as a terrorist, merely desired Louis's deposition and a regency under the Duke of Orleans. His "New Travels in the United States of America Performed in 1788" was published in Paris in 1791, and soon translated and printed in England and in America.

While his description of his journey by coach from Boston to New York contains a few inaccuracies, in the main it is an admirable narrative of conditions of the time. He left Boston at four o'clock on an August morning, and the coach stopped at Weston for breakfast. He does not tell us the name of the inn, as, indeed, he neglects to do usually, but, as he was followed, in the year 1794, by a methodical Englishman, who also wrote a book, "The Journal of an Excursion to the United States of North America," Henry Wansey, who describes himself as a Wiltshire Clothier, we are able to check his statements. From Wansey we learn that it was at Captain Flagg's inn at Weston that the coach stopped for breakfast, and that Weston is 16 miles from Boston. He wrote:

"We now came to Weston, which is five miles from Waltham, and had brought in for our breakfasts, beef-steaks, coffee, bacon and eggs, and veal-cutlets, with toast and butter; the very sight of these things took away my appetite, the weather being very hot. Captain Flagg charged us two shillings a head for our dejeune, which we thought dear. We paid the dearer, I suppose, because General Washington had been entertained and slept at his house."

Passengers by coach on this road always dined at Worcester. Brissot mentions it, so does Wansey, but all we know of the inn is that it was kept by a Mr. Mower, and his charges were less than those at Weston, for Wansey relates, "here we dined well on beef and veal, with plenty of greens, potatoes and cucumbers for one shilling and sixpence currency per head, and had as much good cider as we could drink, into the bargain."

It is possible that the Worcester inn was the historic Exchange Hotel, which was built in 1784 and owned by Colonel Reuben Sykes who was a partner of Levi Pease, the proprietor of a stage line running out of Boston to New York. In 1789, when President Washington passed this way to Boston, the house was called the United States Arms, and it was made historic by having that eminent personage as its guest at breakfast. On this occasion, it is said, to gratify the curiosity of the inhabitants of the town, the General passed through it on horseback. When Lafayette was touring the country as the guest of the nation, 1824–25, he, too, became a guest there.

The first night on the journey was spent at an inn at Spencer, 61 miles from Boston. When Brissot was there, in 1788, he described it as "a new village in the midst of a wood," but Wansey comments on this statement, adding "but now it is all cultivated so much around it, that there is very little appearance of its having been in the midst of a wood."

In stage coach days, the passengers had to be early risers.

Brissot, and Wansey after him, had to get up with the dawn in order to be in their places in the coach when it set out at four o'clock in the morning. Brissot had a good word to say for the inn at Spencer. He found it had "an air of cleanliness which pleases." He found "the chambers were neat, the beds good, the sheets clean, supper passable, cider, tea, punch, and all for fourteen pence." He adds informingly, "Now, compare, my friend, this order of things with what you have a thousand times seen in our French taverns—chambers dirty and hideous, beds infected with bugs, those insects which Sterne calls the rightful inhabitants of taverns, if indeed long possession gives a right; sheets ill washed, and exhaling a fetid odor; bad covering, wine adulterated, and everything at its weight in gold; greedy servants, who are complaisant only in proportion to your equipage; groveling towards a rich traveler, and insolent towards him whom they suspect of mediocrity."

Breakfast was awaiting Brissot at Brookfield, whose inn originally dated back to the days of the French and Indian War. When Wansey passed this way in 1794, his stage did not stop at Spencer, but put on ten miles further, to Brookfield, which was reached in the dark, and he spent the night there, amid more historic tradition. At that time he found the Brookfield Tavern kept by a Mr. Hitchcock, "an intelligent, civil, curious man; very inquisitive to know all he could about the passengers, as almost all the landlords are in this country." Brookfield was called Quowbaug in the stormy days of the Indian outbreak known as King Philip's War, in 1675–78, and the braves surrounded the little settlement, terrorizing the inhabitants, and killing many of the men. At one time eighty-two of the population, mainly women and children, sought refuge within the walls of the tavern. The Indians twice tried to set fire to the building, finding their fusillade of arrows could not dislodge the little band. Once the men in the party rushed forth and scattered the débris that had been fired, and another time a heavy rain fell, quenching the firebrands. The old tavern still stands on the highway at Brookfield, and is now sought by more peaceful travelling motorists. The inn as the present day tourist sees it is said to date only from 1760, but even this building has good claim to be regarded as historic, for Washington made a stop here on his return from Boston, and John Adams was a guest, while Lafayette also was sheltered here on one of his New England journeys.

As Brissot slept at Spencer, he breakfasted next morning at Brookfield; Wansey, who lodged at the latter inn, had his breakfast at Palmer, fourteen miles away. All we are told about the inn at Palmer is that breakfast cost twenty-five cents for each passenger and "was a very bad one." The English traveller made a note of it in this manner: "our bread was very heavy, seemed to be made of rye; the butter rank, the coffee, ill-made; the best article was the fried fish." While both travellers passed by way of Springfield, only Brissot dined there. He lodged at Hartford, Connecticut, and here Wansey gives us some information about the inn, which was called Bull's Tavern.

"Came on to Hartford to dinner," he wrote, "to a very pleasant large inn, kept by Frederick Bull. Here I stayed two days, that I might have time to inspect the woolen manufactory of this place, and attend the debates of the House of Representatives of this state, at that (time) sitting; I dined this day at the ordinary, with near thirty of the members." Further along in his narrative he mentions a visit to Colonel Wadsworth's where he learned that Brissot, Custine, and Kosciusko had preceded him, and then he reverts to the inn where they also had stopped. Custine, it should be explained, was General Philippe, Le Comte de Custine, at that time a colonel in Rochambeau's army. He, too, was a victim of the guillotine in France, having been condemned for having made a poor defense against the Prussians at Mayence, in 1793.

"At Frederick Bull's tavern, where I lodged," Wansey resumes, "we had excellent provisions; beef, mutton, and veal as good as in England; tea and coffee of the best kind; three sorts of sugar brought always to the table; the muscanado, the fine lump sugar, and the maple; from the novelty of it, I preferred the last, although I could not find much difference of taste of it."

Leaving Hartford, Brissot had breakfast at Middletown, and dined in New Haven. Brissot still spoke in words of praise for the Connecticut inns, but Wansey was not so mercurial. He was a solid minded man who wrote nothing he did not feel. He speaks of the Middletown inn, saying, "It was a very mean house at which we breakfasted, the worst I have seen; the accommodations equally bad, and for which, as is generally the consequence, we paid very dear. Our bread was cake made of rye, and only half baked; beef-steaks fried in lard; veal-cutlets greasy and black; the tea and coffee smoky. Our sugar was from the maple tree, of which we observed many growing by the road side, for several miles back. At breakfast I was offered by one of the passengers, five hundredweight of it, for fourpence halfpenny sterling per pound, but it is contrary to the laws of England to import it." He found the tavern at New Haven where he dined "very good," although he does not mention its name. "We had on our table," he wrote, "mutton, veal, plenty of garden stuff, with cucumbers, a good salad, with cider and brandy, for all of which we paid only half a dollar, or two and threepence sterling." From this point to New York we lose Mr. Wansey, who decided to travel the remaining distance by boat.

Another traveller who passed over this road in 1793, and who subsequently wrote a valued book about his American experiences, was Charles William Janson, whose volume was published in 1807 soon after his return to England. Janson spent a night at Middletown inn, on which occasion he was the only guest, and did not speak in very glowing language of the place although he thought it typical of the houses he had stopped at in New England. He was kept awake by the croaking of frogs, a noise that was unfamiliar to his ears, and the next morning, having caught one of the amphibians, he desired to have it fricasseed, but no servant in the inn would touch it, so he calmly cooked it himself, and advises his readers to eat frogs' legs, if they can conquer their natural repugnance to the delicacy, assuring them that "The legs of a frog are nearly as excellent as those of a woodcock."

Brissot continued on his way to Rye, New York, where he stopped at "one of the best taverns I have seen in America. It is kept by Mrs. Haviland. We had an excellent dinner, and cheap. To other circumstances very agreeable, which gave us good cheer at this house, the air of the mistress was infinitely graceful and obliging; and she has a charming daughter, genteel and well educated, who played very well the forte-piano."

In the autumn of the year 1723, when he was only seventeen years of age, Franklin crossed New Jersey from Amboy to Burlington on foot. He mentions in his "Autobiography" that he had very little money, and as he had been advised by William Bradford, the printer, in New York, to go to Philadelphia where he might find work with Bradford's son, Andrew, the young Bostonian, was struggling to reach that city by the most economical way. The distance across the Province of New Jersey, between Amboy and Burlington, he tells us, was fifty miles. At the end of his first day's journey he was drenched by a hard rain and stopped at an inn so poor that he began to wish he had never left home.

The following day he found an inn at a point within eight or ten miles of Burlington, which was kept by a Dr. Brown, whom he believed had been an itinerant physician in Europe. The next morning after a night's rest and an engaging conversation with Brown, who had travelled and read a great deal, Franklin walked to Burlington, where he finally succeeded in getting on a boat bound down the Delaware to Philadelphia. These are the only two inns on the route which he mentions and if either of them boasted of a name, it has not come down to us. A stage passed over this road at intervals but Franklin was not opulent enough to take a place in it.

During the latter years of the seventeenth century there were two routes in use across New Jersey, both being for the accommodation of New York. The Council of New Jersey opened these in 1682, the year Philadelphia was founded. There was the upper and the lower road. The former extended from Elizabethtown Point, on Newark's Bay, to a point a few miles north of Trenton; and the lower road ran from Amboy to Burlington. The route became the popular one, and both required passengers to be ferried across the Delaware River, for Philadelphia became the real southern terminus of both routes. The first bridge across the Delaware at Trenton was not built until 1804, and when this improvement was finished the time of the stage coaches between New York and Philadelphia was reduced to about sixteen hours.

When Brissot left New York to take the stage to Philadelphia, he was ferried to Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, where the principal stage line set out in 1788. It is evident he breakfasted at New York, for he did not leave there before six o'clock. At New Brunswick he had dinner and spent the night in Trenton. He does not mention his taverns or inns by name, but notes that—"The taverns are much dearer

Fraunces *Tavern, New York City.* (*Page* 107)

Rising *Sun Tavern, Fredericksburg, Va.* (*Page* 110)

Shepheard's *Tavern, Charleston, S. C.* (*Page 110*)

Sabin *Tavern, Providence, R. I.* (*Page 114*) on this road than in Massachusetts and Connecticut." He passed the ferry at Trenton next morning at seven o'clock and breakfasted at Bristol.

The following year President Washington passed over the same route to New York City, where he took the oath of office as first President of the United States. The inns or taverns at which he stopped on the way have been carefully noted in the narrative of this historic journey, so we are not at a loss for some of their names.

Washington, having been guest of honor at a banquet given for him at the City Tavern, Philadelphia, spent the night there and left for New York City at 10 o'clock the following morning. He arrived in Trenton at two o'clock the same afternoon, where he dined at Samuel Henry's City Tavern; going on to Princeton, he spent the night there, and it is generally supposed that he was the guest of the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, then president of the college. Washington had planned to push on to New Brunswick and pass the night there in one of the inns, but on reaching that town he was met by William Livingston, who had been war governor, and was driven to Woodbridge, where he slept. The only other inn he stopped at during the remainder of his triumphal journey was that of Samuel Smith at Elizabeth, where he received the committee of Congress and the congratulations of the people, and incidentally had breakfast.

On the old King's Highway, between Philadelphia and New York, there were many inns and taverns in colonial times, and these were augmented by others after the Revolution. In one or another sense they all might be regarded as historic, but only a very few can be referred to here. The old Indian Queen in New Brunswick, which dated from the year 1729, had as its guests on one occasion President John Adams, Mrs. Adams and their party. Before it ceased to be a hotel the house was known at different times as The Bell Hotel, and as The Parkway. Another early New Brunswick inn was the White Hart, subsequently the White Hall, built in 1761, which also entertained President Adams.

Just across the creek which is the dividing line between Bucks County and Philadelphia, and in the former, on the Bristol Road, is the Red Lion Hotel, which is one of the oldest hotels in that vicinity. It is believed to have been erected in 1730. The delegates from Massachusetts to the first Continental Congress stopped there on their way to Philadelphia, in 1774. John Adams was a guest there the following year and again in 1776. Washington, with his army headed for Yorktown, halted there in 1781.

Continuing along the road to Philadelphia, we find an even more historic inn, removed about fifteen years ago, in Frankford, known originally as The Jolly Post Boy, and later the altered hotel was called simply The Jolly Post. This old inn was the scene of many stirring events during the Revolution, and its later history also furnished thrills and festive incidents. Although there had been an inn on this site from early in the eighteenth century and as it had received its name from having been a post house for the post rider between Philadelphia and New York, its date was lost in antiquity. It was known to have been The Jolly Post Boy before the Revolution, for in the year 1768 an advertisement in the *Pennsylvania Chronicle* offering the property for sale referred to it as a noted inn in Oxford Township with about twenty-five acres of ground around it. Part of the property remained in two or three families for two centuries.

During the Revolution the old inn was the centre of a great deal of action. It lay on the border between the two armies. On one occasion Simcoe's Queen's Rangers surrounded the inn and forced the American officer and twenty privates who were on guard to be taken prisoners without a single shot having been fired. On the night of the great Meschianza fete given in honor of General Howe in the southern part of Philadelphia, and which was designed by the unfortunate Major Andre, Captain Allan McLane's dragoons, who had their headquarters at The Jolly Post, started out to set fire to the palisades erected by the Royal troops. The light of the fire alarmed the officers, who were enjoying the fete and they were forced to desert their fair partners and unceremoniously rush to the scene of action. It has been said that The Jolly Post was virtually Washington's headquarters during the Battle of Trenton, but it should be understood that the memorial tablet erected on the buildings which have replaced the ancient hostelry makes no note of this circumstance. Certainly Washington and the American Army on their way to Virginia in 1781 to combine with the French to capture Cornwallis and the British Army did stop here. General Lafayette was a guest at The Jolly Post in September, 1824. He was met there by the military escort which accompanied him on his triumphal entrance into Philadelphia, after his enthusiastic tour of New England.

About nine years before this The Jolly Post was the scene of a forced marriage between the rather notorious but strange woman, Ann Carson, and Lieutenant Richard Smyth. In Mrs. Carson's "Memoirs" the incident reads like an episode from a sensational novel. In January, 1816, Mrs. Carson's husband, Captain John Carson, who had been thought dead, returned to Philadelphia, only to find his wife married to another. A quarrel between the men resulted in Captain Carson being fatally shot by Lieutenant Smyth, who was hanged for the murder the following August.

During the Colonial period Philadelphia, which, at the time of the Revolution was the metropolis of the colonies, had innumerable inns and taverns, and a few of them have histories that set them apart from mere local interest. The most ancient of these of which any remains may now be found was The George Inn, at the southwest corner of Second and Arch Streets.

This old inn was erected about the year 1700, and during the eighteenth century was known as The George, although its original name was The George and Dragon. By some strange accident it maintained its sign of The George until long after the Revolution, when all the King Georges had to change their names out of respect to popular will. Nicholas Scull, who was a man of prominence in Philadelphia in the early part of the eighteenth century, kept the house for many years. He was one of the original members of Franklin's "Junto." Scull was surveyor-general of Pennsylvania from 1741 to 1748, and was sheriff of Philadelphia from 1744 to 1747, so it will be understood that he was willing to serve his country in two offices at the same time. In 1750 he was one of the authors and publishers of Scull and Heap's map of Philadelphia. After the Revolution The George was a stage office, and coaches from New York and from the South made this place the Philadelphia terminus of their lines. The owners of the house seem always to have been men of political prominence in that city. John Innskeep, who was twice Mayor of Philadelphia, was the landlord from 1791 to 1793. He was followed by Robert Bicknell, whose memory had to wait until Rudyard Kipling wrote his verses about Philadelphia, when he received immortality in the line:

> "Bob Bicknell's southern stages have been laid aside for ages."

About the middle of the nineteenth century a sign picturing jolly Bacchus astride his keg was hung out from the old tavern, which remained a tavern until the Prohibition Amendment caused the business to be discontinued. In 1758 officers of Forbes' seventeenth regiment were quartered at The George, and at one time in the same century the house was operated by Michael Dennison, who was so stout that he won the reputation of being "the biggest landlord in Philadelphia."

Another famous colonial tavern in Philadelphia was long known as the City Tavern, which stood on Second Street north of Walnut, a site now occupied by the Seaman's Institute. The City Tavern was erected in 1770 and was then referred to as The New Tavern. It was for a long period the chief place of public meetings, banquets and the like in Philadelphia. After the Revolution the Tavern was the scene of the Quaker City's most select social function, the Assembly Balls, but its rooms were found too small for the dances and in 1786 a fund was started to build a hall for the Assembly, a project which does not seem to ever have materialized.

The City Tavern took the place the Old London Coffee House had formerly filled, in being used daily as a merchant's exchange. But that was only one of its activities. In 1774, when the First Continental Congress was assembled in Philadelphia, The New Tavern, or The City Tavern, was the assembling place for many of the delegates. Washington, one of the Virginia delegates, supped there repeatedly, and Jefferson, while he was attending Congress in 1776, lodged at Seventh and Market Streets in a private house, and took his meals at the City Tavern. At that time the house was frequently referred to as Smith's Tavern as well as The New Tavern, and it seems that it was not generally known as City Tavern until after the Revolution. Smith, whose Christian name does not appear to be recorded, was no longer proprietor in 1785, when the first Philadelphia Directory was issued. In that year Edward Moyston was the landlord.

Members of the Continental Congress met there habitually and discussed the business of that body. The Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania gave a banquet for the visiting delegates there and the subscribers to the New Theatre in Philadelphia projected the first considerable playhouse in America at a meeting held in the Tavern in 1790. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, when larger and more pretentious inns were established in Philadelphia, the City Tavern was called the Coffee House, and became the centre of insurance underwriting, and the first stock exchange in that city. The old building was torn down in 1854.

The London Coffee House was a very quaint building which stood at the southwest corner of Front and Market Streets, Philadelphia, until it was removed in 1883. It was erected in 1702, and occupied as a private residence until 1754, when it was opened as the London Coffee House by William Bradford, a grandson of the first printer in the Middle Colonies. He, too, was a printer, and published a newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Journal*, in 1742. He also was a bookseller and conducted both businesses in connection with his house of entertainment. Under Bradford's management the Coffee House became the centre of business. It was a merchant's exchange, and it is said that slaves were auctioned in front of his door. The business of the Coffee House came to a sudden stop when the owner of the building, a Quaker, John Pemberton, thought it unseemly for him to rent a building where strong drink was dispensed, so he gave Bradford notice to leave, and rented the premises once more as a dwelling. About 1780 the house was reopened as a coffee house, and about 1783 it had for landlord, the fiery Revolutionary soldier, Colonel Eleazer Oswald, who, at the same time, printed a newspaper, *The Independent Gazeteer*, next door.

Oswald's career always was dramatic. While in Philadelphia he fought a duel with Matthew Carey; spent a month in jail for contempt of court, and was publishing a newspaper in New York, *The New York Journal*, while printing his *Philadelphia Gazeteer.* At the outbreak of the French Revolution he went to France, where he became a Colonel of Artillery. When the Reign of Terror was instituted he returned to the United States, dying in New York, at the age of forty-eight years.

A main road early was laid out from Philadelphia southward. Originally called the King's Road, between Philadelphia and the three lower counties on the Delaware, subsequently the state of Delaware, the highway, by the time of the war for Independence, was known as the Southern Post Road. This highway continued through Maryland and into Virginia.

If we take Washington's journey from his home at Mt. Vernon to New York to be inaugurated President in 1789 for our plan, we shall be able to note a few of the historic inns or taverns on this section of the Southern Post Road. After he left his home and reached Alexandria, his friends and neighbors bore him off to Wise's Tavern in that old town, and there he had dinner. He seems to have slept in an inn outside of Baltimore that night, for we are told that the next day he was met by a party of Baltimore's citizens and taken to Mr. Grant's tavern, where he was guest at a supper, and where he spent the night. He was accompanied by Charles Thomson and Colonel Humphreys.

This hotel was The Fountain Inn, which had been opened in December, 1782, by Daniel Grant, who had previously conducted The Indian Queen Tavern in Baltimore. In his announcement of the opening he described his place as "his large, new, and elegant house in Light lane, between Market Street and Ellicott's Wharf." The house was not a new one to Washington in 1789, for he had been a guest there more than once, and the honored guest at several suppers or dinners. In fact, he usually made this house his stopping place en route between Mt. Vernon and the northern capitals. The house was still standing when Lafayette visited the country in 1824, and he was lodged there on this stage of his journey to Washington City. At that time the house had for its landlord John Barney, a brother to Commodore Barney. While the inn was under the proprietorship of Barney, in 1814, Commodore Perry, then a national hero for his victory on Lake Erie, was a guest there for several days, and a public dinner in his honor was hurriedly prepared for him at the inn. During its long career as a hostelry it was frequently the scene of public entertainments and of political gatherings.

On his northern journey President-elect Washington next reached Wilmington, where he spent the night, but we are not told where he found shelter. The following day he breakfasted in Chester, Pennsylvania, at the Washington House, where he received a delegation. This ancient structure had been known to the great man as The Pennsylvania Arms, for it was within its walls that he wrote that hurried report to Congress, informing them of his defeat at the Battle of Brandywine. He had reached the inn late in the evening, and his report is dated at "twelve o'clock at night." This old inn, which was erected in 1747 by Aubrey Bevan, was situated on Market Street, opposite the Town Hall of Chester, and a few years ago was removed for the erection of a modern hotel building. After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British the name of the inn was changed to The Washington House and subsequently to Washington Hotel, which name is preserved in its successor on the same site. From Chester, the first President was conducted part of the way in state, with troops and crowds, to Philadelphia, where, as we already have related, he lodged at City Tavern.

Even at this late day there are standing a good many specimens of buildings that were inns or taverns during the Colonial period. Probably all of them have a tale to tell, but not all of them are connected with the country's history although they may be with its progress. The King of Prussia Tavern, near Phoenixville on the Gulph road, in Pennsylvania, is in spite of its well-kept appearance a very ancient building. That it was there before the Revolution there is no question. Its erection is variously dated from the years 1709, 1718, and even a little later, and it may safely be regarded as having wintered two centuries. During the Revolution it is said to have been the centre for the British spies who were keeping eyes on Washington and his army, then at Valley Forge.

While we are considering a few early Pennsylvania inns attention should be called to the White Swan Tavern in Lancaster, which stood for nearly two centuries at Square and South Queen Street, being finally demolished in 1924 to make way for an extension to the building of Watt and Shand, who have erected a tablet marking the site. The White Swan is believed to have been erected in 1750 by Jacob and Mathias Slough, father and son. The latter seems to have been a successful politician, for he held many offices. As Coroner for the county from 1755 to 1768, it became his duty to hold the inquest on the Conestoga Indians who were murdered by the Paxtang Boys, on December 27, 1763. He was an active patriot in the Revolution, and held the commission of colonel of the Seventh Pennsylvania Battalion. One of his daughters became the wife of Simon Snyder, Governor of Pennsylvania, from 1808 to 1817.

President Washington was a guest at the White Swan on his visit to Lancaster on July 3–4, 1791. John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and biographer of Washington, stopped at the tavern on his way home from France, in 1794; Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, was at The White Swan in 1796; Jerome Bonaparte, younger brother of Napoleon, stopped there in 1803, while he was an officer in the French navy and before his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore; William Henry Harrison while a candidate for the office of President, in 1836; and General Zachary Taylor, fresh from the Mexican War with laurels in 1849, also were guests at The White Swan. During the later part of the hotel's career it was called Hubley's, after the landlady, Mrs. Rosina Hubley, who had managed the house for a great many years. It ceased to be a public house in 1855, but part of the building was standing until recently.

In addition to the Bucks County (Penna.) inns we have mentioned the hotel now known as the General Greene Inn, at Centreville, has some claims to historic mention. As to its age there is nothing very definite, but it is known to have been in existence before the Revolution, at a point where the Durham and York roads join, an early highway from the Upper Delaware and New Jersey regions to Philadelphia, and points on the Schuylkill River. During the Revolution John Bogart was the landlord, and it was while he was managing the inn that the Bucks County Committee of Safety held frequent meetings under its roof. General Nathaniel Greene had his headquarters there at one time, from which circumstance modern landlords have adopted the name for the house.

Another inn with a Revolution background is that known as Carpenter's Tavern at Jamaica, Long Island. This ancient building has been an inn or tavern since the year 1710, but it receives its present day appellation from Increase Carpenter, who was its landlord in Revolutionary days. The one incident which makes it a historic spot is the capture of General Nathaniel Woodhull by the British on August 28, 1776. Washington had ordered Woodhull to drive the cattle on Long Island out of the British reach, and having accomplished that duty he lingered at the tavern to await further instructions from the Commander, although his troops had gone on before him. The Battle of Long Island was being fought, and a party of British Highlanders and dragoons came upon him suddenly and wounded him. He was taken, and spent some time on the prison ships and elsewhere as a prisoner of war before he died of privations and wounds.

The rather interesting looking Colonial building at the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, in the downtown section of New York City, which is indelibly printed in the mind as Fraunces Tavern, was really, like so many other inns and taverns, originally built as a dwelling. It is a great, square three-and-a-half story house, and as it is seen to-day is, of course, a restoration; because for years during the last century it did not resemble its original appearance.

If Fraunces Tavern is not the most historic inn existing in New York City, it would be difficult to name one that has better right to the title. Built by Stephen De Lancey in 1719 for his residence, about 1757 it was the home of Colonel Joseph Robinson, who was partner of Oliver De Lancey, to whom the mansion had descended. A little later the building was transformed into a store and warehouse for the firm of De Lancey, Robinson & Co., who were East Indian merchants. When the structure was offered at auction in 1762, Samuel Fraunces, a West Indian, who commonly was referred to as "Black Sam," on account of his swarthy complexion, became the purchaser.

Fraunces altered the place into an inn, which he opened as The Queen's Head, or Queen Charlotte Tavern. He was a very popular host, and his tavern became the centre of men of business. In his long room a meeting was held on April 8, 1768, that led to the formation of the New York Chamber of Commerce. When the country was being aroused at the dawn of the Revolution in 1774, Fraunces long room was the scene of a meeting of The Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee, which protested the landing of tea from the ship London, then in port. The men assembled adjourned only to walk to the East India Dock where they went on board and threw the tea into the river. The Committee on Correspondence, which paved the way for the organization of the Continental Congress, was organized in Fraunces Tavern, where on November 25, 1783, Governor George Clinton gave a dinner in celebration of Evacuation Day, at which General Washington, Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French minister, and other distinguished persons, were guests.

A mere list of the eminent men identified with the Revolutionary cause who stopped there, or who attended meetings or banquets or celebrations at Fraunces, would fill a good many pages. It was in those days the leading hostelry in New York City. To meet at Fraunces gave distinction to the meeting; to be a guest there was something of a certificate of social prominence. John Adams and the Massachusetts delegates to Congress stopped there on their way to Philadelphia; Washington made it his place of rest when travelling north or south through New York. While the British occupied the city, Fraunces was well patronized by the officers. All the window sash weights, which then were of lead, were taken from the tavern in 1776 to be melted into shot for the garrison at Forts Montgomery and Clinton.

Washington stayed at the tavern from November 26 to December 4, 1783, and his receipted bill for his entertainment may be seen in the Library of Congress. It was for £95, 15s. and 6d. The most historic incident in connection with the old house was that memorable dinner to his officers, given by Washington on December 4, 1783, when he took leave of the men who had been his close companions in arms during the war. It was on this occasion that he expressed himself to them in those simple but deeply sympathetic words:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

After all those present had taken a glass of wine, the General said: "I cannot come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the Hand."

Exactly a century later, December 4, 1883, a meeting called to celebrate the occasion and held in the long room, resulted in the formation of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. In 1904 the Society purchased the property and restored it to its present appearance, which is believed to resemble the building's original, during 1906 and 1907. It was formally opened the latter year by the Society as Fraunces Tavern again, and daily is visited by hundreds during the time when meals are served in the ground floor rooms. At luncheons or dinners that have been given there in later years have been President Wilson, President Taft, Colonel Goethals, the designer of the Panama Canal, and Doctor Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon. Fraunces, whose name really was Francis, but had been written as he pronounced it, was steward to Washington while as President he resided in New York. His daughter, who was housekeeper at the time, frustrated an attempt to poison the

President. Colonial inns are still to be met with here and there in the South, but like many in the North their interest is merely sentimental or architectural. One of those which has received guests of distinction is the Rising Sun Tavern, Fredericksburg, Virginia. This house is only one-and-a-half stories in height and is built of wood. Before the Revolution General George Weedon is said to have been the proprietor. It was then the stopping place for Washington, Lafayette and other personages of the period. The building is now in the care of a society for the preservation of antiques.

Until 1859, when it was destroyed by fire, the Raleigh Tavern was one of the most cherished public houses in Williamsburg, Virginia. It was a large two-story frame building, with eight dormer windows on each of its four sides. A small portico over the Duke of York Street entrance contained a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh. The house dated from a very early period, and in 1742 it is known to have been famed for its landlord's, Henry Wetherburn's arrack punch. There is a record of that time of a deed to two hundred acres of land sold by William Randolph to Peter Jefferson, father of the writer of the Declaration of Independence, which shows title to have passed for "Henry Wetherburn's biggest bowl of arrach punch." The Apollo Room of the tavern was renowned for the festivities which were held there. Thomas Jefferson often danced there, and the place was frequented by Patrick Henry and the Lees. On December 5, 1776, the Phi Beta Kappa, the first Greek letter society in America, was organized in the old tavern by students of William and Mary College.

At the corner of Broad and Church Streets, Charleston, South Carolina, still stands what for a century was a famous tavern, originally known as Shepheard's Tavern. No one seems to know how old it really is, but it figures in records as early as 1732, when it was Shepheard's. An advertisement in *The South Carolina Gazette* for May 3, 10, and 17, 1734, announced that all persons who desired to encourage the performance of plays "next Winter," could see the subscription list at Mr. Shepheard's, who accordingly was one of the first theatrical managers in America. The house changed hands and names many times during its career. At the dawn of the Revolution the City Tavern, or the Corner, as it was then known, was the scene of many patriotic meetings. A fire which swept through this section of Charleston in 1796 damaged the old building but it was repaired. For some years the local Lodge of Freemasons held their meetings in this building, and in it, in 1801, was formed the Supreme Council, 33d Degree, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. The old tavern has several times been altered and renovated and no longer attracts the weary traveller or jaded city dweller as a guest house, being now used for the less romantic business of a grocer.

What is now called the Beekman Arms, at Rhinebeck, New York, is said to be the oldest hotel in America to be in continuous operation, and there does not appear to be any reason to challenge this claim, for offhand probably no person can call to mind another hostelry in the United States which has been a guest house since the year 1700.

The Beekman Arms, of course, has been many times altered and quite recently was completely remodelled, but the original stone structure, erected in 1700 by William Traphagen, still stands. This inn was built on the first piece of land sold from the great Beekman grant from the Netherlands, and it occupies the centre of the Beekman Arms the visitor sees to-day. Rhinebeck was a village founded by Henry Beekman toward the end of the seventeenth century, and is one of the oldest settlements in the Hudson Valley.

Its original settlers came principally from the Valley of the Rhine, hence the name.

In November, 1922, a bronze tablet, attached to a two-ton boulder, was erected on the lawn of the hotel by the Chancellor Livingston Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, marking the crossing of the King's Highway and the Sepasco Indian Trail, later named the Ulster and Salisbury Turnpike.

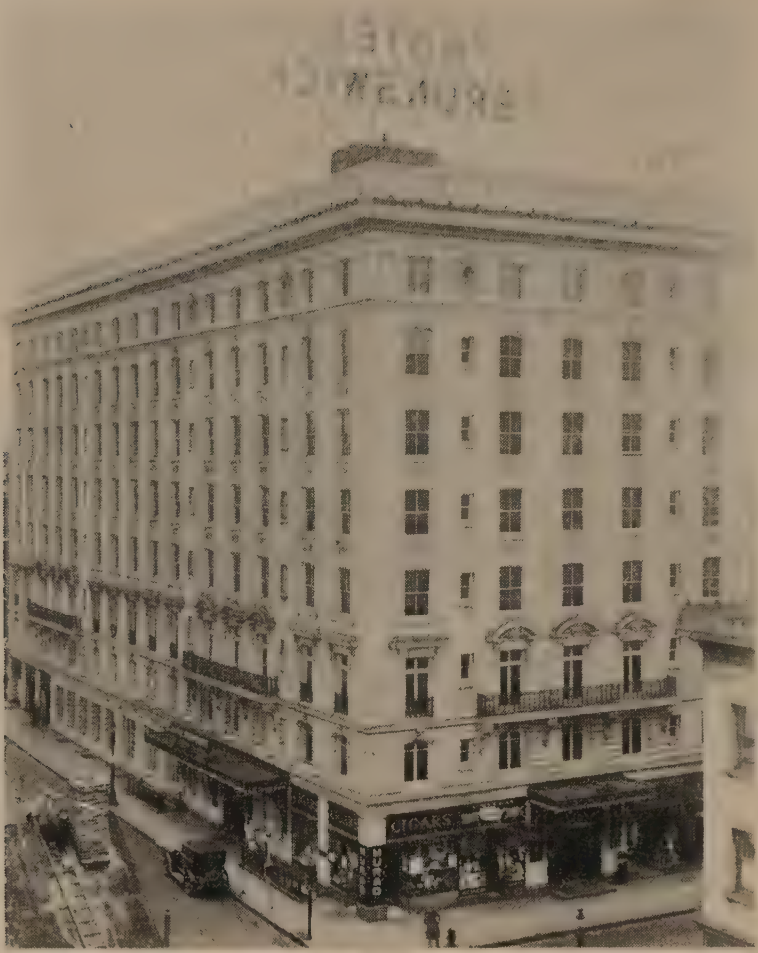
When it was built Traphagen Inn was the principal house in the village, and was the community centre, being assembly hall, inn, and fort combined. Naturally during its more than two centuries the inn was visited by many of the great as well as the ordinary wayfarers. General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec in 1775, had lived there at times; and later, during the Revolutionary struggle, Washington, Lafayette, Schuyler, Arnold and Hamilton, among others, stopped at the inn at one time or another. Coming to more recent times, it is recorded that President Van Buren knew the house well, and was often a guest, while within our own times, President Roosevelt stopped there.

Governor Keift, of New Netherlands, ordered the erection of the first large hotel in what is now New York City, but was then, 1642, New Amsterdam. This structure was called a Stadt Herberg, or City Tavern, and being economical, the Dutch Governor decreed that it should also be the Stadt Huys, or City Hall. During the Civil War in New Amsterdam the partisans of the war occupied the building as a fortress, and received the fire from the fort. This warfare, and the subsequent crowding of persons in the court held in the Stadt Huys, weakened the structure, so in 1700 it was removed, although at that time the Dutch dynasty had long since passed.

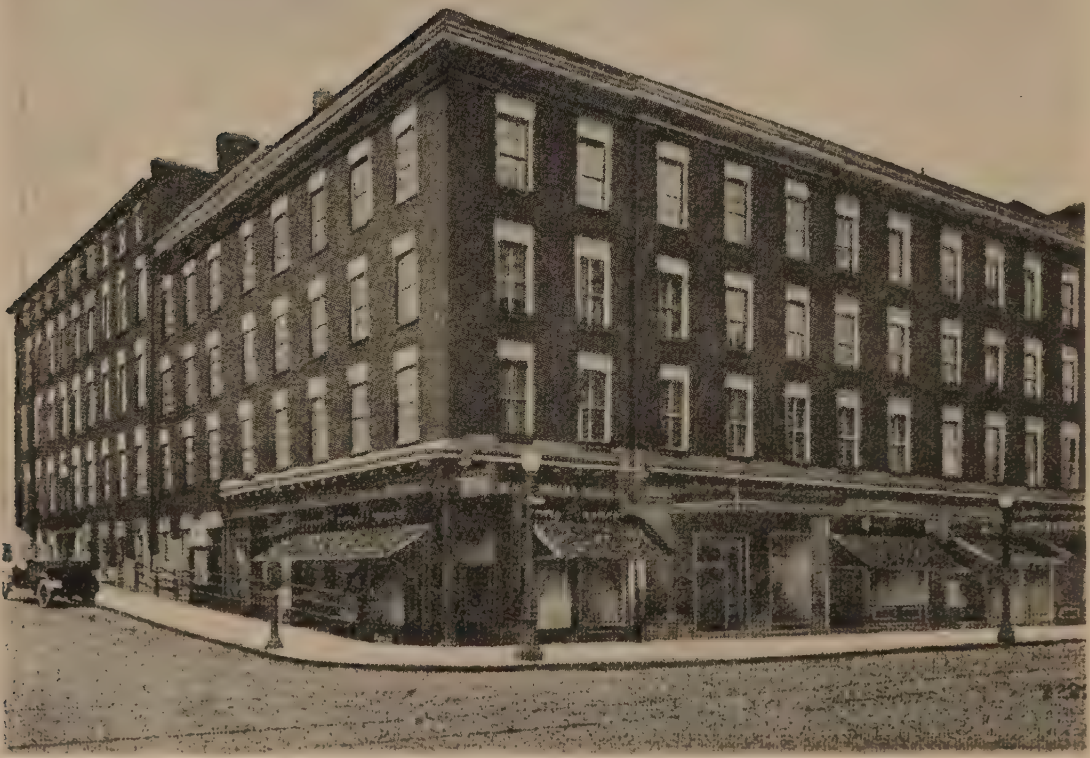
Before we leave the Colonial Inns two more should be mentioned, although one of them has been entirely oblite-

CARPENTER'S *Tavern, Jamaica, L. I.* (*Page* 106)

BEEKMAN *Arms, Rhinebeck, N. Y.* (*Page* 111)



HOTEL *Brunswick, Lancaster, Penna.* (*Page* 122)



BAGG'S *Hotel, Utica, N. Y.* (*Page* 124) rated for more than thirty years, and the other has been much altered since it was built, but is still a hotel, almost one hundred and seventy years after its erection.

The latter house is still known by the sign that never has been changed, The Sun Inn, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It was built in the quaint Moravian town about the year 1758, and there is, or was not so long ago, the Register of The Sun Inn which showed the hostelry was first opened for the reception of travellers on September 24, 1760. The original building was two and a half stories in height, but, following European custom of the time, there was even a second row of dormer windows. When the building was first altered, in 1816, the façade of the third floor was carried up straight to the hip roof which was pierced by three dormer windows. Very many persons of distinction have been sheltered in The Sun Inn, among them Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Greene, Baron Steuben, Hancock, Pulaski, to say nothing of British officers during the Revolution, who spent their days pleasantly there while prisoners of war. One of these was Lieutenant Thomas Auburey, who, in his book of travels, published in London in 1789, refers to the Inn in these complimentary terms:

"You may be sure our surprise was not a little after having been accustomed to such miserable fare at other ordinaries, to see a larder displayed with plenty of fish, fowl and game. Another matter of surprise, as we have not met with in all our travels, was excellent wines of all sorts, which to us was a most delicious treat, not having tasted any since we left Boston, for notwithstanding the splendor and elegance of several families we visited in Virginia, wine was a stranger to their tables. For every apartment a servant is appointed to attend, whose whole duty is to wait on the company belonging to it, and who is as much your servant during your stay as one of your own domestics. The accommodations for horses is equal. In short, in planning this tavern they seem solely to have studied the ease, comfort and convenience of the travellers; and it is built upon such an extensive scale that it can readily accommodate one hundred and sixty persons."

Until the year 1891, when it was demolished for a new building operation, there stood in Providence, Rhode Island, a large structure which had been known as the Sabin Tavern, from its proprietor, James Sabin, from 1763, when it was erected, until it was finally removed, although it had not been a hotel for more than a century. Its history as a house of entertainment of travellers seems to have been confined to a period of little more than twenty years, as it was purchased for and occupied as a private dwelling by Welcome Arnold in the year 1785, and remained in the family of his descendants.

One historic incident gives the Old Sabin Tavern its principal fame. This was the meeting there on the night of June 9, 1772, of the so-called Gaspee conspirators, who organized and struck the first blow for Independence. The English naval schooner, Gaspee, had grounded on Namquit Point, and a group of patriots in Providence decided to destroy her. They met in Sabin's Tavern, and then went forth in eight long boats which had been collected in the harbor, and with muffled oars, rowed silently to the disabled ship. When within sixty yards of the vessel they were hailed but for answer fired a shot from a musket that dropped the commander of the Gaspee, Captain Doddington. The patriots drew up alongside, climbed on board and without resistance captured the ship. After the crew had been taken off, the Gaspee was burned, and the first naval action in the Revolution had resulted in a victory for the believers in Independence.

VII

INNS AND HOTELS OF THE EARLY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

In emerging from Colonial days into those early years of the American Republic it is quite easy to find the dividing line that must be crossed when one has to do with political history, but it is not so easy to set a limit to the colonial and a beginning for the new epoch when one is discussing inns, taverns and hotels generally. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the French word hotel was not applied to the American inns until some years after the constitutional government of the United States had been in operation, and in a general way the time may be said to have been synchronous with the close of the eighteenth century.

While it is always hazardous to assert anything was the first, it may be said, until evidence to the contrary is presented, that the first inn in the United States to be boldly named a hotel by its proprietor was Francis's Union Hotel in Philadelphia, which was opened early in the year 1801. John Francis was a Frenchman who came to Philadelphia in 1793 and opened what he described as a boarding house on Fourth Street, south of High, or Market Street. Whether he had fled his native France on the outbreak of the Terror, or whether he had been in this country before, is not known, but his place was immediately favored by members of Congress, then meeting in Philadelphia, which at the time could not boast of a hostelry in keeping with the demands of a nation's capital. Francis had two private houses, numbered 11 and 13 South Fourth Street, and next to the latter was the Indian Queen Inn, the second house of that name to occupy approximately the same site. His wife was an American woman, described as much his junior in age. As a hostess she was most popular.

We get an excellent idea of both Mr. and Mrs. Francis and their high-class boarding house from Thomas Twining's "Travels in America," which little book was not published until 1893, long after its author was dead. He was a young Englishman in the East Indian Civil Service, who was making a trip around the world for his health. He arrived in Philadelphia in a ship in the spring of 1796. He looked in at the London Tavern and decided he wanted something better in lodgings; so he asked a passerby on the street where the members of Congress stopped, and was directed to Francis's house. Let Twining introduce us to the historic boarding house:

"I thought," wrote Twining in his journal, "it would be very desirable to be admitted to this house, or rather into its society. I accordingly walked immediately to Fourth Street, and found old Mr. Francis and his American wife sitting together in a small dark room at the end of the passage. I did not at first know who Mrs. Francis was, for she appeared too tall and handsome to be the old man's daughter, and too young to be his wife. Mr. Francis, who seemed to have lost the politeness of his own country, said without stirring from his chair, or scarcely raising his head, that his house was not a tavern but a private house for the reception of Members of Congress, of whom it was now full. I mentioned that I was a stranger in America, being just arrived from the East Indies. The little old man regarded me with a look of surprise as I said this, but repeated, in a tone of diminished repugnance almost amounting to civil regret, that his house was full. I was about to return to my indifferent lodging at the London Tavern, when Mrs. Francis reminded her husband of a small room at the top of the house, which I might occupy for a day or two when a chamber next to the one occupied by the Vice-President would be disengaged. The mention of the Vice-President excited my attention, and the idea of being placed so near him at once obtained my assent to Mrs. Francis's proposal; and the old man also expressed his concurrence, or rather allowed his wife to make what arrangement she pleased."

At dinner, the traveller related, he met several members of Congress. "The seat at the head of the table," he tells us, "was reserved for the Vice-President, Mr. Adams, but he did not come to dinner."

Francis's house—at one time he had two—was not a very large one, but it was select, as may be learned from the quotations just given. It had for its chief distinction the then Vice-President of the United States, John Adams; and it was from Francis's house that Adams left to be inaugurated second President of the United States. When he gave up his room there to occupy the Presidential Mansion, only a block and a half further westward, on High Street, the new Vice-President, Thomas Jefferson, took his place at Francis's. The day of the inauguration, and immediately after that ceremony, both Washington, the retiring President of the United States, and Timothy Pickering walked from Congress Hall to Francis's to pay their respects to the new Vice-President.

Francis occupied the Fourth Street house until after the Federal Government removed from Philadelphia to the new Capital, Washington, D. C., in 1800. Early in the following year Francis leased the former Presidential Mansion on High Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets, and opened it as Francis's Union Hotel, although he had been negotiating for two houses Washington was erecting in the Federal City. On March 4, 1801, there was a great banquet and celebration in the Union Hotel, to signalize the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. In the winter of 1802, the first of the usual two City Dancing Assemblies, was given in Francis's Union Hotel; and, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, it may be supposed that the Second Assembly Dance also was held in Francis's house. In 1804 Francis gave up the Union Hotel, and returned to Fourth Street, when he took the Indian Queen Tavern adjacent to his old house, for we find him occupying Nos. 13 and 15 South Fourth Street. In 1807 he evidently had either retired or died, for after that year his name does not occur in the Philadelphia Directory.

The Indian Queen, part of which structure stands to-day, although it has not been a hotel for more than half a century, was the second hotel of the same name to stand almost on the same site, and both dated from Colonial days. They were neither of them of historic importance, although of local interest. In the days when Thomas Heiskell owned the house, that is to say, in the 20's of the last century, a sign board on the top of a pole in front of the hotel bore a painting of the Indian Queen, the work of John A. Woodside, who achieved considerable celebrity in the first half of the nineteenth century for his artistic sign boards and his decorations of fire engine apparatus in Philadelphia and the immediate neighborhood. His sign of the Indian Queen was reproduced on the hotel's bill-heads while Heiskell was proprietor. Owing to the fact that Jefferson, while Vice-President, lived at Francis's boarding house next door, a legend arose that he wrote the Declaration of Independence there, which, of course, is erroneous, since we have Jefferson's own statement on the subject.

In New York there was a hotel, which, if its predecessor was included in its story, belonged to both the Colonial period and that of the young Republic. This was, in later times, known as the City Hotel, and it stood on Broadway, New York City, where the Boreel Building now stands, at number 115, or at the corner of Stone, now Thames Street, and Broadway. In the Colonial period after it had become a hostelry, it had many signs, but, towards the latter part of the eighteenth century it was the centre of much of the social life of the city.

Like Fraunces Tavern, the original building was at first a private residence; and like Fraunces, again, it was erected by a member of the De Lancey family. Its builder was James De Lancey, once a Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and a son of that Stephen, or as his name originally was written in French, Etienne De Lancey, who had built the residence which was to be preserved as Fraunces' Tavern. It seems that the house was first opened as a tavern in 1754, when Edward Willett hung out the sign of The Province Arms. But for years each new landlord hung out a sign to please his own sentiments, and we find it referred to at different periods as The City Arms, New York Arms, The York Arms, Willett's, and Burns' Tavern. A Frenchman, named Roubalet, was at one time the innkeeper, but it was while it was known as Burns' Coffee House, named for its landlord, that, on October 31, 1765, a meeting was held there and the Non-Importation Agreement, which was the Americans' reply to the offensive Stamp Act, was signed, following the Non-Importation Resolutions adopted and signed in Philadelphia, six days before. The tavern was occupied as a military headquarters during the greater part of the Revolution. Subsequently a great wooden building was erected in the rear in a garden that extended down to the East River, and this, for some years, was used for the City Dançing Assembly. This made it, as may be imagined, the resort of fashion and wealth in New York City at that time. Consequently, the first inauguration ball was given there. It had been arranged to give this ball, as has since been the custom, on the night of the inauguration of the President, which in Washington's case was April 30, 1789, but Mrs. Washington had not accompanied her husband, and it was desired to await her arrival from Mount Vernon. Then word came that the President's wife would not reach New York until the end of May, whereupon the Committee decided to give the ball on the night of May 5.

This first Inaugural Ball was a brilliant function and about 300 distinguished guests were present, including President Washington, Vice-President Adams, members of Congress, foreign ministers and the reigning social queens of New York's Society. At this time the hotel was called The City Tavern. A few years later it was decided to improve the property, and in 1793 the old house was razed. In 1806 a larger and more modern hotel was built on the site. The new house was variously known as the Tontine City Tavern and as the City Hotel.

A great deal of attention was being paid to Tontine plans at that time in both Europe and a few of the Eastern cities of the United States. In Boston, in 1793, a row of dwellings, very handsome structures, were built on this plan, and called the Crescent. Now, New York was erecting a great city hotel on the same plan, which briefly provided life annuities for loans, with the survivor obtaining the capital. The Tontine very probably received so much attention here at the time because news had come from England that a Mr. Jennings, who had originally contributed £100 to a Tontine company, had died in 1793, at the age of 103 years, and having been the sole survivor of the original subscribers, was worth £2,115,244. Evidently some Americans of the time were encouraged with the hope that they might live to be centenarians.

The City Hotel, on lower Broadway, continued as a hostelry until 1850, when it was removed to make room for stores, which later gave way to an office building. It is said to have been the first attempt at hotel building in New York City.

Providence, Rhode Island, has always held in high historic favor the ancient house known variously as The Golden Ball Tavern, The Roger Williams' Hotel and The Mansion House, which last name is the one by which it has latterly been known. The old hotel stands in Benefit Street, behind the Old State House. In its early days, especially in the opening years of the nineteenth century, The Golden Ball Tavern was the scene of the most fashionable balls, receptions and similar entertainments given in Providence, the most magnificent ball being one held in the year 1813.

During President Washington's tour of New England in 1790 he stopped in Providence, where he was escorted to The Golden Ball by an enthusiastic welcoming party, which is said to have been very largely composed of students of Brown University. In Washington's suite at the time, May 29, 1790, were Governor Clinton of New York; William Smith, of South Carolina; Colonel Humphreys; Major Jackson, and Mr. Nelson. Washington appears to have stayed in Providence for very nearly a week, for on the Thursday following his arrival he was the chief guest at a dinner served that day in the Old State House, where he received the formal address of the town and replied in a speech.

When President John Adams was on his way to his home in Massachusetts in the summer of 1797, he and his family stopped in Providence, and were guests at The Golden Ball Tavern. He was greeted by an enthusiastic gathering of townspeople; cannons roared and bells pealed to announce his arrival. Esek Hopkins, then rather old but still a patriot, visited the President at the hotel. Hopkins had been the first Commander-in-chief of the American Navy during the Revolution, but in an engagement with the British ship, *Glasgow*, the latter seriously disabled the *Providence*, which ship Hopkins commanded, and escaped. While Hancock, John Adams and John Paul Jones praised him for his gallant conduct, his enemies were active, and Congress dismissed him in January, 1778. He always had admired John Adams, and when the latter as President stopped in Providence, Hopkins, then eighty-one years of age, hobbled in to pay his respects, and with tears in his eyes thanked the head of the nation profusely for having defended him at the time of his dismissal from the Navy. Adams, in his journal, after describing the affecting scene reported Hopkins as having said, "he knew not for what end he was continued in life, unless it was to punish his friends or to teach his children and grandchildren to respect me."

Washington's room in the old hotel has always been held for distinguished guests, and among those who have occupied it were President Madison, who was there in 1817, during his tour, when the hotel was called The Mansion House; General Lafayette, during his triumphal journey throughout the United States, in 1824; and later, James Russell Lowell.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is a large, modern hotel which stands on a site that has been occupied by a house of entertainment for more than 150 years. There is no hint of this in the name of the new house, which was opened in 1914 as The Hotel Brunswick; but a tablet has been erected on the walls of the hostelry to record the visits of some of the country's most eminent citizens, during the last seventy years, to the hotel which formerly stood on the site, at Chestnut and North Queen Streets.

The late W. U. Hensel, one of Lancaster county's distinguished citizens and a scholar and philanthropist, just before his death read a paper, at the dedication of the tablet, in which he sketched the history of the inns and hotels that had occupied the property now covered by the magnificent hostelry, The Hotel Brunswick, from which paper the facts given here have been derived. The first inn on the site was one conducted by George Hoffnagle, who sold it in 1777. The inn was a two-and-a-half story stone building, which in 1843, as is shown by a picture in Sherman Day's "Pennsylvania Collections," was called the North American; whether "hotel" or "house" is not shown. At that time it was owned by David Miller, who was a son-in-law of the portrait painter Eicholtz. Miller was described as "one of the most brilliant and gallant Lancastrians of his time." Mr. Hensel, in describing his activities, wrote of him: "Dave Miller was the only man in transportation who could entertain his patrons at his Lancaster hotel, transport them to Philadelphia cheaper than you could ride there now, and accommodate them at one of three hotels he successively kept there." One of these hotels was the historic Indian Queen, on Fourth Street, already mentioned.

The North American Hotel was sold to Jay Cadwell, by the heirs of Miller, in 1860, and what is historic of the site really dates from that period, when the enlarged house was named for its proprietor, the Cadwell. It retained this name until 1871, when it was renamed for its last landlord, the Hon. Isaac E. Heister. On the tablet which was affixed to the wall of the Brunswick Hotel, the story of the historic balcony of the former hostelry is briefly given in these words: "1861–1912. Above this spot, on the outer wall of the Cadwell House, formerly occupying this site, was an exterior balcony. Abraham Lincoln addressed the people of Lancaster from this balcony, February 22, 1861, on the journey from his home in Springfield, Illinois, to Washington, for his first inauguration. James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, was welcomed back to his Lancaster home by a great popular ovation under this balcony, March 6, 1861. Horace Greeley, Democratic and Liberal Republican nominee for President, spoke to the people of Lancaster here, September 18, 1872. The Democratic nomination of General Winfield S. Hancock for President was first ratified by a great demonstration on and under this balcony, June 26, 1880. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, candidate for a third term as a Progressive Republican, addressed a large gathering from this balcony, April 12, 1912." This tablet was the gift of Mr. Hensel, and was unveiled April 9, 1915. Although Washington was in Lancaster three times in his life, it is not known where he stopped, and even tradition is not specific being, in the words of Mr. Hensel, "most likely at the Grape," although he intimates that it is just as likely to have been at the North American.

Utica, New York, can boast of having had a hotel before the town, or village, had a name. This house, or rather the one which replaced it on the same site, Bagg's Hotel, stands to-day at the corner of Main and Genesee Streets, which spot has known a Bagg's Hotel since 1794, or for more than 130 years. Utica occupies the site of Fort Stanwix, later Fort Schuyler, which, before the Revolution, was occupied by a garrison. In the summer of 1777 Americans under Colonel Gansevoort occupied the fort when Colonel St. Leger, with about 700 Indians, invested the post. For three weeks he besieged the fort, and the day he began there was a throng of spectators numbering many hundreds gathered to see the Americans surrender. After trying for three weeks to capture the fort, Colonel St. Leger suddenly retreated, and in his haste to get away abandoned tents and most of his artillery and stores, which were taken by the Americans. The settlement which was made about four miles from the fort lay on the south bank of the Mohawk River, about ninety-four miles west of Albany, and as a permanent village dates from 1784. In 1798 a village charter was granted to the community, then named Utica, and by 1813 it contained about 1700 inhabitants.

In 1794 Moses Bagg, who was a blacksmith, purchased land in the settlement, on Main Street east of the Square. On the corner he built a log house and opened it for the accommodation of travellers. Success attended this pioneer effort, and in a few years he put up a two-story frame building on the same site, and continued to keep this as a tavern until his death, in 1805. In 1808 his son, Moses, became proprietor, and Bagg's Hotel flourished. It was not a very large house, as may be imagined from the fact that when the Erie Canal Commissioners visited Utica, in 1810, Stephen Van Rensselaer and Gouverneur Morris, with their servants, hired the whole house for their use. In 1812–15 Bagg erected the central part of his brick hotel which later was extended on either side. In 1830, the firm had become Bagg & Churchill, and "The Traveller's Guide" for that year described it as "a large establishment, well furnished and well kept, and may be justly ranked among the best public houses in the Union."

Like Utica, Cincinnati is a city that was built beside a fort. Just after the Revolution a military post and fort, named Fort Washington, was erected in the North West Territory, on the north side of the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of the Licking River, large enough to accommodate a garrison of three hundred. Within a short time a settlement grew up nearby, which in 1788 was organized and the village named Cincinnati. In 1795 it contained 200 houses. Two years before this a Virginian, Griffin Yeatman, erected a tavern, which for a long time was the only town-hall or meeting place for the settlers. It was the centre of everything, and there the early history of Cincinnati was made. It stood at the corner of Sycamore and Front Streets.

Although we would not regard it as of importance today, Yeatman's Tavern—a frame building, two stories high and one hundred feet long—was regarded as a wonderful structure, as it was, considering it was set down in a wilderness. It boasted of a ball room, a very popular bar-room, and a dining room of good proportions. The proprietor was an enterprising, progressive man, who took an active interest in affairs. He was one of the first members of the Masonic Lodge formed there. The first session of the Territorial Legislature held its sessions in Yeatman's Tavern. Only unmarried men were accommodated in Yeatman's Hotel, one of whom was Jacob Burnet, for whom the Burnet House was named. An epidemic of "chills and fever," evidently malaria, broke out in the village in 1795, and Yeatman's became a hospital. In the stable attached to the tavern the first theatrical performances in Cincinnati were given, although the first regular playhouse was not opened until 1815. In Yeatman's was held, on March 11, 1800, a meeting "to consider the merits of an invention said to be capable of propelling a boat against the stream by power or elastic vapor." Yeatman in 1801 became Recorder of the town, and served in that office for twenty-seven years.

Arndt's Tavern, in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was a rather famous hostelry in the last years of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth centuries. John P. Arndt, who opened the house, came from Easton, Pennsylvania. Its most distinguished guests were: The Duke of Orleans, afterward King Louis Philippe, and his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais, who stopped there in June, 1797, while on their way to Bradford County, where Robert Morris had purchased for them 1,200 acres of land on the Susquehanna River, at what is now known as Frenchtown. Some years later the beautiful and accomplished wife of Herman Blannerhassett, who had been ruined by the exposure of Aaron Burr's conspiracy, was a guest at Arndt's.

The tavern erected in Wilkes-Barre in 1787–8, at the corner of Washington and Northampton Streets, by Jesse Fell is still used as a hotel, although somewhat changed in appearance from the days when it was known as Fell's Tavern. The house is a historic one from the fact that there Judge Fell—for he was a Judge as well as a hotel keeper—first demonstrated that anthracite coal would burn. The coal had been used by blacksmiths of the vicinity in their forges since about the year 1768, but that the coal might be otherwise useful had not been imagined.

In a letter to Professor Silliman's Journal of Science Judge Fell contributed a note on the history of anthracite and we may quote his words regarding his historic experiment:

"From observation," he wrote, "I had conceived an idea that if a body of this coal was ignited and confined together, it would burn as a fuel. To try the experiment, in the month of February, 1808, I had a grate constructed for the purpose, eight inches in depth, and eight inches in height, with feet eight inches high, and about twenty-two inches long (the length is immaterial, as that may be regulated to suit its use or convenience) and the coal, after being ignited in it, burned beyond my most sanguine expectation. A more beautiful fire could not be imagined, it being clear and without smoke. This was the first instance of success, in burning this coal in a grate, in a common fireplace, of which I have any knowledge; and this experiment first brought coal into use for winter fires (without any patent right)".

This grate is now in the possession of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

When it was opened as a house of entertainment in 1807 the Exchange Coffee House, at Third and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, was the most magnificent hotel in the United States. This fact seemed to gradually dawn upon the proprietor, William Renshaw, for in 1809 he advisedly changed its name to the Mansion House Hotel, by which name it was known until its end, about forty years later.

Erected originally by William Bingham, one of the first senators from Pennsylvania, as his town mansion—he had another estate, Lansdowne, now a part of Fairmount Park in the same city—no expense was spared to have it equal to the wealth and social standing of its owner. Mrs. Bingham, who before her marriage had been Miss Ann Willing, also came of a family of social prestige and wealth. During the period when Mr. Bingham was a United States Senator and until her untimely death in 1801, she was the real leader of Philadelphia Society, and, in those days, the close of the eighteenth century, that was equivalent to regard her social influence as being high in the so-called "Republican Court."

They were married in 1780, and in 1784 went to Europe, where they remained for nearly five years. Mr. Bingham's wealth and position gained them entrance to circles of importance in the European Capitals. For instance, they were presented at the court of Louis XVI. They were known to all their country's diplomats. They were entertained by Adams and they were dined by Lafayette. While in England they took a fancy to the design of the house of the Duke of Manchester, in Manchester Square, London, and decided the mansion they intended to build in Philadelphia should be modelled after it. Upon their return they purchased an extensive lot at the northwest corner of Third and Spruce Streets and there, in 1790, their new home was erected. One of William Birch's "Views of Philadelphia"

United States Hotel, Philadelphia. (Page 228)

Old Capital Hotel, Corydon, Ind. (Page 134)

Michigan *Exchange Hotel, Detroit.* (*Page 136*)

York *Springs, Pennsylvania.* (*Page 138*) shows the Mansion as it appeared in 1800, and Wansey, whom we have quoted in the previous chapter, dined with the Binghams during his visit to Philadelphia in 1794. He was a very observant guest, so we have an informative word-picture, as well as Birch's view.

"I found," wrote the English traveller, "a magnificent house and garden in the best English style, with elegant, and even superb, furniture. The chairs of the drawing-room were from Seddon's in London, of the newest taste, the back in the form of a lyre, with festoons of crimson and yellow silk. The curtains of the room a festoon of the same. The carpet one of Moore's expensive patterns. The room was papered in the French taste, after the style of the Vatican at Rome. In the garden was a profusion of lemon, orange, and citron trees and many aloes and other exotics."

Mr. Bingham's mansion was conducted on the system long used in the mansions of the British nobility. We find Samuel Breck, who was a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, with town house and country estate as well, declaring in his entertaining volume of "Recollections," that "the forms at his (Bingham's) house were not suited to our manners." He then continues, "I was often at his parties, at which each guest was announced; first at the entrance door his name was called aloud and taken up by a servant on the stairs, who passed it on to the man in waiting at the drawing room door. In this drawing-room the furniture was superb Gobelin, and the folding doors were covered with mirrors, which reflected the figures of the company, so as to deceive an untravelled countryman, who having been paraded up the marble stairway amid the echoes of his name—ofttimes made very ridiculous by the manner in which the servants pronounced it—would enter the brilliant apartment and salute the looking-glass instead of the master and mistress of the house and their guests. This silly fashion of announcing by name did not last long, and was put a stop to by the following ridiculous occurrence:

On a gala evening, an eminent physician, Dr. Kuhn, and his step-daughter, drove up to the door. A servant asked who was in the carriage:

" 'The doctor and Miss Peggy,' was the reply.

" 'The doctor and Miss Peggy,' cried the man stationed at the door.

" 'The doctor and Miss Peggy!' bawled out he of the stairs, which was taken up by the liveried footman at the door of the drawing-room, into which Miss Peggy and her papa entered amid the laugh and jokes of the company. This and several preceding blunders caused the custom, albeit a short one, to be suppressed."

Mrs. Bingham, who was regarded as the most beautiful of all the Philadelphia belles of her period, was only thirty-seven years of age when she died in Bermuda, whither she had been taken to recover from a cold contracted during a sleigh ride shortly after the birth of her only son. Mr. Bingham soon afterward went to England, where he died in 1804. One of his daughters, Ann Louisa, was married to the Hon. Alexander Baring, who became Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton.

In 1807 William Renshaw took the vacant Bingham Mansion and opened it as the Exchange Coffee House. In 1809 he changed the name to Mansion House Hotel, and for many years it was the most fashionable house of its kind in Philadelphia. All important visitors to that city became guests at the Mansion House. George Frederick Cooke, who was one of the most famous English tragedians of his time, stopped at the Mansion House Hotel during his various visits to Philadelphia in the year 1811, when the theatre managers had to use the greatest diplomacy to keep him sober enough to appear on the stage in which effort occasionally they failed. The hotel soon became the popular place for meetings and banquets. The Society of the Sons of St. George held their meetings there, and on one occasion they had the actor Cooke brought from his apartment, although he had been suffering from a debauch, and sat him in the president's chair at the festive board.

Thomas Leiper, a wealthy tobacconist and snuff manufacturer, whom we mentioned in the last chapter, purchased a lot of ground at Eleventh and Market Streets, Philadelphia, in 1812, and erected what was regarded as the largest hotel ever built in this country for that purpose, and he induced Renshaw to manage the new house, which was called the New Mansion House. The period selected for this experiment was the year the War of 1812 was begun. Even Renshaw, who was a practiced hotel-keeper could not make the house a success and after four years of effort he returned to his Mansion House Hotel, and the new hotel had a varied career, but there was a hotel on the site until 1923, when the Earle Theatre was erected there.

Back to the Mansion House Hotel, Renshaw made it a popular resort as of old. Next to it the Washington Benevolent Association, which had been recently formed, erected a large building which they named Washington Hall. This building was constructed with an entrance to the hotel, and the picture of it made in 1817 shows both structures. When Lafayette visited Philadelphia in 1824 he was taken to the Mansion House Hotel, where he stayed while in the city. A banquet was given for him the night of his arrival, September 28, when seventy of the foremost citizens acted as hosts; on October 4th he dined at the Mansion House with Revolutionary officers, and on October 5th he dined with prominent Frenchmen in Washington Hall, adjoining the hotel, where there was ample room for a large assemblage. Among those who responded to toasts were

John Quincy Adams, who the following March was inaugurated President of the United States; Lafayette's son, George Washington Lafayette; Charles J. Ingersoll, who as an attorney represented Joseph Bonaparte and other distinguished Frenchmen in the United States. This probably was the largest and most historic dinner that had been given in Philadelphia up to that time.

Renshaw was followed in the management by his son, Benjamin Renshaw, in 1822, but the latter relinquished the Mansion House in 1828 to become proprietor of the United States Hotel, on Chestnut Street, opposite the Bank of the United States, now the Custom House.

The property was purchased in 1831 by the Masonic Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which occupied Washington Hall as a Masonic Hall until 1855. A little later the Mansion House and Washington Hall were removed for modern buildings.

At the time William Renshaw was converting the Bingham Mansion in Philadelphia into a hotel Boston was constructing a Coffee House which was admittedly gigantic for its day. Two and a half years had been required to build this structure, which was called the Exchange Coffee House. It was seven stories in height, and contained two hundred and ten apartments, as well as quarters for a merchant's exchange, and rooms for Masonic lodges. Half a million dollars were spent on the enterprise whose projectors had neglected to appreciate the comparatively small demand for so huge a hotel at the time it was opened in 1808.

Erected on Congress Street, with entrances on Devonshire and State Streets, the Exchange Coffee House, which at times was called the Tontine Coffee House, was in the very centre of business in the Massachusetts capital. Stages stopped at its door. It was unsuccessful from the start and it is said that consequently many mechanics who had labored on the building were ruined. For ten years the Coffee House continued to be the chief hotel in Boston, and during that decade, which ended in 1818 when the structure was destroyed by fire, it had a historic career.

In the concert room of the Exchange Coffee House Mr. and Mrs. David Poe, parents of Edgar Allan Poe, closed their Boston theatrical careers on May 16, 1809, five months after their famous son was born in the same city, as has been related by Miss Mary E. Phillips in her recent life of Poe. Captain, afterwards Commodore, Hull made the Exchange his headquarters while in Boston during the War of 1812, and in the register of Marine news which was kept there he wrote his tributes to the worth of his young Lieutenant, Charles Morris, who subsequently rose to the rank of Commodore in the United States Navy. After Hull succeeded in escaping from the British fleet in July, 1812, he reached Boston, and going to the Exchange wrote in the register:

"Whatever merit may be due for the escape of the Constitution from the British Fleet, belongs to my first officer, Charles Morris, Esq."

Later, after he had had that historic engagement with the British Man-of-War, Guerriere, in which Lieutenant Morris was wounded, Hull sailed back to Boston with his captive, Captain Dacres, of the Guerriere, and both went to the Exchange. There, again, Hull, generously wrote a tribute to his first officer. Dacres was lodged in the Exchange. After Bainbridge who succeeded Hull as Commander of the Constitution returned to Boston, in February, 1813, having captured the Java, he was given a sumptuous banquet at the Exchange Coffee House.

When President Monroe, following the custom of some of his predecessors in office, made a tour of the Eastern States, he visited Boston in July, 1817, and had apartments in the Exchange Coffee House. There, on the nation's birthday, July 4th, a memorable dinner was served for the President and a distinguished company. Ex-President John Adams was a guest; Commodores Perry, Bainbridge and Hull; Generals Cobb and Humphreys, of the Continental Army; and Judge Story were in the party. The dinner was presided over by General Swift, Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy. The hotel was destroyed by fire on November 3, 1818, and being soon rebuilt in a less ambitious manner was maintained as a tavern until 1853, when the building was removed. It was this second Exchange Coffee House which was the scene of the great popular dinner given to Lafayette during his Boston visit in 1824.

It is said that Henry Clay was a guest in the old Exchange Coffee House when it was burned. Legend has it that he was engaged in a card game at the time and was interrupted, as he held three aces.

On the Corydon and New Albany Pike, about one mile east of Corydon, Indiana, still stands the old Capital Hotel, one of the oldest and most historic inns in the Hoosier State. The structure, which was built in 1809, is constructed of a native hard blue limestone. Although the building does not seem large, it is designed in the form of an L, and contains many rooms. Enthusiasts have calculated that the stone in the building weighs the enormous and surprising amount of 618,790 tons.

Here many of the first statesmen of Indiana boarded in 1816, when Corydon was the first state capital, while they attended the Constitutional Convention. Jacob Conrad, who built the house, was a Pennsylvanian, and his popularity as a hotel keeper may be imagined when it is considered the legislators had to walk a mile along a country road, to reach it from the first State House in Indiana. But The

Capital Hotel had a most agreeable host. He furnished good pasture for the horses of travellers who stopped at his house, and that convenience was gratis. He also had a stock of discarded horseshoes which furnished the implements for the pitching game. When the weather was fair, the legislators found various athletic amusements possible when they were not required to be at the State House. The old building, with its blue-ash flooring, and its joists shaped by means of a broad ax and a whip saw, is still in excellent condition.

Lafayette's visit to the United States in 1824 gave a prestige to a large number of modest inns and hotels, for at that time the modes of travel were still of a primitive character and the distinguished visitor had to make his historic tour in a carriage over the great post roads connecting the large cities in the Eastern part of the country.

A reminder of this visit is still pointed out to the curious in New Rochelle, New York, where, in August, 1824, stood Captain Peler's Hotel, crowded with gaily dressed ladies, while the Main Street was filled with an enthusiastic populace ready to welcome the nation's guest. The General made a halt at the hotel, where he had refreshments, before continuing on his triumphal tour of New England. The hotel was erected in 1801–2 on the New Turnpike road at what is now Centre Avenue. At first the house was called the Cross Keys. Captain Peler died two years later and his widow continued the management of the hotel for a few years longer. n its later days the place was known as the Mansion House. While the building is standing at present, store fronts have been added and other structures crowd it on either side so that little of its glory is perceptible.

Detroit, Michigan, had a rather famous tavern as early as 1771, when William Forsyth, who had been a private in the 60th British Regiment, called "The Royal Americans," and fought under General Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, erected what was regarded as a large house, on the bluff facing the Detroit River, near the citadel. It was constructed of logs. Later the Forsyth Tavern was bought by John Kinzie, and in the conflagration of June 11, 1805, it was destroyed with the town. Kinzie was one of the original settlers of Chicago, and through his descendants became connected with several noted families. His son was a fur buyer for the first John Jacob Astor.

Several other early Detroit hotels became famous stopping places for visitors to that city. Wales Hotel was the result of a transformation of the mansion of General William Hull, who built it in 1807. This was the first brick building erected in Michigan. Later the house was enlarged and named The American Hotel, at which Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Anne Brownell Jameson stopped in the early thirties, when they were taking notes later to be used in writing their opinions of Detroit and the Great Lakes. Another English traveller who was similarly occupied was Captain Frederick Marryat, who was there in 1837. He did not tarry long, however, since his remarks regarding the Canadian Rebellion incensed Detroiters, who gathered all of his books they could find in the town and made a bonfire of them in front of the hotel.

The Michigan Exchange Hotel was built in 1834, and for some years, while he was practising law in Detroit, Daniel Fletcher Webster, son of the great lawyer and statesman, resided there with his wife. His father visited him in the hotel in 1838. For a period during the Civil War Governor Blair, of Michigan, made the Michigan Exchange Hotel a military headquarters for raising troops and issuing commissions.

VIII

EARLY RESORT HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES

That fountain of eternal youth which we have been told was the object of the voyage of Ponce de Leon to Florida, which land he discovered in the year 1513, must have been one of the innumerable mineral springs which have been found in the United States during the last four centuries, although it does not appear that the Spanish explorer was successful in his search. Mineral springs in Europe had a reputation for the curative properties of the waters for many centuries, and some of them are still attracting crowds of invalids. Whether Ponce de Leon had heard of such springs existing in the New World, or whether he believed it probable, is not known, but if the story is true that he came from Spain to "take the waters" in America, he may be looked upon as the first American resort visitor. Unfortunately for him, he did not find a good hotel here when he came, but the legend which he left has been responsible for making Florida a state largely composed of resorts.

There could be no such thing as popular resorts in this country until there were at hand convenient methods of transportation, and that means that we need not seek the dim realms of antiquity to find the beginning of American resort hotels or inns. Among the first mineral springs to attract attention were two in Pennsylvania—both of the discoveries were announced in the year 1722. One of these was in what was called the Great Valley, in Chester County, about thirty miles from Philadelphia; and the other was at Bristol, in Bucks County, about twenty miles from the same city.

Springs of medicated waters, of course, were found in other provinces, especially in Virginia, but probably not so early; certainly they did not attract the attention given to those mentioned above. It is safe to assert that the springs in the Great Valley, afterward called the Yellow Springs, formed the first great watering resort in this country, although their fame was partly eclipsed by York Sulphur Springs, discovered in 1790.

Soon after the discovery, in 1722, it is said that in the summer months the Springs were visited by from one hundred to five hundred persons daily. Yet half a century later the place was deserted, "although its efficacy of waters and charm of scenery and accommodation were still undiminished."

"As population and wealth increased," observed John F. Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time," "new devices of pleasure were sought, and some *inland* watering places began to be visited, chiefly, however, at first, for the good they might be supposed to offer to the infirm. Next in order came *sea bathing*, most generally used at first by the robust, by those who could rough it, such as could bear to reach the sea shore in a returning 'Jersey Wagon,' and who depended on their own supply of 'small stores,' sheets and blankets, etc."

Even before the Revolution such sturdy citizens occasionally made the uncomfortable trip, in a wagon without springs, driven over roads that were little more than ruts in a path across New Jersey, for Watson had Pennsylvanians in mind when he was describing the early watering places; although New Yorkers of the same period found solace in summer by visiting Sandy Hook and places on Long Island. However, the summer resort as we know it is of far more recent date.

As the inland watering places were the first to become resorts, although some of the better known mineral springs are of even more recent date than some of the popular seashore cities, we shall mention a few of those which have a claim to be regarded as historic.

Although the Springs at Saratoga, New York, were known to the Indians of that section, and the curative quality of the waters discovered by the white man in 1767, it was not until many years later that Saratoga became a resort. On the other hand, the Bath Springs at or near Bristol, Pennsylvania, were so close to Philadelphia that the waters were used occasionally from the time of their discovery—placed by Watson in the year 1722, but by others as of even remoter date—until 1773, when Doctor Benjamin Rush published his pamphlet, "Experiments and Observations on the Mineral Waters of Philadelphia, Abington and Bristol." In this work he pointed out the curative value of the waters at Bristol which the inhabitants of that section had generally voted undrinkable.

This treatise by Doctor Rush may be said to have not only been instrumental in turning attention to Bristol, but evidently inspired the use of other mineral waters found in various parts of the country during the next quarter of a century and more.

About the year 1810 Dr. Joseph P. Minnick, of Philadelphia, erected a hotel and bath house at the place called Bath Springs, Bristol. Apparently these springs were then named for the first time, and the name given them evidently was derived from the fashionable spa in England, over which Beau Nash presided so ceremoniously in the eighteenth century.

Not only was an engraved picture of Bath, near Bristol, given as a frontispiece to the Philadelphia *Port Folio* for June, 1811, but the leading article in that magazine was devoted to a laudatory notice of the springs and the hotel erected there. If the establishment justified the description given, it must have been a model in its day.

"The public-spirited proprietor of the hotel and baths of this vicinity," to quote a single paragraph, "has been alike liberal of his time and his property to effectuate every purpose of public accommodation. The mansion for the reception of travellers; the offices for the accommodation of domestics; the larder, for the luxury of the *Gourmand:* and the cellar for *Bacchus's hoard*, all testify that anxious wish to please, which liberal men of the world cannot fail to appreciate generously."

During the War of 1812, and for years after, the hotel at the Bath Springs was the scene of much social gaiety. Probably the greatest entertainment given there was the ball to signalize the Peace marking the close of the war. This was held early in the year 1816. There was a race track at the Springs and another below Bristol, which attracted those "men of the world" mentioned in the *Port Folio.* While the success attained by Saratoga about ten years later caused the decline of the Springs as a fashionable resort, the baths were continued until 1870.

In the same number of the *Port Folio* which contained the article on the Bath Springs at Bristol was one of the earliest accounts of the subsequently more famous Bedford Springs in Pennsylvania. This article, which was signed "J. W.," and dated from Bedford, was much longer than the other, and was devoted to a brief history of the springs and a survey of the character of the curative waters found in the vicinity.

From J. W.'s account it is learned that an accident was responsible for the discovery of the medicinal qualities of the water. "In the year 1804," he wrote, "a mechanic of Bedford, when fishing for trout in the stream which runs near the mineral fountain, had his attention drawn to the beauty and singularity of the waters flowing from the bank, and drank freely of them. They operated as a purgative and sudorific. This man had been distressed for many years with rheumatic pains and formidable ulcers on his legs. On the ensuing night he was much less disturbed with pains, and slept more tranquilly than usual. The unexpected relief obtained induced him to drink of the waters daily, and bathe his legs in the running fountain. In a few weeks he was perfectly cured.

"The happy effect which they had on this patient induced others laboring under this and various chronic diseases to visit the springs. In the summer of 1805 a great number of valetudinarians came in carriages and encamped in the valley to seek, from the munificent hand of Nature, their lost health."

At the time the article was written accommodations had been made for the ever-increasing number of invalids and others seeking the waters. These accommodations then consisted of "a large reservoir under ground—two commodious cold baths, two warm. A large boarding house, and two detached buildings for lodging rooms. Besides which, the proprietor was engaged in erecting large additions to the means of accommodation at the Springs." The inns and boarding houses of the town were also expected to be made more convenient and comfortable for those who visited the Springs that season.

By June, 1817, when a further account of Bedford Springs, illustrated with an engraved plate, appeared in the *Port Folio*, the proprietor had handed over the enlarged establishment to "five managers in trust for the use of the waters, which were to be expended in making convenient and elegant improvements for the accommodation of visitors." Readers were informed that "the managers are, at this time, erecting a large and commodious house, containing likewise two ranges of warm baths, with steam machinery for heating the water, which will be finished by the 10th of next June."

Bedford Springs as a resort may be said to date from the year 1810, in which year about three hundred names were inscribed in the bath book. Between that year and 1817 the patients were reported to have numbered about nine hundred annually. Other fountains were opened in the vicinity, and when an excavation was made about two miles distant, where a strong and very pure chalybeate spring had been discovered, a complete skeleton of a mammoth was uncovered about four feet under the surface. Nearly all of the bones immediately decomposed upon being exposed to the action of the atmosphere, but one of the jaw bones was preserved.

Bedford Springs, after more than a century, remains a popular resort for sufferers from various disorders which are either alleviated or cured by the waters there.

Mineral springs were discovered in many parts of the eastern United States in the opening years of the nineteenth century, or the close of the preceding cycle, and nearly all of these retain some of their popularity to the present day. Eminent and distinguished personages have been visitors to virtually all of them, and thus nearly all of them have some claim to be regarded historic not only because of the character of the visitors who have been attracted to the resorts but also because of the usually dramatic manner in which each of them was discovered. Walton, in his "Mineral Springs of the United States and Canada," 1892 edition, enumerates two hundred and thirty-four American springs, and even that number does not include all of the springs in operation or which have been in operation in this country. Two of those already mentioned are not found in his list.

Saratoga Springs probably is the best known of all the American curative water resorts. It was one of the earliest to receive attention, but although the first spring at Saratoga was visited in 1767, it did not attract general attention until the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A building for the reception of visitors is said to have been erected not long after Sir William Johnson's visit to High Rock Spring in 1767, but it was soon abandoned, only to be resumed again when the Revolutionary War halted all progress. From the close of that struggle until 1792, when Congress Spring was discovered by a hunting party, which included John Taylor Gilman, who, according to Doctor Walton, was a Congressman, the Springs attracted no attention. As Congress Spring, one of the most noted of the fountains in Saratoga, is said by the authority quoted to have been so named in honor of the Congressman, it is well to state that the only Congressman named Gilman at the time was Nicholas Gilman, of New Hampshire, who had been a delegate to the Federal Convention of 1787. Congress Spring soon became a favorite with a few persons who could reach the locality and has continued to spout its waters for the benefit of suffering humanity until the present day. It received its first success commercially about the year 1826, when John Clarke, described as a "Doctor" and a native of Yorkshire, England, bought the farm on which it emerges from the earth and commenced bottling the water for exportation. Twenty other springs were discovered and tapped in the same vicinity, and hotels began to be erected.

Doctor Clarke appears to have been the man who "made" Saratoga. Soon after he began to bottle and sell the water of Congress Spring he erected a hotel, Congress Hall. Other hotels were quickly built to accommodate the visitors who constantly increased in number until, in 1830, we find Saratoga the leading fashionable watering resort in the United States. In the "Fashionable Tour, a Guide to Travellers

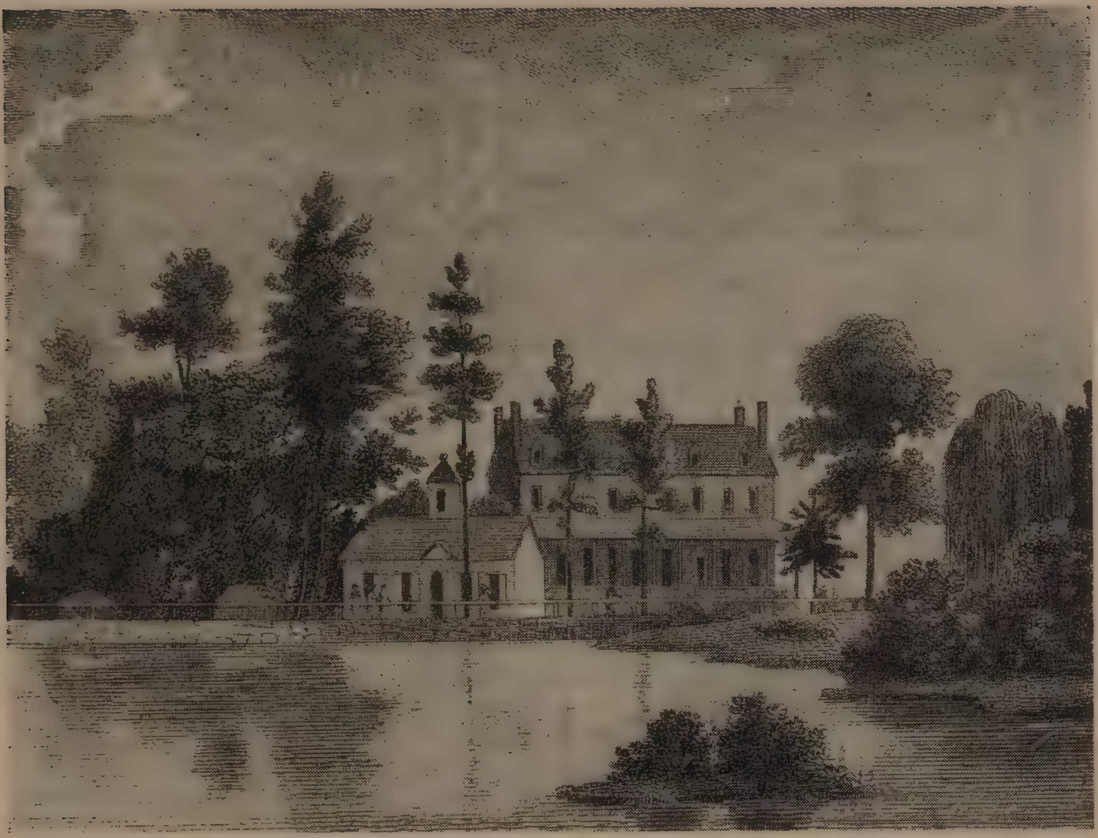
Visiting the Middle and Northern States," etc., published in Saratoga that year, the hostelries are enumerated.

We are informed that "the boarding establishments of the first class are Congress Hall and Union Hall, at the south end of the village, The Pavilion at the north, and the United States Hotel in a central situation between them." Congress Hall was pictured in a lithographic view of the main street in the village, and was described in this manner:

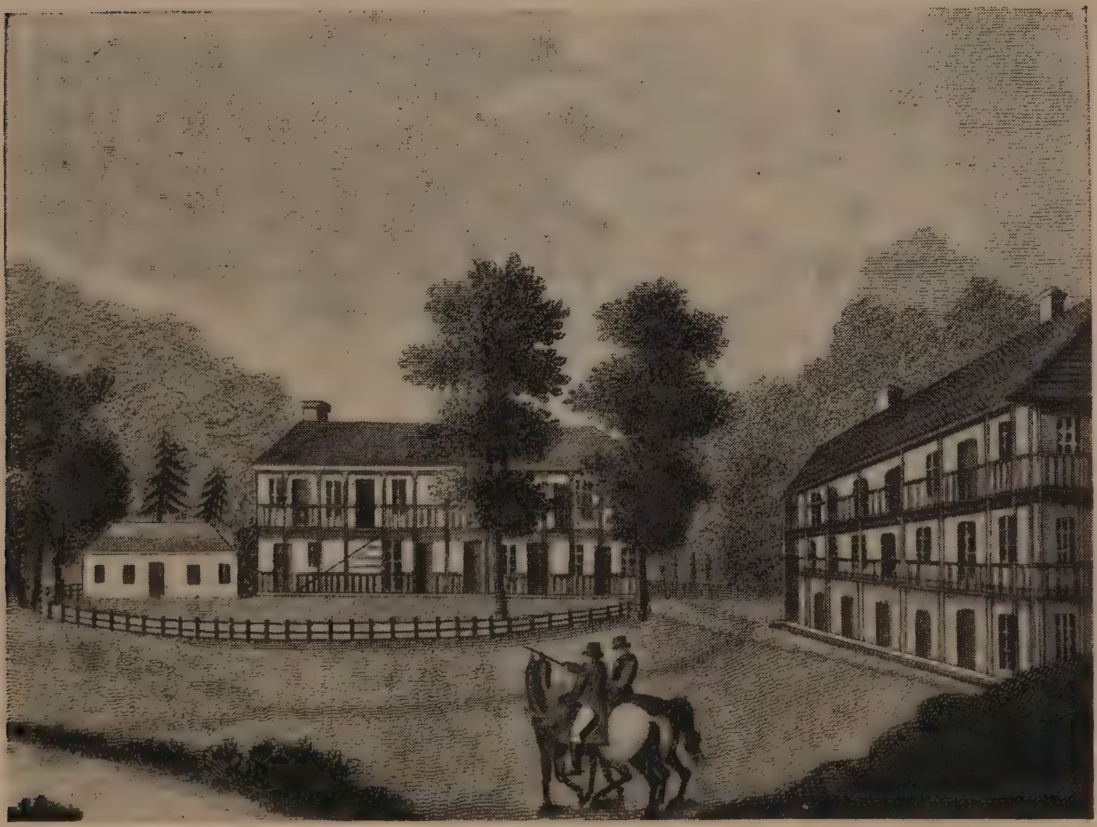
"The space in front of the building is occupied by three apartments, each of which is enclosed by a railing, terminating at the front entrance of the piazza, and each used as a flower garden. The edifice is 200 feet in length, 2½ stories high, with two wings extending back, one 60 and the other about 100 feet. The billiard rooms belonging to the establishment are contained in a building adjoining the north wing. In the front of the Hall is a spacious piazza, extending the whole length of the building, 20 feet in width, with a canopy from the roof supported by 17 massy columns, each of which is gracefully entwined with woodbine. There is a back piazza, which opens upon a beautiful garden annexed to the establishment, and a small grove of pines, affording both fragrance and shade to their loitering guests. The Congress Hall can accommodate nearly 200 visitants and is justly ranked among the most elegant establishments in the Union."

A railroad was opened to Saratoga in 1832 and the hotels immediately had their number augmented by even larger and more convenient houses for visitors. Another railroad was constructed in 1835, because the fame of the resort had spread even to Europe, and visitors were enabled to reach the place with greater speed and comfort than they formerly were when stage coaches and private carriages were the only means of transportation in that direction.

Congress Spring was originally observed issuing from an



Bath *Springs, Bristol, Pennsylvania.* (*Page 139*)



Bedford *Springs, Pennsylvania,* 1817. (*Page 140*)

Piazza *of Congress Hall, Saratoga.* (*Page 143*)

Ballston *Spa, New York.* (*Page 145*)

aperture in the side of a rock that formed the border of a little brook. At first the water could be collected only in limited quantities. Several years after its discovery, in order to satisfy the increasing demand, an attempt was made to remove the obstruction which it was believed prevented a larger supply. While excavations were carried on to find the source of the trouble, the spring suddenly disappeared. It was thought the spring was lost forever. However, not very long after this lamented disappearance gas was observed rising through the water of the brook, near the old fountain.

Hope was entertained that the old spring might be recaptured, so the stream was turned from its course and men were set at work digging beneath the bottom of the brook. After they had cut through eight feet of marl and gravel they were rewarded by discovering the lost spring. A wooden tube, ten inches square, was inserted in the excavation and once again the mineral waters flowed from Congress Spring.

Congress Hall was the centre of much social life in the middle of the nineteenth century. Like so many other watering places in that century, Saratoga introduced a race track, and since that time has always been a favorite resort with those politicians who have controlled the destiny of the Empire State. The Pavilion was destroyed by fire in 1843.

Saratoga County, New York, appears to have been prolific of mineral springs. Seven miles from Saratoga Springs is Ballston Spa, which is only a little less known than the former, and its mineral springs, like the other, were known to the Indians before the white man had discovered them. What used to be called the Public Well was discovered by a party of white men in 1769, while surveying and partitioning the Kayaderosseras patent. The spring was found to issue from a bed of stiff blue clay and gravel. After the place had become settled, a common barrel was sunk in the ground to receive the medicated waters of the spring. The village was incorporated in 1807, and not a great while afterward the rude barrel was superseded by a marble curb and flagging and surrounded by an iron railing, an improvement provided by the liberal citizens of Ballston Spa.

The first hotel to be erected at Ballston Spa was the Sans Souci, which was built and operated by Nicholas Low in 1803, or four years before the incorporation of the settlement. For many years it was the leading hostelry there, and during the season was crowded by visitors who came from every section of the United States, and even a few from Europe. The original proprietor of the San Souci became the owner of the great mineral spring in Ballston, and it has ever since been referred to as Low's Spring.

Many of the mineral springs which have since become noted throughout the country were discovered in the latter half of the eighteenth century, although the majority of them seem to have been long familiar, at least by reputation, to the native Indian. Naturally the fame of these resorts for invalids needed the development of transportation, which was supplied in the first half of the nineteenth century, to maket hem the Meccas of the afflicted they have since become. During the last two decades of that half-century these places became fashionable resorts, especially as they were by that time supplied with better hotels than the rather rude shelters at first found in the vicinity of mineral springs in the eastern and southern parts of the United States.

Next to Saratoga in point of early popularity were the Hot Springs of Virginia. Before the Civil War the summer months were the times selected by persons of wealth and leisure to visit there and take the waters and the baths. All of these watering places were the abodes of fashionable folk, quite as much as, if not more than, they were the goal of the suffering.

Hot Springs, Virginia, which lies between Warm Springs, now abandoned, and Healing Springs, boasted of a small hotel as early as the year 1800, although it is related that a Thomas Bullitt built what might have been called a hotel there as far back as 1766. Bullitt became an officer in the Revolutionary War, and then seems to have disappeared from the page of history. Scott's "United States Gazetteer," first published in 1795, refers to Hot Springs as warm springs, and asserts that the waters are more efficacious than those of warm springs in Berkeley County, Virginia, which at that time were visited by "upwards of one thousand people every summer, from different parts of the United States, either for health or amusement." Although in the summer of 1838 six thousand persons were known to have visited Hot Springs, it was not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century that the Virginia Hot Springs "made a definite stride into the sun."

Impetus was given to this new resort by the erection of a large and handsome frame hotel. Fashion pointed the way. Virginia Hot Springs attracted persons of distinction, and continued to be one of the leading southern resorts until, in the year 1900, the hotel was destroyed by fire but fortunately without loss of life. Almost immediately there arose on the site a modern structure of brick and other fire-resisting materials, which surpassed its predecessor in appearance, comfort, refinements and equipment. The new hotel was named The Homestead and has been host to many persons of eminence, and the scene of much social activity.

The Homestead at Hot Springs has attracted some of the leading men of the nation for years. The Hon. Chauncey

Depew for years has delivered a Fourth of July address there. President Wilson took his bride there on their honeymoon, for both were native Virginians, the President having been born at Staunton, only sixty miles away from Hot Springs. The hotel has entertained two other Presidents, for both Mr. Taft and Mr. Coolidge have been its guests. Secretary Kellogg has been a frequent guest, having registered there while he was Senator, and afterward when Ambassador, and now while Secretary of State. Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, has sought the Homestead for rest, and there also has gone the Apostolic Delegate, Monseigneur Bonzano, to mention but a very few of the personages whose presence there has given the hotel a historic value.

Warm Springs Hotel, in 1841, was described in "Tanner's United States" as "a two-storied brick building, about one hundred feet in front, immediately on the road, and having a spacious piazza extending along its whole front." The same authority was charmed with the hotel dining room and with the way it was conducted.

"There is a large and airy eating room," he writes, "in which thrice a day is spread a table amply supplied with a variety of good things. Each plate has a card near it, bearing the name of the person who has the right to use it; a custom which prevails at all the Virginia Springs, and which cannot be too much commended. After the meal is over the cards are taken up in their order, and replaced in the same way at the next meal; the cards of the departed being withdrawn, and their place being filled by promoting the next in order, the last comers always beginning at the foot of the table. It is easy to see that this system must effectually prevent confusion and disputation about seats.

"Besides the large house there are five or six rows of huts, some built of logs and mud, and some of brick and mortar.

Most of them contain two small rooms, in one of which is generally a fire-place."

The frame hotel at Hot Springs, which we have noted as dating from about the year 1800, was regarded by Tanner as ancient in 1841. "The old frame hotel," he remarks, "stands on the southern side of the road and presents its narrow piazza to the north, in which direction the land descends by a gentle slope to the valley of Thermal Springs in which stand the bathing houses and several rows of cabins, and which is bounded by an abrupt, forest-clad mountain."

In Greenbrier County, West Virginia, are found the once equally famed White Sulphur Springs. This resort is about as old as the Hot Springs in the same state, and like that and the other watering places of the early nineteenth century, began to flourish about the year 1825. There was one peculiarity about the mineral springs resorts in Virginia which was not found duplicated in those in Saratoga or Ballston, and that was that usually there was in the early days no single building which might properly be called the hotel. At White Sulphur Springs there were groups of cottages in which the wealthy guests had their quarters, and a general dining room, where all assembled for meals. The waters of the springs were gathered in a reservoir in still another building. The sulphurous character of the waters made them rather more useful for drinking than for bathing, differing in this respect from the Hot Springs, where bathing in the waters is said to be beneficial for many disorders of the human body.

We have two descriptions of White Sulphur Springs written not long after the resort had become popular. They differ in the estimates of the character of the accommodation, since one was written in a letter by John H. B. Latrobe, who was a visitor in 1832, and the other by H. S. Tanner for his "Geographical, Historical and Statistical View of the Central United States" in 1841. Let us consult Tanner first.

"The buildings," he wrote, "consist of a frame dining room, about one hundred and twenty feet long, with which is connected a large kitchen and bakery; a frame ball-room, with lodging rooms over it and at each end; two very large frame stables, with eighty stalls each, of which the exterior rows are open to the air; and many rows of cabins tastefully arranged around the larger edifices, and standing on rising ground. The cabins are composed of various materials, brick, frame or logs, and the view of the *tout-ensemble* is very pleasing. Most of the modern cabins are furnished with little piazzas, and shaded with forest trees purposely rescued from the ruthless axe.

"This Elysius of summer is the property of one individual, whose venerable silver locks, placid and care-free countenance, frank and agreeable manner, win favorable regard of all who have the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and it is under the management of a gentleman who spares no pains to accommodate his guests, and succeeds beyond hope in making four hundred people comfortable in quarters calculated for half that number."

That, of course, is the language of a guide-book publisher who "strives to please." Latrobe, who was a son of the famous architect of the national capitol, and himself very much a man of affairs as well as an architect and a fine draftsman, visited White Sulphur Springs in 1832, and, in the book which was written from his letters and other sources of information by John E. Semmes, "John H. B. Latrobe and His Times," a letter he wrote describing his visit appears, as well as reproductions of several of the water-color drawings he made while there.

"Truly, this is a lovely spot, in the heart of the mountains," he wrote in August, 1832, "but the owner is not as energetic as he might be, so the place is susceptible of tenfold improvement. In the hands of the Yankees it might and would become a veritable paradise. The same money that is being used now could be expended in furnishing accommodations for everyone who desired to stay here, and a little management would soon introduce order, where all now is confusion.

"Crowds collect around the dining room when the bell rings, and when they are opened there is a rush, like that at the booth at a contested election. Every man, woman and child rush to any seat which they may happen to find and in a very short time the food upon the tables disappear consumed by the hungry mob. If you have a servant of your own, he must bribe the cook. If you have no servant, you must bribe one of those attached to the place, or you run the risk of getting nothing. Bribery furnishes you with the best of what is to be gotten in the place, and avoids the rushes at meal time. The day after I arrived two waiters quarreled over an apple pie; one floored the other and neither got the pie, which was floored in the scuffle—and this scene took place while the guests were seated at table. Bribe high and you live high; fail to bribe and you starve; look sharp and eat fast, you forget good manners. This is the motto of the dining room of the White Sulphur."

Evidently the description of the boarding-house rush in Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit" was not overdrawn.

"Notwithstanding all this," Latrobe declared, "the White Sulphur is a pleasant place to live. There is something eminently aristocratic about the place, and you feel that you are with your fellows here, more than at any other place in Virginia, quite as much so as at Saratoga or Ballston."

Latrobe, as an architect, designed what were known as the Baltimore Cottages at White Sulphur, and they had been erected only a short time before the visit he described.

Long before the Civil War Kentucky boasted of several mineral springs that were much patronized by the wealthy of the South and West. All of them had been known to the native Indians, but their discovery by the white invader may generally be set in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, although as resorts, with hotels and other accommodations for guests, they were in their prime between 1825 and 1850. In the hotels at Harrodsburg, Blue Lick and Drennon, Kentucky, in the period indicated, the most fashionable men and women of the old South collected during the season. Senators, lawyers, planters and eminent men of leisure and wealth could be found there, attending the social function amid scenes of much splendor both in costume and ceremony.

Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, the founder of the hotel at Harrodsburg, was a man of engaging personality, of romantic history, and many accomplishments; finally he deserves mention from having lived to be more than one hundred years of age. He had known Daniel Boone, who fought one of his most exciting battles with hostile Indians at Harrodsburg, and General George Rogers Clark, who conquered the Northwest Territory from the Indians and British during the Revolution, thus giving the United States the vast country which lies between Pennsylvania and the Mississippi River. Boone, together with other pioneers, was engaged in recovering salt from the springs at Harrodsburg, with which to cure their venison, when the party was surprised by a band of Indians and a terrific battle followed.

Doctor Graham had served through the War of 1812, and he used to delight to tell his guests that he acted as second for N. P. Willis in his duel with Edwin Forrest, the tragedian. This "duel," however, consisted of an assault by the actor on the editor for remarks the latter had made with reference to the Forrest divorce trial; which indicated that the Doctor's imagination was the base of his entertaining qualities. Like Beau Nash, at Bath, a century earlier, Doctor Graham was master of the ceremonies in the ballroom at Harrodsburg Springs Hotel, and, as one of his guests in her reminiscences related, "Old Doctor Graham was the life of the party." It was his aim, soon after he reached Harrodsburg, in 1819, to make these Kentucky Springs "The Saratoga of the West." It is only a matter of history to say that he did make it a wonderful resort. In 1829 another young woman guest wrote to her aunt that there were "two gentlemen worth more than one million a piece, both very interesting," stopping there, and she remarks in the next paragraph that "the table is the best I have ever sat down to at any place; ice cream in profusion." There was a band of music that played virtually all day, awakening the guests before daybreak with sweet strains.

Here were found, in the season, such famous Southern belles as Sallie Ward, who became the wife of Bigelow Lawrence of Boston; Sallie Carneal, who married Glendy Burk, of New Orleans, reputed to be the richest cotton merchant in the south, and among the men who were guests were Henry Clay, the idol of Kentucky; General John J. Crittenden, twice governor of that state, and William Graves, the young Congressman, who in 1838 killed Jonathan Cilley, a fellow member of the House of Representatives, in one of the most extraordinary duels ever fought in the United States.

The resort became a memory in the year 1853, when the Federal Government bought the property to be used as a home for disabled soldiers. In 1861 the soldiers were removed to Washington and the house was sold to a company which planned to revive the place. The rapid movement of the Civil War, however, laid the plan low.

As Harrodsburg Springs passed into history Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, increased in prestige. The hotel at Blue Lick was described as "not so handsome" as the other by one who was a guest there about 1830. Major Throckmorton was proprietor in the fifties, and, like Doctor Graham, was very popular as "host." He had a favorite experience to relate and, as it concerned Charles Dickens, it may be given here as it has been handed down by various writers of reminiscences.

When the famous English novelist was visiting this country for the first time, in 1842, he became a guest of the Galt House, St. Louis, while in that city. At that time Major Throckmorton was the proprietor of the hotel. He was widely known as a genial and accommodating landlord, so he thought it his duty to graciously extend courtesies to his distinguished guest. He waited on him in his room to express a hope that he was being given every comfort. As the Major was noted for the brilliancy of his conversation, one may imagine that his greeting was very politely phrased. However, the story runs that Dickens listened coldly to his hospitable greeting and quickly shut the door in his face, saying:

"When I need you, my good fellow, I will ring for you."

The principal building in the group at Blue Lick Springs was of rather impressive size, for it was six hundred and seventy feet in length, three stories in height, with two wings. The galleries around the courtyard in the rear were eighteen hundred feet in length. Blue Lick was a favorite soon after the Mexican War, and many distinguished soldiers who had fought in Mexico were to be found in the society gathered at the springs, as well as many of the prominent Southern members of Congress, and politicians who made history before the Civil War was fought.

Niagara Falls was early visited by many travellers, explorers and pioneers, and their reports of its wonders and the pictures they drew of the mighty cataract created a longing in the hearts of the American people years before it was possible to reach the spot with any convenience. Burned by the British in 1813, the place was once more strongly impressed in the American mind. About the year 1815 Niagara Falls may be said to have become a resort, although it was not until at least fifteen years later that it became a more or less popular place for visitors.

The first hotel at the Falls was established on the Canadian side, and visitors then reached it by means of rowboats which ferried them across the river, about a mile below the falls. This house was called The Pavilion, probably named for that architectural extravaganza at Brighton built by George IV. A Mr. Forsyth was the proprietor and the house was patronized of necessity by all who visited the Falls. As it was built to accommodate between one hundred and one hundred and fifty guests, it probably was a successful venture. About 1815 General Whitney opened The Eagle Tavern, on the American side, in the village then named Manchester, and in 1828 another hotel was erected. Whitney later erected the Cataract House, which for many years was the most popular of the hotels, owing to its proximity to the Falls. These hotels were open only during the summer months, which were recognized as "The Season." During the last quarter century a few hotels there have been open all the year.

Seaside resorts where surf bathing could be enjoyed were perhaps a little earlier in time than mineral springs resorts, but they had a very slow growth, and their popularity is a matter of comparatively recent years, or say, roughly, during the last fifty years.

Watson, the annalist of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, remarks in his book, "We think Long Branch and Tucker's Beach, in point of earliest attraction as a seashore resort of

Philadelphians, must claim the precedence. They had their visitors and distant admirers long before Squan or Deal, or even Long Branch itself, had got their several fame."

The annalist was writing in 1857, and refers to Long Branch as "last but greatest in fame, because the fashionables who rule all things, have made it so." He gives credit for the first hotel there to Colonel White, a British officer stationed in New York, who owned a small house at Long Branch which he occupied as a summer retreat. This building was still standing when Watson wrote, as a part of a group of hotel buildings enlarged by Benjamin Renshaw, proprietor of the United States Hotel in Philadelphia. White, it appears, did not open his house to boarders, but Ellison Perot, of Philadelphia, in 1788 was the first to put the building to that use.

"At that time," says Watson, "the whole premises were in charge of an old woman, left there to keep them from injury. Of her Perot begged an asylum for his family, which was granted, provided he could hire beds and bedding from others. Being pleased with the place he repeated his visits the three succeeding years, taking with him other friends. In 1790–1 Mr. McNight, of Mommouth, witnessing the liking shown to the place, deemed it a good speculation to buy it. He bought the whole premises, containing one hundred acres of land, for £700, and then got Mr. Perot and others to loan him two thousand dollars to improve it. He then opened it for a public watering place; and before his death it was supposed he had enriched himself by the investment as much as forty thousand dollars. The estate was sold to Renshaw for about thirteen thousand dollars.

"The table fare of those companies who first occupied the house under the old woman's grant consisted chiefly of fish, and such salted meats as the visitors could bring with them. All then was much in the rough style of bachelor's fare."

The same authority gives us a description of Cape May, New Jersey, another early watering place frequented principally by Philadelphians, who, although they "discovered" and made popular Long Branch, seemed to leave that resort to New Yorkers who were much nearer to the place. Cape May did not become a popular resort until steamboats began to run on the Delaware River with more or less regularity, although it is related that Captain Decatur was a visitor there earlier. The railroad to the Cape was not built until many years later, and from that time onward, until Atlantic City acquired popularity, it was the watering place chiefly selected by Philadelphians and Baltimoreans. In 1822 there were three boarding houses—they were not called hotels—in Cape May, but with the coming of the West Jersey Railroad a hotel of extensive proportions was erected. The three boarding houses referred to as being there in 1822 were respectively managed by Bennett, McKinsey and Hughes. Tuckerton and Long Beach, on Great Egg Harbor Bay, were in existence as seashore resorts about the same time.

There were two historic hotels in Cape May, one was the Mansion House, managed and owned by Smith Ludlam, who is said to have laid down the rules of Cape May etiquette to the guests on the porch of his hotel. He was proud of the fact that Henry Clay was for many years a regular visitor to his house. The other hostelry was Congress Hall, whose lawn was the fashionable centre of Cape May. For three-quarters of a century Congress Hall has been the house which has had for guests the distinguished personages who have visited Cape May.

In 1856 President Franklin Pierce spent the last summer of his term of office at Congress Hall, and his successor to the Presidency, James Buchanan, was there in 1859. President Ulysses S. Grant lived at this hotel during the summers of 1874 and 1875, during which time all of the members of his Cabinet were there. The usual weekly meetings of the Cabinet were held in one of the parlors of the hotel. President Benjamin Harrison did not live at Congress Hall, but while he occupied a cottage at Cape May Point during the summers while he was the nation's Chief Executive, he made the house his executive office, and his private secretary, Elijah Halford, made it his headquarters, while in 1891 many of the foreign diplomats accredited to the United States stopped at the hotel during that summer, and it was virtually the centre of the summer Capital.

The White Mountains, in New Hampshire, began to attract visitors, on account of their wild and romantic scenery, even before there were accommodations for travellers. The discovery of a notch in the mountains in the early part of the nineteenth century led to the building of roads; and the visitors followed. In 1826 an avalanche swept down one of the mountains, and carried away to their death the Willey family, who, had they remained in their home, would have been untouched, since the house, by a strange whim of fate, was not struck by the débris.

Curiosity to see the scene of the fatal accident, evidently accompanied by a hope of viewing an avalanche, attracted new visitors to the neighborhood. The old Willey home was transformed into a hotel, and as the Notch House, it was soon a popular resort. Not many miles away Ethan A. Crawford established a camp for visitors who wanted to climb Mount Washington, two and a quarter miles distant, and it was swept away by the swelling of the stream, a branch of the Ammonoosuck, which rises near the summit of Mount Washington. Crawford erected another house which has since given its name to a station on the road through the mountains. Both the Notch House and the Crawford House were built before 1830.

IX

NINETEENTH CENTURY HOTELS IN THE BRITISH ISLES

Not only did the word hotel become more frequently applied to the larger hostelries in England in the early years of the nineteenth century, but the period saw the primitive inn transformed into a more complete type of shelter for the traveller. The inn and its tap-room were gradually being replaced, but the rapid extension of railroads after they were introduced in England, which made obsolete the stage coach, also had the effect of modernizing the hotel business in the United Kingdom. The old inn refused to pass out of existence, and, indeed, there was no demand for its elimination, certainly not on the part of American travellers, who were quite as much charmed by the ancient inns of the Mother Country as they were with the beauty of the landscape and the quaintness of the many ancient structures to be found there. These travellers felt that it would not be England without the atmosphere of hospitality which the very sight of an inn sign board seemed to convey; and they were right.

However, the ancient inn, especially in the provinces, was not able to offer the conveniences and comforts and luxuries which the hotel, especially the London hotel, could and did furnish. Neither were the old houses so commodious or capacious enough to take care of the immense increase in the number of travellers which the railroads made possible. The last quarter of the same century witnessed a decided improvement in the design, capacity and speed of the trans-atlantic steamships, and in the great number of voyagers from the United States to the Old World. British hotels not only increased in number but were provided with many attractions which were not lost on the tourists. Travellers there have always been, but the tourist may be defined as a traveller who seeks pleasure and recreation if they may be obtained comfortably. Consequently, the tourist as a type followed the steam railway and the steamship; and the modern hotel is the accompaniment of convenient transportation systems.

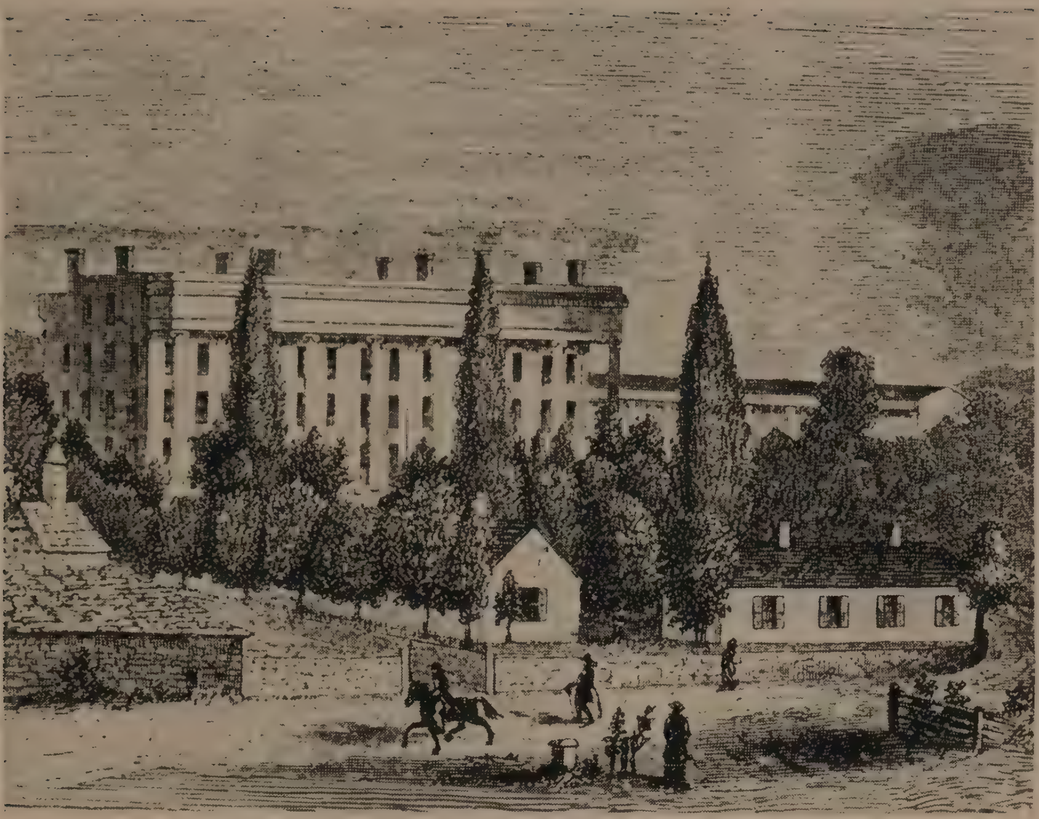
When the stage coach lines were at the zenith of their importance in England, the coaching houses or inns represented the best accommodation a traveller in that country could expect. At the termini of the coach lines and at the important posting houses along the roads where horses were changed were to be found the coaching inns. This system has been transferred to the railroads which followed the stage coaches, and all of the railroads in England have hotels attached to their important stations, a method which is found in only a very few instances in the United States.

One of the London hotels which was transformed from a coaching house to a more modern hotel was The Bull and Mouth, which stood in St. Martin's-le-Grand. While the old house and its successor are no longer visible, there are some contemporary views of both houses, and several descriptions, the liveliest of the latter appearing in "Real Life in London," a book now sought after for its colored plates and consequently scarce, which had a vogue among the smart young Londoners in 1821.

Bob Tallyho and his friends, Charles Sparkle and the Hon. Tom Dashall, find themselves near Bull and Mouth Street. On entering this narrow thoroughfare Bob cried:

"Bless me, this is a very confined street for such an inn."

The little street had derived its name from the inn sign, usually corrupted into the "Bull and Mouth," but originally



HARRODSBURG *Springs, Harrodsburg, Ky.* (*Page 152*)

THE *Homestead, Virginia Hot Springs.* (*Page 147*)

Notch *House, White Mountains, N. H.* (*Page 158*)

Old *Bull and Mouth Inn, St. Martin's-le-Grand.* (*Page 160*) it was the Boulogne Mouth, or harbor. The inn was a very old one in 1821.

" 'Hoy,' cried a coachman, rattling along the street in double quick time.

" 'By your leave,' bawled a porter with a heavy chest on his back.

" 'We shall certainly either be knocked down, or run over,' exclaimed Tallyho.

" 'Never fear,' said Tom, 'do but keep your ogles in action, all's right enough, and we shall soon be safely housed out of the bustle; but before we enter the house we will just cast our eyes about us. On the right, after passing the gate, is the coach-offices for receiving, booking and delivering parcels, and taking places for the passengers by the various vehicles which start from this place. On the left is the hotel and coffee-house, where every refreshment and accommodation may be obtained. The remaining part of the building, together with several others adjoining, which almost occupy the whole of this side of the street, are devoted to stables, wagon and coach-houses, and out-offices.'

" 'It is a very extensive concern then,' said Tallyho, 'though it stands in such an out of the way obscure situation.'

" 'Why you are already aware that the situation is not absolutely necessary to success in all cases in London,' was the reply. 'The extensive circulation of a name or a sign are sometimes sufficient to obtain business;—and who has not heard of the Bull and Mouth, or the name of Willan—from the former inns a considerable number of long stages and mail coaches, daily and nightly, the proprietor being a contractor with Government; and upon one occasion it is said, he was in treaty to supply an immense quantity of horses to convey troops to the coast, on the threatened invasion of Bonaparte, so that the epithet patriotic, might properly be applied to him. He, however, is lately deceased, and supposed to have left a considerable fortune.' "

In 1829 the old Bull and Mouth Inn, which stood at the corner of Bull and Mouth Street and St. Martin's-le-Grand, was pulled down and a modern Bull and Mouth erected on the site. In 1835 only the main building and one wing were completed. Over a large window which rose above the main entrance there was placed a huge stone cornice on which, to paraphrase the language of a writer of the period, "was placed a massy carving in stone, representing a bull in an immense mouth, with other distended portions of a human face; on each side and above it were festoons and wreaths of flowers, being a ludicrous emblem of the corrupted title of the inn." However, in those days, railways were coming into use and the stage coaches were rapidly approaching their end, so the new Bull and Mouth became a commonplace hostelry of the period, with its history and its picturesqueness gone with the walls of its predecessor.

The old Elephant and Castle Tavern, which antedated the nineteenth century, but which may be said to have reached the zenith of its fame in that cycle, is a name still kept alive in London, having been applied to a neighborhood which, according to the signs affixed to them, is the terminus for some of the buses. Its name has also been given to a station of the Underground Railway. The Tavern stood at the junction of seven roads, although now there are only six main avenues centering there, on the south side of the Thames in Newington. The sign was a very old one and probably derived from the arms of the Worshipful Company of Cutlers, the "castle" being a popular name bestowed upon the howdah shown on the elephant's back. A description of the tavern in 1835 gives the information that many stage coaches stopped at the house to take on or discharge passengers. It is also believed that the original tavern of the name was in Newington in Shakespeare's day, and that it was the "Elephant" recommended as a lodging place in "Twelfth Night." In coaching days it really was a stage house, and was the first stage on the road from LeBelle Sauvage in London to parts of Surrey.

Another historic London tavern whose history concerns the nineteenth century, although its predecessor dated from the early eighteenth century, was The Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church. Three taverns stood on this site, between Arundel Street and Milford Lane. The first of these had the sign of The Crown, and within its walls was instituted the Academy of Music in the year 1710. Strype, in 1729, described it as a large and curious house, with good rooms and other conveniences fit for entertainments. After the Royal Society left The Mitre, in Fleet Street, in 1780, their dinners henceforth, until 1847, were held in The Crown and Anchor. In 1790 the second tavern of the name was erected and Timbs relates that its first landlord, Thomas Simkin, was so corpulent that, while superintending a large dinner in his tavern, he leaned against a balustrade which gave way with his great weight, and he fell to the floor below and was killed.

This second building had a ball-room eighty-four feet long and thirty-five feet six inches wide. In 1798, on the birthday of Charles James Fox, the great English statesman and orator, who was a bitter opponent of Pitt, a banquet was given here in his honor. Two thousand persons attended and the Duke of Norfolk presided. During the first half of the nineteenth century the Crown and Anchor was the scene of many important political meetings and banquets, which it was able to accommodate by reason of a very spacious banquet hall. Daniel O'Connell, a great Irish orator and statesman, addressed a large meeting there not a great while before the building was destroyed by fire, in

1854. There was a third tavern built upon the spot, but modern improvements have effaced it.

In the first Crown and Anchor, Johnson and Boswell occasionally supped, and here it was that the great lexicographer quarrelled with Bishop Percy. An interesting and characteristically animated picture of a "Political Dinner" at the Crown and Anchor is given in "Real Life in London." This view gives an admirable idea of the great banqueting room of the second tavern, which in its later years was the scene of many gatherings of what one writer denominates as "modern reformers," among them Sir Francis Burdett.

Highbury Barn is another London institution which has not been permitted to sink into oblivion even if its history is not at the finger-tips of every Londoner, native or visitor. He sees the sign hung on certain busses notifying the passenger that is the terminus of that transportation line. Yet the old Highbury Barn, which was not a barn at all but originally a manor house on a farm, has had a rather eventful history, entirely encompassed by the nineteenth century. There is no call to delve into the ancient history of Highbury, which is about three miles in an air line from Charing Cross, but a word or two about one of the old tavern's distinguished patrons of the eighteenth century should not be omitted.

Not a great distance from the old Highbury Barn, as the tavern then there was called in 1762–64, still stands that part of Canonbury House called Canonbury Tower, where Oliver Goldsmith, under the guidance of Newberry, the publisher, was in hiding from creditors and writing that beautiful little classic, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Occasionally he would take a walk to Highbury, where he always dined at the Barn. His friend, Cooke, describing the incident, wrote that there was then "a very good ordinary, of two dishes, and a pastry, kept at Highbury Barn, at tenpence per head, including a penny to the waiter; and the company consisted of literary characters, a few Templars and some citizens who had left off trade; the whole expenses of the day's fete never exceeding a crown."

At the opening of the nineteenth century the business of the tavern increased in importance. The Highbury Society had held meetings there as early as 1740, and now various organizations began to hold their annual feasts in the old house. In 1801 it is recorded that one society gave a dinner there at which eight hundred persons sat down to hot dishes. In 1811 the increasing prosperity of the tavern was commented upon in Nelson's "History of Islington," where it was asserted that the business done there in the summer months was not surpassed by that of any similar place in the metropolis. Half a century later, however, the tavern began to decline. A panorama was shown there, and a tea garden added. In the fifties annual dinners were given there by some London organizations. Carnival balls were held and in 1862 a music hall erected. Later this was transformed into a theatre, but even this had to close its doors in the early seventies of the nineteenth century.

England always has been a land of feasting by means of great public dinners. It obviously would be impracticable to even give a list of all the taverns, inns and hotels which have been the scenes of these ceremonial functions. The London Tavern, in Fleet Street, now no more, was famed for the number and character of these dinners. Willis's Rooms, London, was the scene of many regimental and other dinners at which great personages were guests, among them King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. The Freemasons' Tavern, in the same capital, was another house which prided itself on its menus on these occasions, and then there is the Langham Hotel, Portland Place, which was favored by prominent Americans visiting London.

The Hotel Metropole, which has been the temporary home of many eminent Americans visiting London during the last forty years and frequented by British royalty, has a history which is intimately connected with the improvements following the construction of the Victoria Embankment. Although this most interesting feature of the scheme for beautifying and modernizing the English capital was opened in 1870, it was not until three years later that Northumberland House, which faced the Strand and had gardens extending to the Thames, was acquired from the Duke of Northumberland, so that a new approach to the Embankment might be cut through, and in 1876 this thoroughfare, called Northumberland Avenue, was finished. Part of the gardens of Northumberland House and part of Old Scotland Yard, a locality which has given a romantic background to so many tales of fiction, were purchased in 1882 by a company which proceeded to erect the Metropole Hotel, which was opened in 1885, having required three years to build. The hotel thus stands not only on a historic site, but in the environment of Old Whitehall, which, with its famed banqueting hall, was the scene of many royal feastings in a former age.

Old Whitehall's traditions were revived by the hotel which contains on its ground floor level a famed suite of banqueting apartments known as the Whitehall Rooms. Whitehall Place, on which one side of the hostelry opens, also keeps alive the name of this locality. These apartments have frequently had as guests at great dinners King Edward, King George (while Prince of Wales), the late Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught. One of the most notable of these historic dinners was that given by the United Service Club on November 4, 1887, for the Duke of Cambridge. The mere list of guests at that function seemed to include the most eminent names in England.

On September 18, 1903, King Edward, who was represented by the Duke of Connaught, gave a banquet in the Whitehall Rooms in honor of the foreign officers who had been attending the army maneuvers. The dinner was a "command" one, which meant that all the officers present wore full-dress uniform, and the scene was one of splendor. The Whitehall Rooms have become noted for regimental dinners which are held there annually in the season. These are usually attended by royal personages, and a list would look like a page of the "Almanach de Gotha." Many of the great city companies of London give their annual dinners at the Metropole. The passing of the old year is another custom which is celebrated there with the proper amount of noise and gaiety the occasion is usually believed to demand. In 1921 the Metropole began to give the "Midnight Follies," a style of entertainment which was then new in London. It was explained to be "a fight for brighter London," and as the London County Council seemed to be properly horrified at the innovation, when it recovered its composure it ordered that costumes should not be worn by the performers and that there should be no more than six persons in the cast. But the press and the public sided with the hotel, and the L. C. C. "slowly but surely weakened," so within a few months many artists who had been familiar to American and Paris review audiences were introduced to London. By degrees the performance was directed away from the cabaret idea, playlets were introduced and the Midnight Follies became the vogue, especially as members of the Royal family were frequent visitors.

When Daniel Webster went to the British Isles, in 1839, he stopped in London at the Brunswick; in Liverpool at the Adelphi, and in Edinburgh at the Douglas. All of these houses have passed away, but in Liverpool is a new Adelphi Hotel which is very modern, having been built only a few years ago, and the equal of American hotels in its conveniences.

England has a host of historic hotels outside of those in London. They are to be found in almost every town, but a few of them may be said to be historic without fear of contradiction. There is The George, at Portsmouth; The Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon; and The King's Arms and Castle, at Kenilworth, to mention only three, which have the best of claims to be regarded as historic hotels, and while all of them began their career earlier than the nineteenth century, it was in that period that they made history, or were the scenes of historic events. There are others whose claim seems to rest upon a sentimental rather than a historic interest, and still others whose history seems to be a little more intangible.

The George, on High Street, Portsmouth, rejoices in a history that extends over two and a half centuries, or, as one picturesque writer has put it, "from the days of Blake to Beatty." That sentence gives the clue to the fact that, being in a naval port, the old hotel has been the temporary home of British naval officers so long that it is properly regarded as a navy house. While Blake, who defeated the Dutch fleet in 1653, Rodney, Howe, and other British admirals may have stopped at The George, certainly Nelson did, and we are not compelled to rely upon other testimony than his own diary. That last night he spent in England was partly passed at The George.

"At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all that I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my King and Country," he wrote as he was driven in a chaise to The George. Indeed, the night was virtually over when he arrived, for it was near six o'clock in the morning, but he went to his room for a few hours' rest.

His biographer, Southey, has described the scene which

A POLITICAL *Dinner in the Crown and Anchor, 1822.* (*Page 164*)

THE *Metropole, London.* (*Page 166*)

"The *George,*" *Portsmouth.* (*Page* 168)

Red *Horse Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.* (*Page* 168) followed. Crowds gathered in front of the inn—for it was not termed a hotel in 1805—and called for the hero to appear. They became so insistent that Nelson finally appeared at the big bay window of the drawing room and spoke a few words as the enthusiastic throng cheered. His flag-ship, the Victory, was lying at anchor at Southsea Beach, and in order to reach his ship without encountering the loyal but clamorous throng of admirers the hero of Trafalgar was spirited through the back door and across the inn yard. The ruse was quickly discerned by the crowd, and they ran after him calling, "Save us, Lord Nelson," for it should be remembered that in those days the name of Napoleon was feared in England as well as on the continent, and the Little Corporal had threatened to invade Britain. Only Nelson and the British fleet could prevent the conquest, and as the world knows, it was prevented, although the Admiral died at the moment of victory.

Nelson occupied room number 15 on his last visit to The George, and the apartment with its furnishings have been left as far as possible as it was when the hero occupied it. Opposite is room 14, which is now known as the Hamilton Room, having been made famous from associations with Nelson's dearest friend. The Duke of Wellington, another, and final opponent of Napoleon, stopped at the hotel in 1814, when the Allied Sovereigns, after the Peace of Paris, visited Portsmouth. Captain Marryat, once a British naval officer, but best known as a writer of entrancing sea tales, also stayed at The George.

Americans who go to Stratford-on-Avon usually seek out The Red Horse Hotel, on the Market Square, after they have absorbed all of Shakespearean interest in this picturesque Warwickshire town, for the inn that dates its beginning from the days of Charles I is better known for its associations with Washington Irving, the American author.

That a man who subsequently was President of the United States also had been a guest at the inn seems to have been overlooked, and yet, under the guidance of Irving, who was then, 1831, Secretary of the United States Legation at London, Martin Van Buren, at that time United States Minister to the Court of St. James, toured the interior of England and visited Stratford.

Irving was a guest at The Red Horse at least twice: the first time when he had been engaged on the papers published under the general title of "The Sketch Book, of Geoffrey Crayon." The paper on "Stratford-on-Avon" was issued in September, 1820, and it is probable that the paper was written in the month of March that year, and the greater part of it was penned in the Red Horse. There can be no doubt that he was charmed with the old inn, which was in those days more picturesque externally than it now is. This charm with his surroundings is very infectiously put in the opening paragraph of his paper on Stratford.

"To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own," he begins, "there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne; the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow chair, and cast a complaisant look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon."

Just before Christmas in the year 1831 Irving left London, where he was Secretary of the Legation, "with Mr. Van Buren and his son, on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned Christmas." After seeing Oxford and Blenheim, they passed a night and part of the following day at Stratford.

"We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse," Irving wrote in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Daniel Paris, "where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the Sketch Book. You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved 'Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.' "

Irving's immortalized "little parlor" is the front room on the left on entering the gateway of the inn, and his "throne" and "sceptre" are not only treasured but exhibited to every American visitor.

Fanny Kemble spent two months there in 1877, and William Winter, the American critic of the theatres, visited Stratford in 1885. In his paper on "The Shrines of Warwickshire," which forms a paper in his little book, "Shakespeare's England," he tells of his stay at the ancient inn. He found it "in new hands, and seems to be fresher and brighter than of old—without, however, having parted with either its antique furniture or its delightful antique ways. The old mahogany and wax-candle period has not ended yet in this happy place, and you sink to sleep on a snow-white pillow, soft as down and fragrant as lavender."

"They have made," he adds, "a niche in the right hand corner of Washington Irving's parlor, and in it have placed his arm-chair, recushioned and polished, and sequestered from touch by a large sheet of plate glass. The relic may still be seen, but the pilgrim can sit upon it no more."

The various landlords of the old hotel have kept alive a tradition that in July, 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria, escorted by a body of troops, arrived at Stratford-on-Avon where she met Prince Rupert, and stayed at the Red Horse and Golden Lion Inn; for that, it seems, is the full name of the house; but its story really belongs to the nineteenth century.

At Kenilworth, not very many miles from Stratford-on-Avon, is King's Arms and Castle Hotel, which received its fame from having had Sir Walter Scott as a guest in 1820, when he was writing his novel, "Kenilworth." This house, too, has a decidedly nineteenth century appearance, and certainly its fame is intimately connected with that period.

While there are persons who assert that the great novelist wrote "Kenilworth" in the hotel, the facts are that, being the prince of historical novelists, Scott was a great student of history as well as local traditions. He planned "Kenilworth" in his Scotch home, but went to visit the ancient ruins of the great Norman castle in order to absorb the atmosphere, and study at first hand the actual structure or so much of it as is left. He lived, while in the village, at the King's Arms and Castle, and there wrote some of the novel which was to be published the following year.

The room in the inn which he is said to have occupied is shown with much reverence, and the furniture of the apartment, including a great four-post bedstead, visitors are assured were used by Sir Walter during his stay.

Clovelly, on the Devonshire coast of England, is one of those places which had been on the map for ages without anybody having discovered it, and then, as out of a clear sky, somebody writes a novel and gives Clovelly a prominent place in its pages, and ever since the tiny town, whose single street seems to cling to the rocks, has been overrun each summer with holiday visitors and tourists. Equally strange is the name given to the hostelry, the sign board of which calls it New Inn, and yet everybody in the village will tell you it is so old that no one knows its age.

Charles Kingsley may be said to have opened up Clovelly to the world in his novel, "Westward Ho!" in which the quaint town is pictured in several chapters—Westward Hoe itself is on the coast about eleven miles from Clovelly. "Westward Ho!" the novel, was published in 1855, and among the first tourists to be attracted to the romantic little place was Charles Dickens. In the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1860, appeared "A Message from the Sea," a tale by Dickens and Wilkie Collins. The scene of this was laid in Clovelly, and an admirable description of the little village was written by Dickens, and comprises the first chapter of the tale. A later author, Lucas Malet, who was a daughter of Charles Kingsley and the wife of the Rev. William Harrison, rector of Clovelly, but chose that name for her literary works, wrote a novel entitled "The Wages of Sin," which refers to the quaint little village on the cliff. All of these writers had rested themselves in New Inn, which in its rambling architectural way seems to be climbing Clovelly's eight-feet-wide street. Transportation on this main thoroughfare is carried on by means of donkeys which are provided with quaintly designed pack saddles. There also are sledges on which luggage is drawn up or down over the polished cobble paving of this street on the side of a Devonshire Cliff.

Weymouth, at the mouth of the River Wey, on the south coast of England, has been a resort for a century and a half. George III was charmed with it and occupied Gloucester Lodge there. With Queen Charlotte he passed his summers at Weymouth for many years, and it is said that it was in Gloucester Lodge that he placed his signature to the Treaty of Peace which acknowledged the independence of the United States. It was while summering there that the King received more welcome news of the victory of the British fleet over that of the French at Trafalgar, in 1805. Unfortunately, the same message contained the information that the brave Nelson had been killed in the engagement. Gloucester Lodge was enlarged and turned into a hotel some years ago, and on March 3, 1927, was partly destroyed by a fire which gutted the wing which formerly had contained the Royal apartments.

Dublin, the capital of the Irish Free State, has a hotel that is closely linked up with modern Irish history, and also with literature and art. This is the Shelbourne, which stands on one of the borders of the picturesque St. Stephen's Green Park.

Part of the present building dates from the first half of the nineteenth century, when it was the town house of the Lansdowne family, and was then known as Kerry House, for the Fitzmaurices came from County Kerry, and as some of them wore the coronets of Earls of Shelbourne, the hotel rather naturally derived its name from this title. It was while the original mansion was occupied by a Marquis of Lansdowne as a town house that the ceiling of the great drawing room, now the ball-room of the hotel, was decorated by Angelica Kaufmann, the Swiss historical and portrait painter. These decorations have been admirably preserved.

During the middle nineteenth century, or about the time

Thackeray was writing "Vanity Fair," Kerry House was transformed into a private hotel. The place is mentioned in Thackeray's novel. In 1863 the hotel was taken over by the company which still operates it. The house had been enlarged by the addition of other mansions adjoining it on Merrion Road, and completely modernized. While the hotel's history has the Lansdowne, Kaufmann, and Thackeray connections, its part in the national development is not inconsiderable, for in Room No. 60 the Constitution of the Irish Free State was framed. As the house has for many years been the centre for those who visit Dublin for the great social and sporting events of the year, such as the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show in August, and Spring Show in May, or the famed Punchestown Races, its register naturally contains many noted names, both of residents of the British Isles and travelling Americans. The great families of Ireland have made it their headquarters while in the capital city of the Free State.

In the ancient settlement, for it is no longer a town, of Glendalough, which is nestled very attractively in the mountains of County Wicklow, Ireland, stands the Royal Hotel, which is nearly nine miles from the nearest railroad station. It has been a hotel for almost, or quite, a century, having been called Jordan's Hotel until the year 1871, when it was renamed in honor of a visit from royalty.

On August 5, 1871, the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Connaught, and his sister, the Duchess of Argyle (Princess Louise), visited Glendalough. In the party also were Lord Spencer, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Lady Spencer, Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Earl and Countess of Listowel, Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Waterford, and Edward Cavendish. The modest little hostelry never had before entertained so distinguished a company, although some eminent personages before and since that occasion have registered at the Royal Hotel.

Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and the poet Thomas Moore have stopped there, and it is recorded that during the last twenty-five years, at least, all the prime ministers and ministers for the colonies who have visited Ireland have been guests at the Royal. Artists, writers and other distinguished persons have written their names in the register. Sir John Lavery; George Bernard Shaw, who, of course, is a native Irishman; the late Michael Collins, and Eamon DeValera, who was President of the short-lived Irish Republic, are among the number, to say nothing of many eminent Americans.

During the Irish Civil War, in 1922, the hotel was the scene of a skirmish, whose marks are still plainly discernible on its bullet-nicked walls. The Irish Irregulars attacked the place from the neighboring hills, but were finally driven off by the Free State troops. Since 1895 the hotel has been operated by a company.

The explanation of the attraction that this lonely spot in the Wicklow Mountains has for notables is found in the fact that at Glendalough are the ruins of the oldest cathedral in Ireland, and some other structures, including a round tower, all of which date from the sixth century. The cathedral probably is the oldest in Europe, although it is smaller than many a modern chapel.

NEW *Inn, Clovelly, England.* (*Page 173*)

SHELBOURNE *Hotel, Dublin.* (*Page 174*)

Royal *Hotel, Glendalough, Ireland.* (*Page 175*)

Hotel *Baur-au-Lac, Zurich.* (*Page 180*)

X

NINETEENTH CENTURY HOTELS IN SWITZERLAND

Switzerland became the playground of Europe in the early years of the nineteenth century, and as a consequence its hotels began to attract the attention of the rest of the world, or so much of it as was interested in travel for recreation. The Swiss hotelkeepers of that period may be said to have invented the resort hotel, with all that term implies, including conveniences and aids to tourists. The country comprises within its boundaries nearly all the picturesque scenery of a grand character that is to be found in Europe. The advent of railroads and their rapid multiplication gave the means of easy access and the Swiss hotel proprietor did the rest.

Many of the hotels in Switzerland trace their history back for several centuries through occupancy of buildings that were built in the long-ago. For this and other reasons it is not easy to assign them to a chronological period here, but those referred to in this chapter may, without too great distortion of fact, be assigned to the nineteenth century, although in each instance the house has been modernized and the hotels are in tune with the present day. However, their history as hotels seems to belong more to the preceding century than to any other.

Fanny Kemble, actress, dramatic reader and author of plays, poems and entertaining books of letters and journals, was for many years before her death the greatest advocate Switzerland as a summer resort had in this country. In her volume of "Further Records," made up entirely of her letters written to friends and family in England and in the United States, she gives many clear-cut and vivid impressions of the land of mountains and lakes. It should be remembered that these letters were written chiefly during the seventies of the preceding century.

"Am now looking over the Lake of Geneva, at its lower end, where the Dent du Midi and the mountains of the Rhone Valley form such a splendid group above and beyond Villeneuve," Mrs. Kemble wrote from Territet Montreux, in 1878; "I think you must have stopped at Villeneuve, some time or other, going over the Simplon into Italy. There used to be a charming house there, the Hotel Byron, standing alone in its own grounds, quite at the end of the lake and just above the Chateau Chillon.

"I always used to stay there on my way up and down the Rhone Valley. It was kept by two brothers of the name of Wolff, who were proprietors also of the good old-fashioned hotel L'ecu de Geneve in Geneva. They having failed, and the person who took the Hotel Byron after them failed also, the pleasant house is now shut up, and I do not suppose it will ever be opened as an hotel again.

"The railroad now runs all the way from Geneva to the foot of the Simplon, an easy journey of less than eight hours, and nobody wants to stop half way at Villeneuve. Then, too, there is really almost a continuous terrace all along the shore of the lake from Lausanne to Villeneuve of hotels like palaces, one more magnificent than another, with terraces and gardens, and fountains and bands of music, and such luxurious public apartments, and *table d'hote*, that it is absolutely impossible that some if not several proprietors of such costly establishments should fail to make them answer, especially as in travelling, as well as everything else, fashion directs the movements of the great majority of people, and for the last few years there has been a perfect insane rush of the whole tourist world to the valley of the Upper Engadine, to the almost utter forsaking of the formerly popular parts of Switzerland.

"The house I am at, the Hotel des Alps, is a magnificent establishment, but there are very few people in it, and the manager seemed to me rather depressed in giving me an account of the failure of the proprietors of the Hotel Byron, and said there was not a corner of Switzerland now without a huge hotel, and that every year half a dozen hotel keepers become bankrupt."

Mrs. Kemble was incorrect in her prophecy, for the Hotel Byron was reopened and is still in successful operation. The Hotel Byron at Villeneuve, near Montreux, is a rather old house, dating from some time before the year 1840. It was named in honor of the English poet, Lord Byron, who with the poet Shelly had visited Villeneuve, where Jean Jacques Rousseau had been long before them herborizing in the neighborhood, and where Napoleon had halted before he went to Marengo. Rudolphe Töpffer, the author of "Genevese Tales," himself a native of Geneva, was a guest at the hotel about the time his Tales were published, 1840. Sainte-Beuve said of this now little known Swiss *litterateur*, that to read him is one of the sweetest, most winning, and healthiest of literary pleasures.

About the same time the hotel had Franz Liszt as a sojourner, and with him was the Countess d'Agoult, whose pseudonym was "Daniel Stern," and who was the mother of Madame Cosima Wagner, wife of the composer. Victor Hugo with his family stopped at the Hotel Byron two years in succession. Edgar Quinet, the inspiring if not-too-well-informed French historian and poet; Élisée Reclus, the French popular scientist; and the French painter, Gustav Courbet, were more than once guests of the hotel, which also has entertained the Royal family of Greece; the Grand

Duchess of Luxembourg; the Duke and Duchess of Braganca; the Count de Montgelas; Professor Nicolai; the novelist, Waldo Frank; Ossip Gabrilowitz, eminent pianist; Stefan Zweig, popular German novelist; Dr. Thomas Masaryk, first President of Czecho-Slovakia; the Indian poet, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore; and Lucas Mallet, the English novelist.

Hotel Baur au Lac, at Zurich, is not quite so old as the house just mentioned, but as it dates from the year 1844, it is more or less coeval with the beginning of the great hotel enterprises in Switzerland, which were typical of the nineteenth century. It was founded by and received its name from Johannes Baur, a baker's boy, whose father kept the Lion Inn in the town of Götzis, of which municipality the elder Baur was mayor. The son was intensely interested in architecture, and as he had great skill in drawing he began to design buildings when not engaged in the bakery. Some of his plans were pretentious and ambitious, and he soon found himself advising the builders of Zurich.

Among his visions was that of a large hotel. At the same time an architect of the city, a Mr. Stadler, had been visioning a new thoroughfare, the present well-known Poststrasse. One of the property owners whose building was affected by the cutting of the new street was given a lot in exchange. He had to obligate himself to erect a building to harmonize with the architecture of the new post office opposite to his site. The result was the first Hotel Baur, which was opened simultaneously with the new post office in 1838, and on this auspicious occasion a banquet was given in the large hotel dining-room for the post office clerks and staff.

The Hotel Baur was then regarded as a monster, although it contained only 140 beds, but in 1843 the first of a series of enlargements, which continued at intervals for twenty years, was begun. Some of the site adjoining which had been secured was on the lake and filling in had to be resorted to. The result and the daring method of achieving it caused Baur's fellow townsmen to regard him as having been bereft of his common sense. When the improvements were completed it was seen that the hotel faced the lake while tradition to that time had demanded it should face the town, and the good citizens felt certain Baur was not properly balanced. By degrees it dawned on them that a valuable architectural work had been bestowed on Zurich, and they began to feel a pride in the great hotel.

In 1853 Johannes Baur purchased a manor at present on Lavaterstrasse, and enlarged it by grounds near the lake. This annex to the hotel was designed for princely patrons, who desired to maintain their incognito while in residence in Zurich. Additions to the hotel did not cease after the founder's death, but were continued until the last wing was built in 1890. In acknowledgment of their merits with regard to intercourse with foreigners, the city of Zurich endowed both Johannes Baur and his son and successor, Theodor Baur, with the right of citizenship in the year 1859.

Theodor Baur, the son, together with Mr. Tschurni, founded in Ouchy the first professional school for hotels in Ouchy-Lausanne. He also was the first to suggest the abolition of tips, but did not succeed in having his proposal accepted. He was the pioneer in the improvement of navigation of the lake, and in 1868 was instrumental in the introduction of concerts on the steamers.

The Hotel Baur au Lac was favored by the princely families of Europe. In 1852 the King of Sweden, with his family and suite, resided there under the title of Count of Tulgarn. Four years later the Duchess of Orleans was a guest, and in 1859 the representatives of the European Powers met there at the Peace Congress and on November

10th signed the "Peace of Zurich" in the first drawing-room, now known as drawing-room 26. The Duchess of Parma and her suite were at the hotel the same year, and in the summer of 1860 royalty was almost constantly represented, for in succession came the King of Bavaria, the Empress of Russia, with two princesses and suite. The Austrian reigning family were frequently guests at the hotel and the Empress Elizabeth stopped there on her journey to southern countries. There also have been entertained at Hotel Baur au Lac the Duke of Meiningen, the Khedive of Egypt, and the Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Alexandra.

When, in 1889, Karl Kracht, son-in-law of Theodor Baur, took possession of the hotel the house received modern improvements, for Swiss hotels in general had begun their development from the old-fashioned methods to the newer order. Among other innovations which followed were the tea-concerts. This was a new idea in Swiss hoteldom. Karl Kracht engaged a troupe of lively Neapolitans to entertain. Mr. Kracht, who died in the year 1914, fell ill in 1910 and consequently he did not have the opportunity to manage the entertainment arranged at the Hotel Baur au Lac for Kaiser Wilhelm II, who visited there that year.

From 1870 to 1880 Theodor Baur managed the Quirinal Hotel in Rome in connection with the Baur au Lac, while Karl Kracht, himself the son of a hotelman, brought about the connection of the Hotel Ernst, in Cologne, with the Baur au Lac. The former since 1910 has been known as Excelsior Hotel.

The Hotel Interlaken, in the city of Interlaken, which lies in the lowlands between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, is one of those typically Swiss hostelries whose history seems connected with the distant past. It stands on a site of a hotel which is believed to have been erected about 1491, or the year before Columbus discovered the New World. It was built in front of the old monastery, which still exists as a structure although the community was suppressed in the sixteenth century. Part of the original structure of the hostel, which was conducted by the monks, remains. The old chronicles of the neighborhood connect the *gasthaus*, or monastery tavern, with many interesting legends and traditions. In 1551, it is said, Master Austabl, the *scharfricter*, or executioner, and his assistants had much work to do for the monastery, for four malefactors were condemned, two to death by the weights. All of them are said to have been assembled in the *gasthaus* for their last meal. The hostel was rebuilt in 1759, and frequently since then modern features have been added to it and the hotel kept up to date.

For four hundred years the same hotel has been in existence, originally under the domination of the monastery. Lord Byron was a guest in 1816, and the great composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, was likewise a visitor in the years 1842, 1846 and 1847.

In the seventies of the nineteenth century three crowned heads were guests at the same time at the Hotel Monnet, at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. The unusual honor of having the sovereigns of three great states of Europe meet and stay together in his hotel, which lies on the shore of the lake, caused the proprietor to change his sign and since then the house has been known as Grand Hotel des Trois-Couronnes.

These three monarchs were Emperor William I, of Germany; Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria; and King Umberto, of Italy—the triple alliance, in person, it might be said. Dukes, princes, counts and other nobles have frequently been guests at the house since its foundation in 1842. There is still to be seen over the fireplace in the ladies' room of the hotel a pair of beautiful Sevres vases, the gift of the Tsarina of Alexander I, of Russia, who once hired the whole hotel for her court nobles and guests.

The hotel stands on a historic spot, for as early as the year 1090, according to the archives in the Chapter House of Lausanne, the Bishop of the City bequeathed to his nephew, Vaucher of Blonay, a "stronghold" in Vevey. This castle had its moats, draw-bridges, towers and battlements, and also served as Court of Justice to the High Tribunal of the fiefs. In 1345, when the estate passed to the lords of St. Paul at Evian, it became known as the Chateau des Belles-Truches. It belonged to Bishop Aimon of Montfaucon in 1516, and this churchman sold it to the lords Gingins, who did not long retain it for the property passed to the possession of the town of Vevey in 1571.

After becoming the property of the town, a club was formed for the exercise of fencing and shooting. Its members belonged to the best families in Vevey. The estate then became known as the Abbaye des Echarpes Jaunes. In 1842 the old "stronghold" was removed and a hotel, at first named for its proprietor, Hotel Monnet, was built on the site. This later, as has been related, became the Grand Hotel des Trois-Couronnes.

Hotel Krone (Crown) in Solothurn, Switzerland, which is situated opposite the Cathedral of St. Ours, claims to be the oldest hotel in that country. In the year 1411 it was already a tavern, and since that time has been developed, extended, and modernized. There was a Guild of Landlords in Solothurn as early as the fourteenth century, and as the Crown is mentioned as the first inn with the right to accommodate travellers, it is believed that the inn has been where it now is for at least five hundred years.

It had a favorable position on the main road, and even in the early Middle Ages the passage over the Aare was animated with the great convoys of merchandise and the

Hotel *Interlaken, Interlaken.* (*Page 182*)

Grand *Hotel des Trois-Couronnes, Vevey.* (*Page 183*)

HOTEL *Byron, Villeneuve.* (*Page 178*)

HOTEL *Krone, Solothurn.* (*Page 184*)

stately retinues of nobles and gentlemen, for the town was on the chief highway between the Rhine and Geneva. The old inn stands on the public square and in it, in the days long past, many events, including the holding of open-air courts of criminal procedure, were held there. Fetes were held by the French ambassadors on anniversaries of their sovereigns and dauphins, and the distinguished guests of the municipality on these occasions were always lodged at the Crown.

While the Prince of Conde was going through the military school at Solothurn, in 1863, his father, the Duc d'Aumale, resided at the Crown. The great names that have been connected with the hostelry during its five centuries have never been compiled, but some of the eminent ones of more recent times are interesting.

On November 23, 1797, while on his way from Italy to the Congress in Rastadt, General Bonaparte, afterwards the Emperor Napoleon, stopped at the door of the Crown. The local Government had arranged to give him a grand reception. Bonaparte, in his carriage, stopped before the inn long enough to hear the invitation, but he declined, and drove on to Rastadt. The Empress Josephine, however, did rest in the Crown on one of her journeys; and the list of modern monarchs who followed her is a fairly long one. The King of Württemberg was there in 1808; Frederick William III, King of Prussia; the Queen of Naples, in 1837; the Queen of Holland, in the forties of the last century; the Archducal families of Mecklenburg—Schwerin and Mecklenburg—Strelitz, in 1841 and 1842 respectively; in the fifties and sixties of the same century there were the Queen of Holland, the King of Portugal, the King of Württemberg; archdukes, princes and princesses innumerable. The Dowager-Empress of Russia was a frequent guest; the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, the Count of Paris, Queen Amelia of Portugal; the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Belgium; the present King Albert and his Queen consort; Crown Prince, later King Humbert, of Italy, were among royalty who broke their journeys across Switzerland by resting at the Crown.

In the hall of the Beau-Rivage-Palace Hotel, at Ouchy-Lausanne, is a Peace monument, the work of Edouard Sandoz. On the wall, and flanking the statue on either side, are these two inscriptions:

> Entre le Royaume d'Italie
> et l'Empire Ottoman
> a ete signe a Beaurivage
> le *Traite* de *Lausanne*
> le XVIII Octobre MDCCCCXII.
>
> Entre les Etats Unis d'Amerique
> representes par l'Honorable Joseph G. Grew
> et le Gouvernement de la Grande Assemblee
> Nationale de Turkie
> represente par S. E. le General Ismet-Pacha
> a ete signe a l'hotel Beaurivage
> Le *Traite* de *Lausanne*
> le VI Aout MCMXXIII.

These inscriptions would establish the historic character of any hotel were they the record of all the history that had been made there; but the Beau-Rivage-Palace Hotel has even a longer story. The hotel is, in fact, two hotels. The Beau Rivage, which takes its name from the charming banks of the lake, was opened in the spring of 1861. The Palace wing was added in 1908, and the whole structure was improved in 1910 and again in 1924.

Many public and private conferences which had a great deal to do both with the maps of Europe and the fortunes of great countries, have been held there. On October 18, 1912, there was signed there the Peace of Lausanne, which put an end to the fighting in Tripoli between Italy and Turkey. The conference which had this happy ending lasted from May until October.

During the "Near East Conference," in 1922–23, the hotel was the headquarters for the British, American, Italian and Rumanian Delegations. Lord Curzon, who headed the British Delegation, was quartered in what is known as "King Edward's Suite," because that monarch, as well as his mother, Queen Victoria, had stayed at the Beau-Rivage in its earlier days. In view of the distinguished company stopping at the hotel, an International Ball was given on New Year's Eve, 1922. There were many entertainments given by the Delegates, and for them. The "Fifth Treaty of Lausanne," between Turkey and the United States, was signed at the Beau-Rivage-Palace Hotel, on August 6, 1923, and, as told in the inscription in the hotel, the United States was represented by the Hon. Joseph G. Grew.

There is another Beau-Rivage in Switzerland of almost equal age to the one mentioned above. This is the Grand Hotel Beau-Rivage, at Geneva, which in 1863, when it was originally built by a London banker, William Currie, had only seventy rooms for guests, and, as its historian notes, had only eleven windows on the front which overlooks the lake.

Evidently the original managers, MM. Mayer and Kung, for whom the house was erected, were not superstitious, for the hotel opened its doors to guests for the first time on the thirteenth of April, 1865. Since then the hotel has been added to five times, and in 1925 almost completely remodelled, so that as a hostelry is really belongs to the present century, although its story belongs to the preceding one.

Its claim to historic mention rests upon several very important events of which it was the scene. The first of these, not only in significance but in chronological order, was the meeting there of the Alabama Commissioners to settle the claim of the United States against Great Britain for the depredations of the "Confederate privateer," Alabama, which had been fitted out in England and preyed upon the Commerce of the Federal Government during the Civil War. The commissioners met from April to June in the year 1872, in a salon in the Beau-Rivage. The opening of the sessions was thus commented upon by a correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* at the time:

"There could not have been a lovelier day than the 15th of April at Geneva—Mont-Blanc, forty miles away, looked in, figuratively speaking, at Mr. Bancroft Davis's windows at the Hotel Beau-Rivage; and when Mont-Blanc is here visible at all, it is a sort of Genevese Barometer of 'set fair' weather."

The meeting was held in Salon No. 28, which apartment always seems like "home" to American visitors to the house.

On August 18, 1873, the Duke Charles, of Brunswick, who had resided at the hotel for a year, died there, leaving to the city of Geneva all his fortune—25,000,000 francs, with which he charged the municipality to erect a mausoleum modelled on one that existed in Verona, and place his remains in it. This monument stands on the left side of the Quai du Mont-Blanc.

In 1898 the Empress Elizabeth, of Austria was a guest at the Beau Rivage. As she was leaving to board the boat which was to take her to Territet, and while she was crossing the hotel grounds to the landing place, she was shot by an Italian anarchist. Carried tenderly back to the hotel she soon breathed her last.

Another important historic event which had great significance took place at the Beau-Rivage from October 28 to November 1, 1918. This was the Conference of the repre-

PEACE *Monument, Beau Rivage Palace, Ouchy-Lausanne.* (*Page* 186)

BEAU-*Rivage Palace Hotel, Ouchy-Lausanne.* (*Page* 186)

Hotel *Schlüssel, Lucerne.* (*Page* 190)

Grand *Hotel National, Lucerne, Switzerland.* (*Page* 189) sentatives of the Provisional Government of Czecho-Slovakia at Paris, and the envoys of the Czecho-Slovakia people of Prague which, after three days' deliberation, made the momentous decisions dethroning the Hapsburgs in Czecho-Slovakia, adopting a republican form of government for that country; and also a proposition to carry Doctor Masaryk, chief of the Revolution in Czecho-Slovakia, to the presidency of that state. The constitution adopted for the new European state was signed in the hotel, in the private room of Dr. K. Kramar, one of the Delegates. This apartment, which is No. 59, is directly over No. 28, which we have seen was another historic spot.

At Lucerne, the Grand Hotel National has been a landmark since it was opened, in 1871, during the Franco-Prussian War. European royalties have been regular visitors and naturally its history has to do with their affairs. The list of kings and princes who have stopped there in the last half century is too long for inclusion here, but a few of their visits had a historic aspect.

King Albert of Belgium and his bride and Queen stopped at the Grand Hotel on their honeymoon journey, and returned regularly to visit her parents, the late Count and Countess of Flanders, in their villa on Lake Lucerne. The year before the World War began the whole royal family sojourned there.

During that conflict Cardinal Mercier, of Malines, stopped at the Grand Hotel on his way to Rome, whither he had been called to explain his now historic letters to the German governor of Brussels. On his return journey he again stopped there while awaiting the result of the Germans to prevent his return. They were unsuccessful in preventing him from going back to Belgium.

The late King Constantin of Greece, Queen Sophia and the Dowager Queen Olga, with their family and suite, spent two years during the World War, at the hotel. During their stay, they announced the betrothal of their daughter Princess Helen with Crown Prince Carol of Rumania. The betrothal dinner, which was served there, was attended by the Prince and Princess and the Royal families of Greece and Rumania. Queen Marie of Rumania; Grand Duke and Duchess Cyril, of Russia; Princess Marie (now Queen of Jugo-Slavia); Princess Christophore (formerly Mrs. Leeds), were also in the party. The Crown Prince, now King George of Greece, was also betrothed here with Princess Elisabeth of Rumania.

It was while Prince Paul of Greece was stopping at the hotel, in 1919, that the Venizelist Minister of Greece at Berne came to offer him the Crown of Greece. The Prince refused, adding that his father was King and nobody could replace him while he lived.

The Grand Hotel National was also the home for many months of the late Emperor Charles, of Austria, his wife, the Empress, and their family. He left in an aeroplane to Hungary, where, upon landing, he was arrested and expelled.

In 1920 Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, with his suite were at the hotel holding a conference that lasted a week, with Signor Giolitti, then Prime Minister of Italy.

In Lucerne also is to be found the Hotel Schlüssel, meaning "key," which seems to date from the middle sixteenth century, although about all of the contemporary architecture visible now is the ancient doorway with its carved stone lintel. The house was rebuilt in 1912, and the entrance, as well as the main guest-room, was preserved. St. Charles Borromeo is said to have stopped there after the conclusion of the Council of Trent, 1570. It is also said that from 1574 to 1579 the Jesuit school was held there while the gymnasium or academy was being constructed in the town.

The Three Kings Hotel, at Basle, erected directly on the banks of the Rhine, although partly rebuilt, has claims to great antiquity made for it.

We are told that the hotel stood here as early as the year 1026, and that within its walls in that year the Emperor Conrad II, his son Henry III, and Rodolphe, the last King of Burgundy, held a conference. Six years later Conrad won a battle over the Bergundians and annexed Western Switzerland to Germany. It was this historic meeting of three monarchs in the old inn that caused it to be named the Three Kings.

This incident is so very remote that it is largely traditional, but in more recent times the hotel has entertained Kings, Grand Dukes and Princes, as well as Queens and Princesses and Grand Duchesses. Among the royal names on the register are those of King William of Württemberg; King Oscar of Norway and Sweden; King Christian IX, of Denmark; Carol, King of Rumania; King Peter I of Serbia; King Leopold, of Belgium; King Albert, of Belgium, and the Khedive Ishmei, of Egypt, to mention only a few.

Locarno, the quiet little town on beautiful Lake Maggiore, is perhaps of all places in Switzerland one in which almost all of its hotels may be said to have become historic, owing to the meeting there, during the two weeks from October 5 to 16, 1925, of the International Conference, from which so much good for world peace was expected. Delegations from many of the countries of Europe were present attending the sessions, and the correspondents of newspapers and news agencies of the world were sufficient in number to virtually fill one of the large hotels. All of these historic houses cannot be included here, but a few outstanding hostelries, whose part in the great event was vital, can be referred to. The Conference itself was much too large for any ordinary hotel, so the delegates were accommodated for their joint sessions in the Palais de Justice, a beautiful modern building. Some of the discussions were held on board a little lake steamboat, so the whole atmosphere of Locarno seems to exude historic memories.

At the Grand Hotel Palace were quartered the Delegations from Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, headed by the world figures, Austin Chamberlain, Aristide Briand, Signior Scialoja, M. Vandervelde, M. Skrzynski and Doctor Benes.

The Hotel Esplanade was the headquarters of the German Delegation, headed by the Chancellor, Doctor Luther.

The Hotel du Parc housed the journalists in attendance at the Conference, while the little Ascona Restaurant Helvitia was made historic by having become the scene of the first meeting between M. Briand and Doctor Luther.

Many important conferences were held in the Grand Hotel Palace, and there was given the historic banquet which pleasantly marked the close of the sessions of the Conference that gave the world the Locarno Peace Pact.

In Geneva, on the right bank of the River Rhone, opposite to that beautiful little piece of land named Rousseau's Island, in honor of the great Genevan writer, stands the Hotel Les Bergues. In local history the site of the hostelry and its rise are still subjects of articles by the *feuilletonistes* in this ancient city on the lake. At this point, or very near to it, the noble Rhone enters Lake Geneva.

A writer in the *Journal de Geneve*, in 1919, gave a long and rather lucid account of the origin of the name Les Bergues, of which it seems even well-informed Genevans were in ignorance. As it has a connection with the hotel so named, it may be briefly recounted.

Hotel *Esplanade, Locarno.* (*Page* 192)

Hotel *Les Bergues, Geneva, Switzerland.* (*Page* 192)

HOTEL *Poulard, Mont-Saint-Michel.* (*Page* 197)
(*M. and Mme. Poulard*)

L'HOSTELLERIE *du Grand Cerf, Evreux.* (*Page* 199)

Early in the seventeenth century a certain generous and well-liked citizen, Jean Kleberger, known affectionately as *le Bon Allemande*, owned and occupied a mansion and extensive gardens on the bank of the Rhone. He was constantly engaged in deeds of generosity, charity and benevolence, and in his honor, when the street along his property was widened and extended, the plan of 1726 alluded to it as "les Cle Bergue"; rather a play upon his name, or perhaps in ignorance of how the owner of the name spelled it. Once a citizen who had a mill near-by got into some difficulties with his community. Kleberger was in a position to bring suit against the mill owner which, if carried to the court of Syndics, would have brought about the condemnation of the defendant. He refrained, however, and the mill owner not only was saved but the town was able to develop one of its industries—the production of wall-papers. The industry decayed later, and by the year 1827 had disappeared from Geneva.

In that year a Societe des Bergues was formed to take over the buildings of the defunct wall-paper factory and erect a hotel on the site. This was brought about, and Les Bergues was the result. A few years ago the façade of the hotel was entirely remodelled with care to preserve the Genevan character of its architecture.

The house has been made even more historic by the character of many of its guests in its long career. These include the royalty and nobility of Europe and, of course, some of the foremost names in statecraft, literature and art. The Golden Book of the hotel goes back only to 1861, but since that time there have been entertained many German princes, dukes and counts, and their wives. Ludwig, King of Bavaria, was a visitor in 1862, when there also registered Frederick Wilhelm, afterwards the German Emperor, and his consort, Victoria, Crown Princess and

Princess Royal of Great Britain, etc.; the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. Others of royalty who came in later years were the Grand Duchess Marie, later Empress of Russia; Queen Louise, of Denmark, Marie of Savoy, Queen of Portugal; Queen Emma of Hawaii; Christian, King of Denmark; and King George of Hanover. More recently the hotel has entertained M. Thiers, of France; Prince Albassi Bey and Prince Mohammed Bey, sons of the Khedive of Egypt; King Alexander of Serbia; Sven Hedin; King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, of Rumania; the Crown Prince Yugala of Siam; General Joffre; Austin Chamberlain, and the ministers, Herriot, Briand, Theunis and Venizelos.

XI

CONTINENTAL HOTELS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

While it would not be practical to attempt to mention all Continental hotels, outside of those in Switzerland, which may be regarded as historic, a few of the hostelries which have some sort of historic atmosphere may be considered in this chapter. Although it has been asserted that the Swiss hotelkeeper of the nineteenth century invented the resort hotel in Europe, that statement, of course, is true only in a broad and general sense. Nevertheless the Swiss hotelkeeper was among the first who did not wait for the ordinary wayfarer, but, having built his house amid nature's finest backgrounds, let the world know that Switzerland was a land for the vacationist, and then every kind of modern transportation that had been invented was introduced, and where it had not been invented it was devised and installed. Naturally, it first attracted the royal and noble families of Europe, and, of course, the American tourist was not many years behind them.

Many of the Continental hotels mentioned here are very modern establishments, having been modernized within the last quarter-century or so, and are very much within the class of the latest hostelries. Nevertheless they are described here under the nineteenth century because that is the period in which their stories really begin, although some of them are structures which date even earlier than the preceding century.

At Dives-Sur-Mer, France, the Hostellerie Guillaume le Conquerant, of which mention was made in an earlier chapter, is one of the type which, while undoubtedly ancient, has so firm a connection with the nineteenth century that it may be mentioned here a little more fully. In a letter from the present proprietor, M. L. Remoir, he states that the inn has been in his family since the end of the sixteenth century, and that he was born there. He also adds that an old charter of the times shows the property to have been in existence when William the Conqueror left for his conquest of England, in the year 1066. His grandfather was postmaster there when his inn was a posting house on the great post road from Brittany to Rouen. There is a tradition that when William the Conqueror returned to Normandy, after his conquest of England, he gave to the Monk Lanfranc, first Abbe of the Abbey, the revenues on the saltpits adjacent and on the property of the manor. These revenues continued until stopped by the French Revolution, at the end of the eighteenth century. It appears that the present structure dates from the fifteenth century, the original building having been destroyed by fire during the Hundred Years' War.

Some very distinguished personages are said to have stopped at the old inn. During the seventeenth century Henri IV, Marie de Medici, Louis XIII and Madame de Sevigne, who was at the inn in 1626, alone make a respectable showing for one posting house; but the great letter writer had as her companions other great personages—the Princess de Chaulne and the Marquise de Kerman.

Alexandre Dumas, *pere*, was a guest at the old inn, for, in recounting its list of distinguished patrons, the proprietor leaps from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries. Then we look further down the list and here we find Alphonse Karr, a name known in this country to the few, but in the France of Louis Philippe, and of the Second Republic and Second Empire, he was an admired writer.

The name of Puvis de Chavannes, the mural decorator; Robert Planquette, musical composer of popular opera comiques, such as "The Chimes of Normandy," as the work is known on the English-speaking stage; F. Hopkinson Smith, who painted a picture of the quaint old place and delighted its proprietor by exhibiting it at one of the International Expositions here, and wrote a little work about it, "The Arm Chair at the Inn."

There have been omelettes that have become historic: wonderfully delicious morsels that have inspired books certainly, and possibly poems. Who has not heard of "The Cure's Omelette," so charmingly introduced in Brillat-Savarin's classic, "Physiologie du Gout," to abbreviate its title? Also more or less recalled is the famed "Omelette a la puree de pintade," invented (for that is the word) by the Capuchin Chabot. The Cure's Omelette had a wonderful filling of hashed carps' roe, tunny and minced shallot, while the Capuchin's was transformed into a masterpiece by a purée of guinea fowl. These belong to the past, but the Omelette of Madame Poulard is still served to those valiant tourists, or pilgrims, that in the summer time invade one of the most picturesque spots in Europe, Mont-Saint-Michel.

This *omelette*, which made Madame Poulard noted, although introduced only some fifty years ago, already has found its way into books. Madame was so attractive, so cheerful, and so skillful with her omelette casserole over the great open Louis XV fireplace that the guests gathered in the great grill to see the ceremonial of making *la Fameuse Omelette.*

The Hotel Poulard, which is the home of the renowned omelet, occupies an ancient building, but how long it has been an inn is a question, but there is none about the date from which its fame began. It was on February 1, 1873, that Madame Poulard commenced to exploit her hotel and succeeded, by her delicious omelet, as well as by her amiability. Mont-Saint-Michel was known from the eighth century, when the first chapel to the warrior saint was erected, but it did not become a Mecca for tourists until Madame Poulard inspired the visit by spreading the fame of her kitchen masterpiece.

Madame sold her house in 1907, but her "Livre d'Or," as she calls her hotel register, contains many names of famous men and women who have visited her hotel, and the majority of Americans who go to France to tour that charming country manage to reach Mont-Saint-Michel to visit its ancient abbey and to enjoy the omelet of the Hotel Poulard. When Madame Poulard, now retired, was asked for her treasured Register by the present proprietor she also produced several interesting photographs of herself and her house made when she was active.

The name of Her Majesty, Ranavallo, deposed Queen of Madagascar, appears on the register, and on its pages will be found the names of Queen Marie, of Rumania; Princess Marie, of Greece; Lady Patricia Ramsay; Beatrice, Infante of Spain; King Ferdinand, of Rumania; Queen Olga of Greece; the Maharajah of Kapurthala; Aristide Briand; Maurice Rostand; Generals Nivelle, de Betancourt, and Petain; also Adolphe Thiers, Georges Clemenceau, to mention only a few.

The sign of the Grand Cerf (stag) evidently was as widely popular in France as the different colored Lions were in England during the centuries when inns dotted the old post roads. While it may be assumed that each of them is in some manner historic, the Hotel du Grand Cerf, at Les Andelys, in the district of the Eure, probably is entitled to first mention. It is located in the country of Nicholas Poussin, one of the great French painters of the seventeenth century, and its walls are said to have been built in the thirteenth century. Poussin is said to have been a visitor there, and Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henri IV, of France, breathed his last there in a room on the first floor which is still shown to the curious. This event occurred in 1552, when Antoine retired to the inn after having been wounded at the seige of Rouen.

Architecturally this Grand Cerf is interesting, especially to one to whom minutely carved and age-blackened beams make an appeal. There is a characteristic heavy cornice and a carved Renaissance stone fire-place. These features must have made an impression on Eugene Violett-le-Duc when he stopped there, for the great French architect was the author of a Dictionary of French Architecture from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. The old hotel also has housed as guests Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, and Chateaubriand among writers, and Horace Vernet and Rosa Bonheur, among painters.

Forty kilometres distant from Les Andelys lies, in the same district, the town of Evreux, on the Iton River, one of the tributaries of the Seine. There is to be found the Hostellerie du Grand Cerf, which is more modest in its claims to antiquity, for the sign informs one that it was established in 1735. There is still another Grand Cerf that has some claims to inclusion here. This house is in Cosne, on the Loire, in the District of Nievre. When the Pennells were making their "Sentimental Journey" in 1888, they stopped there over night, and if one really wants to know how they were impressed, we can do no better than to refer to their delightful volume, the result of this following in the footsteps of Sterne.

Like Switzerland, Italy is a land of hotels, not merely hostels for the weary wayfarer, but for those who are still making "The Grand Tour," just as they started to do in the eighteenth century. Fortunately for twentieth century tourists, both transportation and hotels have been wonderfully improved, and comfort and convenience can be obtained by merely putting the hand into the ready purse of the modern Fortunatus.

Not only is it not difficult to discover an historic hotel in Italy, but the traveller will find it exceedingly unlikely that he will overlook one. The palaces of the mighty merchant and other princes of a few centuries back, with all their tradition of grandeur, all their picturesque location and all their great past have, in many instances, been transformed into delightful hotels; and a palace is none the less a home for the traveller because once it housed a powerful prince who also called it "home." Naturally the only difficulty in a case such as this is to be able to make a selection of those to be mentioned in a work of this kind. With so large a number possible many, of necessity, must be omitted.

To many persons who travel in Europe Italy means either Venice or Rome. Of course, there are other cities which the traveller should not, and most likely will not, neglect. Venice, owing to its unique position and the delight of its architecture, has been aptly called "The Queen of the Adriatic." It has a charm and a tradition of which no other city anywhere can rob it or effectively supplant it in the imagination. Venetian hotels early were famous, and their value was so well recognized by the Government that as far back as the thirteenth century it was the duty of the police to see that clean beds and all necessary comforts were provided for travellers. In those days, like the inns in other parts of Europe, the Venetian hotels had their signs. There were to be found there in the fourteenth century The White Lion, The Wild Savage, and The Moon, depicted upon various inn signs. To-day, however, with the great hostelries occupying palaces that once were the homes of Doges, more dignified names have been found for them.

Hotel *Royal Danieli, Venice.* (*Page* 201)

Le Grand *Hotel, Venice.* (*Page* 202)

Le Grand *Hotel, Bellagio.* (*Page 204*)

On *the Terrace of the Serbelloni Villa, Bellagio.* (*Page 204*)

The Hotel Royal Danieli is one of these ancient palaces of families of the Doges which has been transformed into a hotel. It had in the past received so many eminent guests privately entertained by the Dandolo family that such a transformation was not a very violent effort. This palace of the Dandolo family was built in the fourteenth century, a period when Venice's famous builders and architects were probably doing their most glorious work. It is more or less contemporary with the façade of the famed Ducal Palace. The Dandolo family at that time had already been famous for nearly two centuries. They gave Doges and great admirals to the ancient Republic, one of the Dandolos, Enrico, who probably was the greatest in his line, was one of the first to humble the great Barbarrosa, which Emperor was compelled by the Venetian to come to Venice and make his peace with Pope Alexander III, whom he had driven from Rome, and who was living in exile in the former city.

In the year 1498 the Prince of Molfetta, with his suite of forty-four followers, arrived in Venice and the party were entertained by the Dandolo, the first persons of importance to be guests in the building which is now the Hotel Royal Danieli. Later in the same year there came to stay at the same palace the Florentine Ambassadors, Rucellai and Vespucci, who must have been pleased with their quarters because they arrived on August 24 and departed on May 28 of the following year, when the French Ambassadors arrived and occupied part of the Dandolo Palace. The Prince of Bisignano arrived in 1520, accompanied by many Senators, the party being escorted by torch-bearers, as they came at night.

As the younger members of the Dandolo family married parts of the Palace were apportioned to them, while parts of the property passed by purchase to the Gritti family. The part thus passed had been for years the residence of the French Ambassadors to the Republic. The Palace has been described also under the names of Gritti, Mocenigo, and Bernardo, owing to the wealthy families of those names who have at one time or another occupied parts of it. It was in the possession of the two families last named in 1797, when the Republic fell.

In 1822 the Palace first became a public hotel. In that year Joseph dal Niel, who was called Danieli, opened it as a hotel de luxe, and two years later purchased the second floor from the widow of Alvise Bernardo. It is said that several of the most important acts of the Venetian Republic were discussed and decided upon in the Palace. Since it has been a hotel it has frequently been host to great writers, artists and other persons of note. George Sand while residing there wrote her novel, "Leone Leoni"; Victor Feuillett stopped there while collecting his Venetian impressions, which he used in his novel "L'honnetete"; Balzac was a guest and so was Alfred de Musset, who was then a very young and impressionable man.

Across the Grand Canal from the beautiful church of Santa Maria della Salute, in Venice, are three ancient Palazzos, or palaces, which once were the residences of the Ferro, Fini and Pisani families. All of them are tall buildings for Venice, and they were built about the sixteenth or late fifteenth century. These have been connected as they stand side-by-side, and now form The Grand Hotel. It has had a great many distinguished guests, but cannot point to so crowded a history as the Royal Hotel Danieli, which is under the same direction.

The Palazzo Ferro and the Palazzo Fini are the most ancient units of the hotel, and they were erected about the same time as the Church of the Salute, across the canal. The Palazzo Fini was erected by an immensely wealthy family who, at their own expense, built the Church of San Moise.

To the European tourist who "does" Europe extensively it might seem that Byron must have inhabited a great many hotels, for there are numerous hostelries which use the English poet's name for their own and whose proprietors will explain that that wonderful if peculiar genius stopped at his house in such and such a year.

Therefore, one is not astonished to run across the Byron Palace Hotel in Ravenna, Italy. When Byron lived there in 1819 the picturesque building was known as the Palazzo Rasponi. Henry James went to Ravenna in 1873, and at that time he was not favorably impressed with the Byronic house, any more than he was with the Dante tomb. "If Dante's tomb is not Dantesque," he wrote, "so neither is Byron's house Byronic, being a homely, shabby, two-storied dwelling, directly on the street, with as little as possible of isolation and mystery. In Byron's time it was an inn, and it is rather a curious reflection that 'Cain' and the 'Vision of Judgment' should have been written at an hotel. The fact supplies a commanding precedent for self-abstraction to tourists at once sentimental and literary. I must declare, indeed, that my acquaintance with Ravenna considerably increased my esteem for Byron and helped to renew my faith in the sincerity of his inspiration."

Oscar Wilde visited Ravenna four years after Henry James, and one of the results of that Italian journey was his poem "Ravenna," which won for its author the Newdigate Prize at Oxford the following year, 1878. He, too, found Byron's one-time home somewhat neglected, for he writes:

> "How lone this palace is; how grey the walls!
> No minstrel now wakes echoes in these halls.
> The broken chain lies rusting on the door,
> And noisome weeds have split the marble floor:
> Here lurks the snake, and here the lizards run
> By the stone lions blinking in the sun.
> Byron dwelt here in love and revelry
> For two long years—a second Anthony!"

No one seems to know the origin of the beautiful Villa Serbelloni, one of the features of the tiny Bellagio peninsula which juts into Lake Como, but in the next breath the inquirer will be assured that its history is a very old one. For instance, it is known that Caius Cecilius Plinius erected his luxurious Villa Tragoedia on the promontory, and that Kings and Princes in olden times were pleased to linger here in that efficient idleness which was relaxation reduced to one of the fine arts. On this beautiful spot there were royal palaces in the dim past. Here Theodoric, the famed leader of the Goths, had a residence, and here also the Emperor Maximilian of Austria made a long stay. The Gauls had made a stronghold of it and when the Romans came into possession they established there a nautical school. It was a feudal land of the Castelli in the thirteenth century. The Lombards strengthened the ancient fortifications, but these were dismantled by one of the Italian princes in the fourteenth century and afterwards their ruin completed by order of the Duke of Milan, in the year 1375. There is no need to go on with the long history of the region of the Como pirates, or of the naval engagement on the lake in 1531, when Duke Sforza of Milan had his forces completely routed.

The Villa Serbelloni is the chief feature of Bellagio, and no one knows when its oldest parts were built. In 1538 the Villa came under the feudal tenure of the Duke of Monte Marciano, whose right to erect fortifications caused a long dispute with the town of Como; but in 1620 Philip, King of Spain, who also was Duke of Milan, decided in the Duke's favor. This Duke of Monte Marciano, known as Ercole I, who was a noble soldier, beautified the castle of Bellagio and built the monastery of Immaculate Mary in the vicinity. At the death of Colonel Sfondrati in 1787 all the domains of the family on Lake Como and elsewhere passed by heredity to Count Serbelloni.

Alessandro Serbelloni spent large sums of money beautifying his estate, and constructing roads and paths over the promontory. Costly plants and flowers were brought from distant parts and transplanted, making his Villa property one of the most beautiful in Italy. Like many another Italian palace, this Villa changed in status to a hotel in the nineteenth century, and its gardens are among the unforgettable sights of Lake Como.

Lake Constance, on the borders of Germany and Switzerland, is probably better known in these late years from having been the scene of the building and sailing of Count Zeppelin's dirigibles. But on an island in front of the ancient town of Constance on the Untersee, where the lake unites with the great river Rhine, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, the inventor of the dirigible balloon, was born. If you look on a map you will find Constance seems to be located in Switzerland, but really lies in Prussia.

To-day the principal building on the Island is the Insel Hotel; that is, in English, Island Hotel. As a hotel it dates only from the year 1875, but as a building it goes back to the year 1235. In the latter year a Dominican monastery was founded there by Bishop Heinrich I. von Tann, who erected the cloistered buildings which have now served as a part of the Insel Hotel for more than half a century.

In 1874 Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin and Count Eberhard von Zeppelin organized the Insel Hotel Stock Company, which took over the old monastery buildings. The community had been dissolved in 1785, after which the then Emperor of Austria, Joseph, presented the Island to Sieur Louis Macaire de Lor, of Geneva. After the buildings had been renovated and altered for their new career, the hotel was opened and among the guests in its early years was the Kaiser Frederick III, who gave it probably the highest testimonial any hotel ever received. When a hotel-keeper has an Emperor state for publication "of all the hotels I have visited I like the Insel Hotel best," he is justified in printing the testimonial on his folders.

The ancient cloisters have been covered with frescos representing the history of the Island. These were painted by Professor Carl Haeberlin between the years 1885 and 1895. The old Dominican church has been transformed into a banquet hall, and traces of the fourteenth century frescos painted by the Friars are still visible. They represent scenes from the lives of the Christian Martyrs. What was the Refectory in the old monastery has become an attractive reading room, whose walls are decorated with reproductions of Manesse's manuscript song. The present proprietor, Matthys Brunner, purchased the Island in 1907.

Innsbrück in the Austrian Tyrol has a beautiful skyline of the snow-covered peaks of the Rhatin Alps behind it, and in its most favored location is the historic Hotel Tyrol. It is a nineteenth century hotel inasmuch as that cycle saw its beginning, its decline and its resurrection into the modern class of European hostelries.

It is the largest hotel in the city of Innsbrück and is not exceeded in size by any other in the Tyrol. It was not always either, but in 1878 Carl Landsee, whose name is known in the Tyrol and in Austria, generally as a pioneer and initiator in foreign travel, took over the house. New wings were added to the old building between the years 1902 and 1904. He died in 1924, when the hotel was taken over by his three children. A few months before his death the corporation of Innsbrück honored him by presenting him with the Freedom of the town.

During the last quarter-century the Hotel Tyrol has entertained many eminent guests. The Archduchess Maria Therese of Austria was there in 1909; the Archduchess Maria Josepha and the Archduke Max, in 1911; Prince von Bülow and Princess Marie von Bulow, in 1925; Prince Mohamed Abi Pascha, in 1913; Prince von Metternich, in 1916; Archduke Friederich, in 1912; Archduchess Marie Valerie, in 1916; and the Indian poet, Rabinath Tagore, in 1926.

The Hotel de Prusse, in Leipsic, has the distinction of having had the Emperor Napoleon as a guest on the fateful night of October 19, 1813, after the Battle of Leipsic had been fought and lost by the Man of Destiny. Accompanying him was Murat, King of Naples. Later the same hotel entertained the Emperor Alexander I of Russia, and Frederick William III, King of Prussia, both of whom had been opponents of Napoleon and witnessed his defeat, which was the beginning of the end for the Emperor of the French.

Among other great personages who stopped at the Hotel de Prusse were Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Richard Wagner, Franz Liszt, Hans von Bülow, and Madame Ristori, the famed Italian tragic actress.

XII

NINETEENTH CENTURY HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES

With the winning of the vast West and Southwest of the United States in the pioneer days during the first half of the nineteenth century, the inn, tavern and hotel in this country underwent a change which entirely removed these resting places for travellers from the category of the types that had preceded them in the days we like to call Colonial. Such of them as we may justly regard as historic have merited that designation from quite different circumstances. Whereas the Revolutionary War and its great chieftains, who have become our American Immortals, contributed to the claims to be made for the Colonial taverns and those hotels which followed in the nineteenth century rest their claims upon hardy pioneers of another kind—great builders, who spread civilization and progress across the continent. The stage-coach gave way before the "iron horse," for the railroads completed the conquest of the enormous lands beyond the Ohio River. In a few instances the story which follows really begins before the nineteenth century was born.

It was only to be expected that in this period the largest hotels and the greatest progress in hotelkeeping still was to be found in the hotels of the eastern part of the country, for the century had more than completed one-half of its span before the Great West, and even the Middle West, had begun its marvellous record of growth and development. This period was generally one of development throughout the country, which was expanding with a rapidity that had never before been witnessed by the world.

HOTEL *Tyrol, Innsbrück, Austria.* (*Page 206*)

INSEL *Hotel, Im See, Constance, Germany.* (*Page 205*)

WALDORF-ASTORIA, *New York City.* (Page 222)

Starting this chapter in the east, we may first note a few of the hotels which were making history in Boston. One of the oldest of these, then modern, hostelries is the United States Hotel at Beach and Lincoln Streets. It was built in 1824, when it was regarded as an enormous structure, and certainly the largest hotel in the city. It has been enlarged several times until it covers two acres. In its early days it was the favorite stopping place for celebrities visiting The Hub. Daniel Webster resided there for a time, and there Charles Sumner entertained Charles Dickens on his first visit to America in 1842.

Originally the house was known as the City Hotel; later it became the South Cove Hotel, and finally the United States Hotel. As it was erected before the age of elevators, the structure was spread over a large area and carried up only four stories. The additional wings were named after the states, which were admitted into the Union more or less synchronously with the improvements; therefore, one was known as "Texas," and the other, "Oregon." Not only did Webster live there for a time, but he and Rufus Choate frequently met there and had a "gentleman's ordinary," English fashion, as the *table d'hote* dinner was called. Henry Clay was another distinguished guest, and his portrait hangs on the wall beside that of Daniel Webster. For many years the house was managed by the Hon. Tilly Haynes, who served as a state senator in the Massachusetts Assembly and was a member of the executive council. When he took over the hotel in 1879, he introduced many of the big leather chairs that once had been used in the State Legislature, and these vie in the interest of guests with old-fashioned ebony sideboards and cabinets of Venetian design prominent among the furnishings of the house.

In 1829 the Tremont House, Boston, was built. Every effort was made to have it a little better than any American

Hotel had been up to that time, and the claim was made for it of being the "pioneer first-class hotel in America," a statement which probably was justified. The old house had many distinguished guests in its day, but probably none more famous than Charles Dickens. It was the first hotel in which he stayed on his first visit to America, in 1842. James T. Fields, who later was to become his American publisher, but who then was an unknown youth, has given us the best picture we have of Dickens' arrival in the New World.

"How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe!" he wrote in "Yesterdays with Authors." "He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on first arriving at a Transatlantic Hotel. 'Here we are!' he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him."

Dickens himself has embalmed the memory of the Tremont House in his "American Notes," where he first encountered those so-called "Americanisms," which usually interest and perplex the foreigner.

" 'Dinner, if you please,' said I to the waiter.

" 'When?' said the waiter.

" 'As quick as possible,' said I.

" 'Right away?' said the waiter.

"After a moment's hesitation, I answered, 'No,' at hazard.

" '*Not* right away?' cried the waiter, with an amount of surprise that made me start.

"I looked at him doubtfully, and returned, 'No, I would rather have it in this private room. I like it very much!'

"At this, I really thought the waiter must have gone out of his mind; as I believe he would have done, but for the interposition of another man who whispered in his ear, 'Directly.'

" 'Well! and that's a fact!' said the waiter, looking helplessly at me: 'Right away.'

"I saw now that 'Right away' and 'Directly' were one and the same thing. So I reversed my previous answer, and sat down to dinner in ten minutes afterwards, and a capital dinner it was.

"The hotel (a very excellent one) is called the Tremont House. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe."

Before Dickens added his name to the register of Tremont House it already had been widely known, and, of course, every distinguished visitor to Boston put up at this hotel. Henry Clay was a guest, and his political antagonist, Andrew Jackson, when President, visited Boston in 1833, and stayed at the Tremont House. Commodore Hull stopped there when he went to Boston to see his old ship, The Constitution, docked. Lieutenant Derby, a humorous writer, who was better known by his pen-name, John Phoenix, stopped there and managed to get a good deal of fun out of the fact that the hotel had the Granary Burying Ground for a neighbor. He said he considered this prospect from the hotel windows, not without some degree of plausibility, part and parcel of all Boston hotels. Jenny Lind was there during her stay in The Hub, on her concert tour of the United States; Thackeray, during one of his American tours, stayed there; King Edward VII, travelling in the United States while Prince of Wales, was a guest at the Tremont, as was also, a little later, President Andrew Johnson. The hotel was torn down in 1894 and replaced by an office building.

Almost opposite the Tremont House, on School Street near Tremont, there was built and opened in 1855 the Parker House, the first hotel erected in this country to be operated on what is known as the European plan. Incidentally, the hotel gave its name to a bread roll that was known throughout the country. The hotel management, after waiting for a long period, finally succeeded in purchasing the corner property and opened the new addition in 1886. A new and large building has recently been erected for the hotel on the same site. The old Parker House was enlarged several times during its first thirty years.

The site of the hotel was itself an historic one, especially so to New Englanders, for on it was conducted the Boston Latin School, in 1748. The school was originated in 1634, but at first occupied a building on the north side of School Street. This older building had among its distinguished pupils Benjamin Franklin and John Hancock. The school on the Parker House site had among its distinguished pupils Everett, Dana, Greenough, the sculptor, Emerson, Motley, Parkman, Henry Ward Beecher, and Bishop Phillips Brooks —an array that should give historic character to any site.

In its long career the Parker House has entertained many eminent guests, and to these should be added the distinguished Bostonians who frequented the hotel at its club-dinners. It was early a popular rendezvous for politicians, owing to its close proximity to the Capital and from having the City Hall for a neighbor. On his second visit to the United States, 1867–68, Charles Dickens was in Boston on several occasions and during these he stopped at the Parker House. There he had as visitors Longfellow, John Bigelow, the Fields, and many other persons identified with literature or with the public life of the nation.

Another Boston hotel which is of historic interest from several viewpoints is the Hotel Brunswick, at Boylston and

Clarendon Streets. Built in 1874, it was enlarged in 1876, and was one of the first hostelries in the United States especially designed to be fireproof. This probably was due to the lesson taught by the great Boston fire of 1872. At the time it was built the Hotel Brunswick was regarded as the last word in hotels. It also boasted of having the finest passenger elevator in hotel service, and there was to be found the private bath with the suites, an innovation fifty years ago.

One of the first historic events connected with the house was "The Atlantic Monthly" dinner given there in 1877, on Whittier's seventieth birthday, at which there were present the most eminent American authors of the time. The same year President Hayes and his family occupied a suite at the Brunswick while the President attended the Commencement exercises at Harvard. On his return from his trip around the world, in 1879, General Grant attended a complimentary dinner given for him at this hotel. Two Massachusetts Governors, Rice and Talbot, made the hotel their home after their terms of office; President Arthur also was a guest at the hotel, as were the Dukes of Argyll and Sutherland.

In Manchester, New Hampshire, is an old hotel which has borne several names and finally was removed bodily and joined to another hotel. Recently the house was purchased, refitted and renamed, being now called the Rice Varick Hotel.

For many years after it was originally built, in 1840, the place was called Shepherd's Tavern, from the landlord, William Shepherd, who leased it from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, which built the house, having just sold off by auction a number of building lots in the town. The house prospered, and in 1851 was much enlarged. Not long afterwards Shepherd purchased the property, which later was named the Manchester House. Situated so remotely from the great centres of things, the old hotel was nevertheless favored with guests whose names were household words throughout the nation. President Lincoln, President Pierce, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, General Winfield Scott, General Benjamin F. Butler, Theodore Parker, Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglass were among those who stopped at Shepherd's Tavern. When the hotel building was moved a few years ago and incorporated with the New Manchester House, its old names were discarded and it was known by the name of the latter. Its historical significance is entirely confined to the nineteenth century.

New York City set the pace for luxurious hotels in the nineteenth century. Many of them may be regarded as historic, but a few stand out prominently and beyond question as the scenes of real historic events. As is only to be expected of the largest city in America and the second in point of population in the world, it has attracted more historic characters of that century than any other city in the United States, and this circumstance naturally invited the provision for their proper accommodation.

The old Astor House on Broadway, Barclay and Vesey Streets was regarded with a certain kind of admiration for nearly half a century after it was built. During that period it remained one of New York's leading hotels. It was favored by the popular novelists of the period when they wanted to lay their scene in the Metropolis. There seemed to be some magic in the name, and consequently to readers in the small towns the Astor House was the symbolism for everything that was gorgeous and impressive in a New York hotel. During part of this period, at least, the Astor House probably did not live up to that high character, larger and more elaborately furnished hotels with smaller rooms but with more conveniences having come into existence. However, until the end of its days, only a few years ago, the Astor House was the most famous hostelry in the down-town section of New York.

An anecdote is related of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the family in America, that not a great while after his arrival in New York, and while he was still almost a stranger in that city, he passed a row of newly erected houses on lower Broadway which attracted his attention by reason of their superior architecture. Giving them a keen glance, he turned and remarked:

"I'll build, one day or other, a greater house than any of these, in this very street."

The Astor House is said to have been the fulfillment of this prediction of the stranger who afterwards founded one of America's great fortunes.

In 1835 Astor began the erection of what at first was known as the Park Hotel, but subsequently as the Astor House. It occupied the site where the great merchant had lived for some years, on Broadway from Barclay to Vesey Streets. In his home, on this site, he had frequently entertained some of the leading literary characters of his day. Washington Irving was one of his visitors, and the poet, Fitz Greene Halleck, was frequently there. The Astor House hotel had a great, massive granite front on Broadway with an entrance through a Doric portal. It was a massive structure, and was said at the time of its building that its owner had erected it "as a memento to survive him and transmit his name to posterity."

A contemporary description of the house spoke in admiration of its situation. "On a fine day at noon, and an hour or two after," runs the comment, "crowds of beauty and fashion, domestic and imported, fill this part of the promenade of Broadway, for Astor's Hotel is on the fashionable side of Broadway, and here you are sure to find the elite of the commercial metropolis. Nothing could tempt them to cross over to the Park side of the street." As Mr. Astor lived until 1848, he was able to see the success of his experiment in hotel building, for the house continued to prosper even after newer hotels of greater pretentiousness were multiplied further up-town.

Delmonico's has been a familiar name to New Yorkers for quite a century; and although its fame rests mainly with its restaurants, they have been the scenes of many historic events and the hosts to so very many persons of world-wide distinction. It was in 1827 that Peter and John Delmonico established their business in the down-town section of New York, not far from the eight-story building their successors erected at Beaver and William Streets in 1890. The first Delmonico restaurant built here was put up in 1836 by the founders of the firm. Some years later the Delmonicos opened another house at the corner of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Streets, and this up-town establishment since the Civil War was the scene of many fashionable entertainments and of several important historic events. For many years it was selected by the exclusive circles of New York Society "coming out" parties, and dances of socially prominent belles. The Patriarch's Ball was held in the great Delmonico ball-room for many years. Later, Delmonico's opened a restaurant at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, which place was discontinued on the advent of prohibition.

In addition to these social activities, Delmonicos was historic from having been the scene of the banquet given to Charles Dickens by the members of the American press, on April 18, 1868. It was an occasion of much greater importance than the average function of that character. Horace Greeley, the founder and editor of the "New York Tribune,"

Tremont *House, Boston.* (*Page 210*)

United *States Hotel, Boston.* (*Page 209*)

Continental *Hotel, Philadelphia.* (*Page 233*)

Hotel *Bellevue, Philadelphia.* (*Page 238*) presided. The dinner was given a proper literary atmosphere, which was reflected in the menu, which included, "Consomme a la Sevigne," "Agneau farci a la Walter Scott," "Creme d'asperges a la Dumas," "Cotelettes a la Fenimore Cooper," "les petites Zimballes a la Dickens," among other culinary masterpieces. The real feature of the banquet was Dickens' speech, which was not a long one, for he had been suffering all day with a lame foot—the result of an injury he had received in a railway accident a few years before, and was an hour late in arriving at the dinner.

Dickens was deeply moved by this generous outburst of good will and kindly feeling on the part of the newspapers of the country, especially as he had in his "American Notes" and in "Martin Chuzzlewit" dealt rather vigorously with American newspapers and American customs. A quarter of a century had elapsed since the English novelist's first visit, and since these books had been written. In that period Dickens had found that the country and its conditions had changed for the better, and, he added, he too, had changed.

"Gentlemen," he began, "so much of my voice has lately been heard among you, that I might have been content with troubling you no further from my present standpoint, were it not for the duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here but everywhere, and upon every suitable occasion, whensoever and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my hospitable reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. Also to declare how astounding and amazing have been the changes that I have seen around me on every side." He added that upon his return home he intended to bear for the behalf of his countrymen such testimony of the gigantic changes as he had hinted at. "Also," he continued, "to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest place equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassed politeness, delicacy, sweet-temper, hospitality and consideration." This testimony he promised he should cause to be published as an appendix to every copy of those two books of his in which he referred to America. This promise was promptly fulfilled in the next edition of those two books.

On December 2, 1871, the New York Yacht Club gave a banquet for the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, of Russia, who was making his historic tour of the United States. This dinner, at which Commodore James Gordon Bennett, Jr., presided, was given at Delmonico's. The Grand Duke and his suite were stopping at the Clarendon Hotel, Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. Another historic event which had Delmonico's for its scene was the annual banquet of the New England Society of New York, on December 22, 1877. This dinner was made memorable from having as an honored guest a President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes, and also from having as speakers or guests some of the foremost men of the country. Among the latter were President Noah Porter, of Yale; President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard; the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston; and W. W. Story, sculptor and poet.

What has been declared to have been one of the most brilliant banquets ever held at Delmonico's was that given on December 20, 1889, by the Spanish-American Commercial Union to the visiting delegates to the Pan-American Congress.

On his first visit to America, in 1842, Charles Dickens made his headquarters, while in New York City, at the Carlton House. Many of his published letters are dated from this hotel, which he found "enormously dear." Fitz Greene Halleck came there to dine with the novelist. In one of these letters, written on the day he arrived, he mentions that when he and Mrs. Dickens sat down to dinner, "David Colden made his appearance; and when he had gone, and we were taking our wine, Washington Irving came in alone, with open arms. And here he stopped until ten o'clock at night." The first great public dinner given to Dickens in America was held during this visit to New York, and the old City Hotel was the scene of the festivity. It was mainly interesting from the large number of American men of letters who were present; Washington Irving presided, and broke down in his attempt to make a speech of welcome.

Fronting upon Madison Square, at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York, the Fifth Avenue Hotel was built in 1859, and for forty years it had an important part in the great public events in the metropolis. Before some other hotels that, in those days, boasted of their magnificent drinking bars, the Fifth Avenue Hotel bar was famous. The management maintained a careful scrutiny over this part of the establishment, and it is said that a man "had to be a gentleman and in first rate condition to get into the Fifth Avenue bar." To secure this selectivity the bar was placed in the rear, and to reach it the patron had to pass several porters who would diplomatically side-track any of the thirsty who seemed to need no more, or who seemed otherwise to be undesirable. About midway on the long hall leading to the bar-room were two maroon-colored plush benches set diagonally to two corners. Here during the busy times of the day could usually be found prominent men, from Presidents of the United States down to mere political "bosses." The famous Tom Platt, the boss of New York State, was often to be found there, and the place where the two benches were to be found began to be known as "The Amen Corner." It is said that nine

Presidents of the United States have sat in the Amen Corner, and the number of Governors and Ex-Governors who have sat there never has been calculated. For years the political fate of the Empire State and the careers of politicians were decided in this comfortable corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

It is neither upon the "Amen Corner" nor the famous drinking bar that the historic character of the Fifth Avenue Hotel rests, but upon its really notable guests in the days of another generation. First among the eminent personages who were guests of the hotel was King Edward VII, at that time Prince of Wales. He visited New York city in October, 1860, and he and his suite were put up at the Fifth Avenue. It was estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand persons crowded the sidewalks from Castle Garden, where the Prince was landed, to the Hotel at Madison Square, to see the distinguished guest pass. The crowd was so great in front of the hostelry that the royal barouche was driven to the private entrance and the Prince hurried into the hotel, "a fleeting vision of a scarlet coat and a white plume nodding gracefully, and he was gone. For this thousands had stood six to eight hours," according to a contemporary account. In the Prince's party were the Duke of Newcastle, Dr. Ackerman, Sir Henry Holland, General Bruce, Lord Lyons, Hon. Mr. Eliot, and the Earl of St. Germans.

After the Prince entered the house he was escorted to a balcony and from this elevated position returned his thanks and bowed in acknowledgment of the cheers of the throng. The tired young man, who had gone to bed with a headache after the eventful day, was disturbed at midnight and called to his window by the serenade from the Caledonia Club, which organization was headed by Dodsworth's Band, nearly all of whose members belonged to the Scotch Regiment.

General U. S. Grant, fresh from his conquests of the Civil War, was the next personage to give the historic touch to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The General came to New York in November, 1865, and it was decided to give a great reception and dinner in his honor at the Fifth Avenue. The event, which took place on November 20, 1865, was memorable from more than one aspect. The Committee had underestimated how enormous a public reception to a man who was the chief figure in American life at the time could become. Its preparations were inadequate, and before anyone realized what was happening, the Hotel was jammed in parlors, halls, stairways. About twenty-five hundred persons attended, and the means of handling this throng proved totally inadequate. Many of those present probably never got within seeing distance of the distinguished guest. General Grant at the reception stood beside Mrs. Grant and around them were Generals Wool, Cook and Hooker.

Years after this event there was another reception given at the Fifth Avenue Hotel which resulted in the making of history. The Presidential Campaign, which had been a particularly hot one, was drawing to a close in the year 1884, when on October 29 a large number of ministers held a reception for James G. Blaine, the Republican Candidate, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They had arranged the reception to assure him of their devotion to him and his party.

This public testimony of confidence was drawn forth by the fact that a newspaper reprinted a number of letters alleged to have been written by Blaine, one of which ended with the now historic request: "Burn this letter." Blaine was charged with falsehood and unethical conduct concerning a bill to renew a land grant for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, some years before. The question of religion also arose, owing to the fact that Mr. Blaine's mother was a Roman Catholic. One Tammany orator had declared that no Irishman or Catholic would vote for Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, while Mr. Blaine announced he was hostile to the political solidarity of any race or religion.

The campaign, as may be imagined, engendered many painful prejudices. At the reception in the Fifth Avenue Hotel the Rev. Stephen D. Burchard was selected to make the address of confidence to Mr. Blaine. He thus became the spokesman for the assemblage of ministers. In his speech, which was delivered at the foot of the grand stairway in the hotel, Mr. Burchard evidently took the stand that the Democratic party was responsible for all the bigotry, intemperance and war from which the country had suffered, by describing it as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." The speech was sensationally displayed in the newspapers the following morning, and along with it the statement that the slighting allusion to Catholics had not been rebuked nor assailed by Blaine. The utterance was believed to have turned the election in Cleveland's favor, for he carried the state of New York by a very small majority, but its electoral votes won him the presidency.

Two years ago Edward Hungerford wrote "The Story of the Waldorf-Astoria," and on the "Jacket" of the book there was printed an epitome of this story. "To its portals have come prince and potentate, poet and prima-donna," runs one paragraph. "Its roster for more than thirty years is that of the most interesting and distinguished of travelers upon either side of the Atlantic." This statement of a mere matter of fact will show the difficulty of attempting to condense the history of this dual-hotel in a few sentences.

Before New York City recovered from its surprise occasioned by the published rumor that William Waldorf Astor had decided to live in England, it received another shock that the old Astor Mansion, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Streets, which was to be abandoned, would be replaced by another Astor Hotel. These events followed one another rather quickly in the year 1890. Then, having decided to build a hotel, the question naturally arose, "Who was to run it?"

Mr. Astor put that very question to his estate agent, Abner Bartlett, and the latter answered promptly:

"That man over in the little Bellevue, in Philadelphia, George Boldt."

It required some genius to interest Boldt in a new enterprise, as already he was engaged in several, among them the Bellevue, a small but most important house at Broad and Walnut Streets in Philadelphia. However, he was won over by Bartlett, and before the Waldorf Hotel was opened Boldt had engaged Oscar Tschirky, best known as "Oscar," who was then on the staff at Delmonico's, to head the staff of the new hotel. Construction on the new building was slow, and although work was started in 1891 the Waldorf was not completed and opened until March 15, 1893.

The first notables to stop at the Waldorf—for the Astoria had not even been visioned—were the Duke and Duchess of Veragua and their party from Spain. The Duke was a lineal descendant of Columbus, and was in this country to take part in the opening of the Columbia Exposition at Chicago. The Princess Eulalie, of Spain, was another guest shortly afterward. The first large reception held there was one by the Ducal party, which was attended by a hundred of the most prominent women of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and Washington.

On February 10, 1897, just before the New Astoria addition to the hotel was opened, the historic Bradley-Martin ball was held in the Waldorf. No such splendid costume ball had ever been given, in this country at least, and the list of invited guests, between eight and nine hundred persons of the inner circle of New York Society, was long the roll of the élite, to be on which was a guarantee of one's social standing. A supper followed the ball and two hundred and fifty selected waiters were needed to serve this elaborate meal which began at one o'clock in the morning and lasted until five. Great secrecy was preserved about the preparations for the function, and, as it was rumored that a bomb had been placed on the steps of the Bradley-Martin house, the police took great precautions by scrutinizing each guest as he or she presented his or her card. There had been some criticism about the immense outlay of money being lavished on the ball, so Mrs. Bradley-Martin announced that the reason she had given it was to provide work for dressmakers, florists and caterers, and that if the criticisms were persisted in she would move to England. This threat she not long afterward carried into effect.

Viceroy Li Hung Chang, the greatest man of China in his day, came to the United States in the summer of 1896, on his way home from Russia, where he had attended the coronation of the late Tsar Nicholas II. He came as a guest of the United States. As he entered the country at New York he was taken immediately to the Waldorf Hotel, where he stopped while in that city. While Li was perfectly willing to let the members of his suite tempt fate by eating foreign dishes, he carried his own cooks with him and they prepared his meals in a special kitchen assigned them. This was necessary since they brought all their own equipment, including their own stoves on which to cook the Viceroy's food.

After Boldt built his Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia in 1905, he introduced two innovations some years ahead of anybody else. One of these was a daily automobile service between his New York and Philadelphia hotels, and the other was the installation of wireless stations on both hotels. At the time both motor cars and wireless were in their pioneer stage. The Waldorf-Astoria as a complete hotel began business on November 1, 1897, the Astoria addition taking up the remainder of the block to Thirty-fourth Street.

The opening of the new addition was signalized by a concert, a children's entertainment, a theatrical performance, a supper and a dance. Vice-President and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart headed the list of distinguished guests. With the new addition the Waldorf-Astoria had one thousand rooms, and seven hundred and sixty-five of them had private baths —the largest hotel in the world at the time. It was then estimated that the hotel had cost five million dollars, an unheard of figure for a hotel thirty years ago.

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, as the combined houses are known, for they are physically one, was an immediate success. It had a four-sided standing bar that, owing to the representative men who were to be seen there daily, became in itself historic. The hotel became to men of large affairs more like a comfortable club than a hotel. Every afternoon and evening there were little conferences in one or another of the numerous private apartments of the hotel that frequently had important effects upon the country's business. Men from other cities would call a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria as being more satisfactory and not so likely to attract attention as if held in their home city. It is known that the United States Steel Corporation was born in the Waldorf-Astoria. An informal conversation between John W. Lambert, John W. Gates and Max Pam in the main corridor of the hotel led to a further meeting upstairs in Gates's apartment, and the result was the first billion dollar corporation.

To run over a few of the historic events at the Waldorf-Astoria, for only a few can be mentioned: There was a great dinner on March 10, 1900, to Theodore Roosevelt, who had only recently been inaugurated Governor of New York; the dinner given for John Hay, Secretary of State, January 17, 1903; the banquet by the Pilgrims of the United States to Field Marshal Viscount Kitchener, of Khartoum, April 18, 1910; the dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales, November 19, 1919; dinner in honor of General John J. Pershing, September 10, 1919; the banquet in honor of Cardinal Mercier, September 17, 1919; and the dinner to Marshal Foch, November 19, 1921.

During this period among the eminent personages who were registered as guests at the Waldorf-Astoria may be mentioned the Crown Prince of Siam, who came soon after the opening of the enlarged hotel. In 1902 Prince Henry of Prussia was a guest, and although it was believed every preparation had been made for his reception, the telephone clerk was astonished to have a signal from the royal apartment soon after the Prince's arrival:

"Pardon—could he request? The hot water does not run in the Prince's bath."

The only instant remedy at hand was applied, and a group of hall porters started to carry the hot water in buckets to the royal bath-room. Still the Prince did not feel so keenly about it as did the proprietor of the hotel, George C. Boldt, and when he was leaving he not only pinned the Order of the Double Eagle upon the breast of Mr. Boldt, but said he had never before stopped at so fine a hotel.

A year after the World War a number of notable figures registered at the Waldorf-Astoria—General Pershing was among the first; the King and Queen of the Belgians followed; then came the Prince of Wales; and, in 1921, President Harding was at the hotel.

Forty years ago one of the favorite places for holding summer conventions in the eastern part of the United States was the Hotel Kaaterskill, which was built on one of the highest points of South Mountain, at Catskill, New York. The hotel had twelve hundred beds and a ball-room, or assembly room, quite two hundred feet in length. It was a mammoth summer hotel and attracted the fashionable element.

The origin of this vast hostelry, probably the largest resort hotel in the world at the time it was erected, is an interesting story of what a badly treated guest can do—if he has the will and the means. A noted Philadelphia lawyer, George Harding, was in the habit of spending parts of his summers in the Catskills, and about 1878 or 1879, while stopping at his favorite hotel, he was refused some innocent and inconsequential favor regarding a change of menu. It was not so much that the hotel asserted it could not grant him his favorite food as it was the imperious and final way in which the refusal was couched.

"Very well," replied Mr. Harding quietly but in a tone that was filled with prophecy, "I'll build a hotel here where I can get it."

It was no small undertaking to build anything in those days on the top of a mountain half a mile high, especially as roads were few and difficult to traverse. However, Mr. Harding sent for an architect, had a mammoth hotel designed, roads built and the material for a resort which had a front of more than six hundred feet, hauled to the top of South Mountain. Rapidly, almost magically, the Hotel Kaaterskill arose, and in 1880 its creator was able to sit in its dining room and order from the menu the food he desired without discussion.

The hotel soon became one of the best known resorts in the eastern part of the United States, and stood until about five years ago, when it was totally destroyed by fire. During the forty years it was open it entertained many persons of prominence and was long a favorite place for those who liked to spend the hot months in the mountains.

XIII

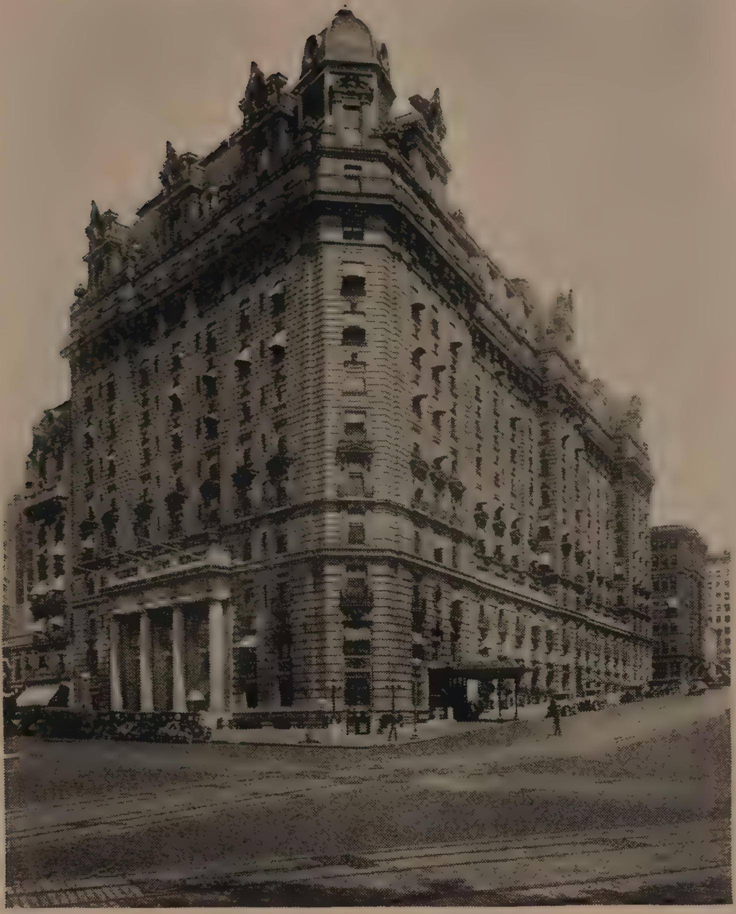
NINETEENTH CENTURY HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES (*Continued*)

PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON

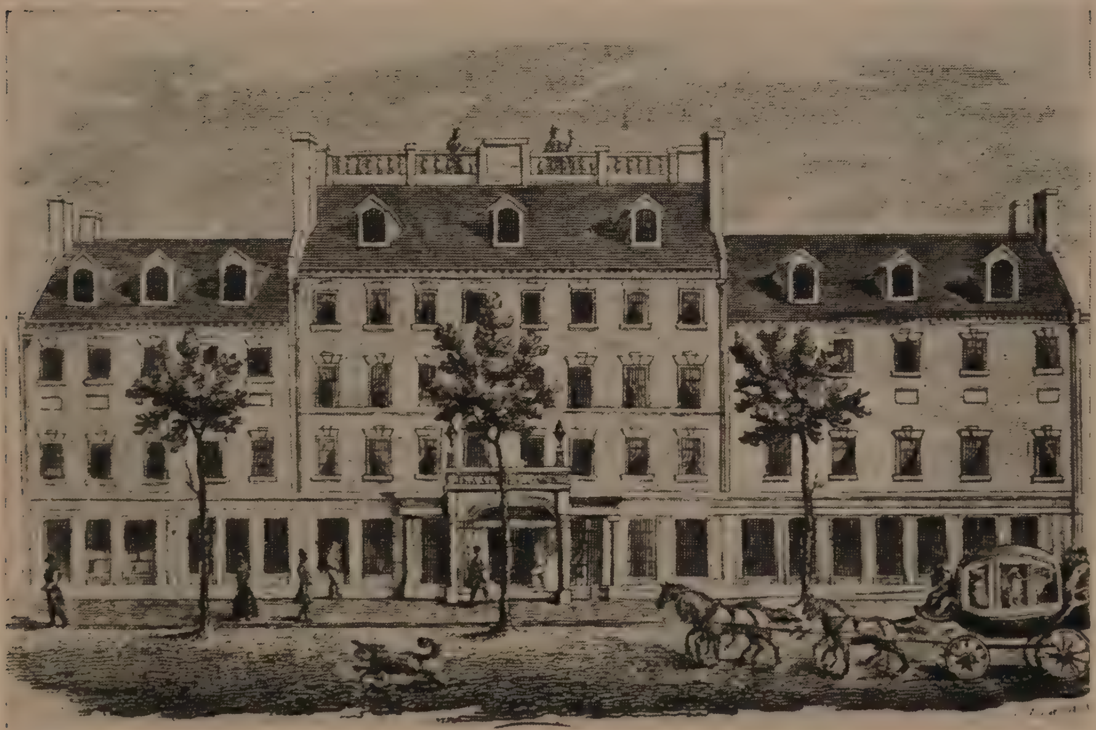
Between the years 1830 and 1850, distinguished visitors to Philadelphia usually were found registered at the United States Hotel, which, when it was erected in 1828, stood opposite the fine classic Doric façade of the second Bank of the United States, long since used as the Custom House in that city. As was mentioned in an earlier chapter, the hotel was opened by Benjamin Renshaw, who had managed and owned the old Mansion House Hotel in Philadelphia.

The centre of the financial and commercial life of Philadelphia at the time, the United States Hotel, was also in the midst of the newspaper publishing district. Not only did travellers from other parts of the country make the hotel a lodestone of interest, but the smart young men of the city were to be found in its corridors and at its bars. One of the first occasions in which the hotel became connected with a historic event was in the year 1830. It then figured from the fact that several letters which were passed before the fatal duel in which a midshipman of the United States Navy killed a young lawyer of Philadelphia were written in the hotel. The tragic occurrence put a stop to duelling in the United States Navy and aroused a great deal of protest generally.

While the story is a long and complicated one, it may be partly outlined here. The men who should have been the principals managed to slip out of the duel and thereby let



WILLARD *Hotel, Washington, D. C. (Page 242)*



INDIAN *Queen Hotel, Washington, D. C. (Page 240)*

Spotswood *Inn, Spotsylvania, Va.* (*Page 246*)

Ballard's *and Exchange, Richmond, Va.* (*Page 247*) in their seconds. From a contemporary pamphlet it appears that the duel between William Miller, Jr., a lawyer, and Charles G. Hunter, Jr., a midshipman in the United States Navy, took place close to the boundary line between Delaware and Pennsylvania, not far from Chester, Pennsylvania, on Sunday, March 21, 1830. An anonymous letter, long afterward discovered to have been written by a disreputable woman, started the tragedy, in which probably half-a-dozen or more persons became involved. The letter was written to a lawyer, R. Dillon Drake, and referred to the lady his brother had just married. He conceived it to have been written by one whom he had regarded as a friend, H. Wharton Griffith, and meeting the latter in a billiard saloon near the United States Hotel, chastised him without warning. Griffith challenged Drake, who refused to meet him. However, Griffith had selected a second, and Drake had a friend interested. While letters were passing between the principals or their seconds, some person in New Brunswick sent a letter to Miller about the dispute. That fact leaked out and he was waited upon and a promise exacted that he would not permit it to be published. The letter was printed in a newspaper, and Miller was accused of bad faith, and the challenge followed. Miller's father advised him to accept it, and he met Midshipman Hunter, falling dead at the first shot from the latter's pistol. President Jackson was called upon to take action in the matter and he dismissed from the Navy Hunter and four other officers who were involved. Hunter and one or two others were afterward reinstated, and Hunter distinguished himself in the Mexican War. One of these officers, Lieutenant Hampton Westcott, was stopping at the United States Hotel as the friend of one of the original seconds in the dispute, and this house seemed to be a centre of interest for a week or two before the fatal duel.

An English army officer, Captain Thomas Hamilton, R. A., stopped at the United States Hotel about this time, or a little later. On his return home he wrote a book about the United States entitled, "Men and Manners in America," which was published in England in 1833, and reprinted in Philadelphia the same year. Captain Hamilton journeyed from Quebec to New Orleans, and his book coming so soon upon the heels of that of Mrs. Trollope, had the advantage of dwelling upon the more important features of the country and its people, instead of upon the trivialities. He wrote disparagingly of the first hotel in Philadelphia to which he had been directed, and then went to the United States Hotel, where he "found the accommodation excellent." Hamilton was the author of several other books, but is best known as the author of a novel, "Cyril Thornton."

Although the hotel was at this time the leading house in Philadelphia, President Andrew Jackson, when he visited that city in 1833, did not put up there, but at the City Hotel, on Third Street, north of Market. This was by no means a luxurious establishment, but the United States Hotel was directly opposite the Bank of the United States, in Chestnut Street, and if there was one thing more than another with which Jackson's administration is inseparably linked, it is with his successful effort to suppress this financial institution. Of course, he could not be invited to a hotel where he would have been compelled to look upon the thing he was determined to put out of existence. General William Henry Harrison, the "Hero of Tippecanoe," who visited Philadelphia in July, 1835, when he was being announced as a candidate for the Presidency, was not similarly prejudiced, so he was escorted to the United States Hotel, where he remained during his visit. President John Tyler, who had been elected Vice-President on the ticket with Harrison, and had succeeded to the office of the nation's chief executive on the death of the latter, visited Philadelphia in June, 1843, on a tour said to have been in search of popularity. While the populace enthusiastically unharnessed the horses which drew the barouche in which Harrison was seated and hauled it with ropes to his hotel, there were no crowds to welcome Tyler when he was driven to the United States Hotel, where he was a guest during his stay in the city.

Charles Dickens, on his first tour of this country, made the United States Hotel his home during the few days he spent in Philadelphia, in March, 1842. The English novelist was made the victim of a few local politicians while in that city. They inserted a notice in the Philadelphia newspapers to the effect that "This gentleman (Dickens) will, we understand, be gratified to shake hands with his friends this morning between the hours of 10 and half-past 11 o'clock. He leaves for the South to-morrow."

The effect of this unauthorized and amazing notice was a veritable mob of curiosity-seekers who crowded the hotel and took Dickens by storm. The distinguished visitor had made arrangements for the day, which this "reception" completely upset. "Boz looked considerably distressed at first," commented a newspaper the next day in its report of the levee, "as he had other arrangements which he considered more important, but being assured that such was the custom here, he put the best face upon the matter possible and suffered his arm to be almost shaken off without a groan." Dickens afterward satirized the incident in his novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit." At the time Dickens was a guest at the United States Hotel, David Dorrance was the proprietor, the Renshaws—Benjamin, who opened the house, and Richard, who subsequently was the owner—having withdrawn from the management. In 1856 part of the house was sold and on the site the Pennsylvania Bank was erected. In a short time all that remained of the historic hotel was the United States Restaurant, the building having been transformed into offices.

Several Philadelphia hotels of the past whose structures have long ago given way to modern improvements were mainly historic by reason of having had one or two international figures as guests. One of these was Jones's Hotel, which stood on Chestnut Street, midway between Sixth and Seventh, where the great French tragedienne, Rachael, stopped while she was acting in Philadelphia, in November, 1855. A cold which the actress had contracted in New York was intensified by the unheated theatre in Philadelphia, and Rachael appeared only once on the stage of the Walnut Street Theatre during her company's engagement, her physician having ordered her to bed in her hotel. She remained in her hotel during the week she spent in Philadelphia, and only once again appeared upon the stage. This appearance was at Charleston, South Carolina. The cold resulted in consumption of the lungs, from which she died in France early in 1858.

The Girard House, which stood on Chestnut Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, was selected by Thackeray for his headquarters during his first visit to Philadelphia, in January, 1853. The hotel was opened in 1851, and some years later was extended to the corner of Ninth Street, a site now covered by the Gimbel Store. Thackeray remained there intermittently for three weeks, during a part of which time he was delivering a series of lectures on the "English Humorists." Appleton's Guide in 1855 described the Girard as "one of the largest and most magnificent hotels in the country." On the novelist's second visit to Philadelphia, in January, 1856, he registered at the La Pierre House, the newest and most western of the hotels then in Philadelphia. It was situated on Broad Street, south of Chestnut, and remained there until 1900. During the last quarter century of its career it was called the Lafayette Hotel. It might seem that Thackeray, like the majority of tourists, always hunted out the newest hotels wherever he went, for the La Pierre House was only opened in 1853, after the novelist had left the city.

The Continental Hotel, at Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, which was opened in February, 1860, remained until 1925, when it was replaced by an even larger and modern hotel, the Benjamin Franklin. Not only was the hotel an historic one, but its site might be said to have been more or less historic. In 1837 Cooke's Equestrian Circus was opened there, and the following year on the back part of the lot the Philadelphia Museum was opened. This latter building housed the first collection of Chinese art and manufactures, as well as of objects illustrative of Chinese customs and manners, gathered anywhere. This circus building, about 1840, was transformed into a theatre by William E. Burton, comedian and playwright, and the publisher of Burton's Gentleman's Magazine. These buildings were destroyed by fire in 1854. In 1848 General Zachary Taylor was nominated for President by the Whig Convention, which convened in the Museum.

About 1858 the Continental Hotel Company purchased the property, including that of the Museum, and after clearing the ground began the erection of a hotel which was six stories in height on the Chestnut Street front, and afterwards carried to eight on the back part of the lot. It was built of brownstone, then becoming a popular building material in the eastern United States. The size of the hotel was so unheard of that the wiseacres were predicting failure even before the house was opened for guests. It was not only the largest hotel in the United States in 1860, but had no superior in the world.

Such a hotel quite naturally attracted persons of importance visiting the city. A mere list of these would be so extensive as to be prohibitive in any book. A few of them may, however, be mentioned, as giving an idea of the general character of its clientele. The first year the house was opened it had as guests the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, and his suite, and the Japanese Embassy visiting the United States, of whom one cheerful little man, always referred to as "Japanese Tommy," made the most lasting impression. On February 21, 1861, President-elect Lincoln stopped there.

While Philadelphia showed no popular enthusiasm on election day when Lincoln was elected, owing to a feeling that it was a foregone conclusion, it turned out in thousands to welcome the "Great Emancipator" when he arrived in that city on the eve of Washington's Birthday, 1861. He was escorted to the Continental Hotel, where he was to stay during his brief visit, by a monster procession, and after he entered the hotel, the crowd poured into it in such numbers that it was necessary to close the doors and station police at each entrance to keep the house from being completely overrun. Lincoln soon appeared on a balcony over the main entrance, and bowed to the crowd while a band played. Then he was presented with the hospitality of the city by Mayor Henry, to which he responded briefly. Later Mr. Lincoln held a kind of informal reception at the head of the grand staircase of the hotel. The following day he delivered his historic address at the raising of a flag over Independence Hall.

The Continental Hotel was rented to Paran Stevens for a period of twelve years, at $40,000 a year, which figures, like everything else about the hotel when it was opened, astonished those who had not been trained to think in such large amounts. Despite the predictions of failure, the hotel kept right on being successful. During the Civil War it was much in evidence. Meetings were held there and banquets and receptions innumerable.

Prominent visitors to Philadelphia in those days invariably registered at the Continental. It was to the Continental that "Coal Oil Johnny" Steele came, after he had struck oil and sold his well for a mere pittance that seemed like a fortune to him. For the short season he remained there in his new character of the world's greatest spender, he was daily the centre of attraction for curious crowds.

In 1868, on his second visit to America and his second time in Philadelphia, Charles Dickens stayed at the Continental. He always had his meals in his apartment and was seen but little by the guests of the house. P. T. Barnum and "Buffalo Bill" Cody always stopped at the house while their shows were in Philadelphia. During the Centennial Exposition in 1876, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and his suite, stayed at the hotel, which flew the Brazilian flag from the hotel flag-staff while the Emperor was in residence. The Grand Duke Alexis and his party were guests during their visit to Philadelphia in December, 1871.

George Augustus Sala, who was in Philadelphia in December, 1879, when General U. S. Grant was welcomed back from his triumphal trip around the world, registered at the Continental, where the General and Mrs. Grant stayed during their visit. In his book, "America Revisited," he wrote, "so far as my observation up to this present writing extends, I should certainly say that the most wonderful caravanserai that I have yet beheld in the United States is the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia." And this was written twenty years after the house was opened. Sala, however, added a footnote, written after he had travelled westward, in which he wrote, "as a matter of fact, the most magnificent hotels on the American continent, and, perhaps, in the whole world, are the United Palace and Grand Hotels, at San Francisco."

Sarah Bernhardt, Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Melba, and Lillian Russell were among the theatrical stars who were guests at the Continental.

When the Continental was built, it was so high that it was necessary to install an elevator, which was a novelty in those days. After a disastrous hotel fire in a western city in the early eighties, the Continental erected what probably was the first fire tower to be built anywhere. It also about the same time or a little later sunk an artesian well, which for a good many years furnished a large part of the hotel's water supply.

While the Aldine Hotel, Chestnut Street between Nineteenth and Twentieth in Philadelphia, and lately abandoned for a modern building, always was what is called a "family hotel," it occupied a building that was historic. The original mansion, which was of brick, was built about 1850 by Dr. James Rush, a son of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a brother of the Hon. Richard Rush, who had represented the United States at the court of St. James during President Monroe's administration, and whose letter to the President was the inspiration of the document generally referred to as "The Monroe Doctrine."

The wife of Doctor Rush was a daughter of a very wealthy Philadelphian, Jacob Ridgway, and was a very brilliant woman. She maintained one of the few intellectual and fashionable salons in this country. It was always an honor to be invited to one of her affairs, and the honor never was offered unless the guest was a person of distinction. She is said to have preferred the society of intelligent men to that of the average woman, although her balls were memorable functions and beauties were not lacking.

Authors, musicians, soldiers, statesmen and distinguished foreigners sojourning in Philadelphia were always to be found at her matinees or her evening balls. The latter usually were splendid affairs, for there was a large conservatory connected with the first floor apartments, and in it were liberated numerous song birds, which amused the guests and gave a decided touch of opulence to the entertainments. Mrs. Rush died at Saratoga, in the year 1857, and early in that year, while the snow was on the ground, gave her last ball, which furnished a mysterious robbery for Philadelphians to talk about. During the night, or early morning after the ball, someone, evidently a person who belonged to the ménage, entered Mrs. Rush's apartment and stole her diamonds from her jewel caskets and some money she had left in a bureau drawer. The jewels were valued at more than twenty thousand dollars. An investigation was made but the mystery of the theft never was solved.

Among the guests who had been entertained by Doctor and Mrs. Rush were President Martin Van Buren, Henry Clay, Charles Dickens, Miss Harriet Martineau, George Bancroft, and J. Fenimore Cooper. Longfellow, when a young man, was a visitor, but of course not in the mansion that became the Aldine Hotel.

After Mrs. Rush's death her husband became more or less a recluse, and at his death, about ten years later, he left a large sum of money with which to build the Ridgway Library, in Philadelphia. This building is of granite, Greek Doric in design, and by provision of the founder's will contains the sarcophagi of Doctor and Mrs. Rush.

The mansion after the Doctor's death was purchased by the publisher, Joshua B. Lippincott, who did not dwell in it many years. Then the building was altered, many stories added to it, and as the Aldine Hotel, was opened in 1877.

It was for some years a favorite house for the theatrical stars playing in Philadelphia, having had as guests Dame Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, and Minnie Maddern Fiske, among others. It was usual for Judges of the State Superior Court to stop there while the court was in session in Philadelphia. Latterly baseball stars sought the Aldine while in Philadelphia, and the names of "Ty" Cobb and "Babe" Ruth were often on its register.

The Bellevue Hotel, which stood at the northwest corner of Broad and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, was one of those houses that was historic and made its own history, for its site was not one of even local importance. It was a small house, but a most select one, without anything that savored of snobbery. It was the germ from which sprang the Waldorf-Astoria and the Bellevue-Stratford hotels, all of which were children of the brain and genius of George C. Boldt.

When the Petry Brothers—Charles and Nicholas—took the large dwelling house that stood at the corner mentioned, about 1875, and opened a hotel on the European plan, they were expanding their business which they formerly had conducted in the old financial district of Philadelphia. They had managed successfully for many years a restaurant business, and this they now, in their new home, were transforming into a hotel. Their's was a Delmonico's on a somewhat smaller scale than the famous New York restaurant. The Petrys were restaurateurs, and consequently did little hotel business. It was not their specialty because they never had been hotelmen. However, they continued until 1882, when the house was leased by George C. Boldt.

The Petrys conducted their establishment in a very quiet, unostentatious manner, and there were no visible signs that a passer-by might recognize that it was a public restaurant. In a short time Boldt, in his daring way, transformed the place into a real, if small, hotel. The house next to the corner was combined with it, a new entrance constructed on Broad Street, and a mansard roof added.

In April, 1882, the Clover Club, one of the world's well-known dining organizations, held its monthly dinner in the Bellevue for the first time. It, too, was a new organization, having been formed only in January of the same year, but the character of its members and of its distinguished guests soon placed it in the class of social clubs to be remembered. Since that time the club dinners always have been held at the Bellevue and, since its removal, in its successor, the Bellevue-Stratford. A list of the guests at the Clover Club's board would include sufficient great names, many of them of international fame, to make any hotel historic.

In December, 1883, the Club gave its only breakfast to Henry Irving, the great English actor. It was a notable occasion, especially as the eminent guest was presented with a watch that had been owned by Edwin Forrest, America's greatest tragedian. The following year Mr. Irving, for he was not Sir Henry then, entertained the Clover Club at a supper—the guests sat down at half-past eleven o'clock in the evening—which he gave at the Bellevue which always was his residence while playing engagements in Philadelphia. Constant Coquelin, the greatest French comedian of his time, also was a guest at a Club dinner held in the same hotel; but the list is too long to be continued.

President McKinley, at the Jubilee celebration in Philadelphia at the close of the Spanish-American War, was a guest at the Bellevue, a part of the hotel having been allotted to him so that he could be properly guarded by a force of United States secret service men and local detectives and police. While he was a guest admission to the hotel was not easy to one unknown to the staff.

When the new Bellevue-Stratford Hotel was erected on the opposite corner, on the site of the Stratford Hotel which Mr. Boldt had taken over and managed for a good many years, the Bellevue was abandoned. It was sold to the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia in 1910, and the present Manufacturers' Club House on the site was opened in 1914.

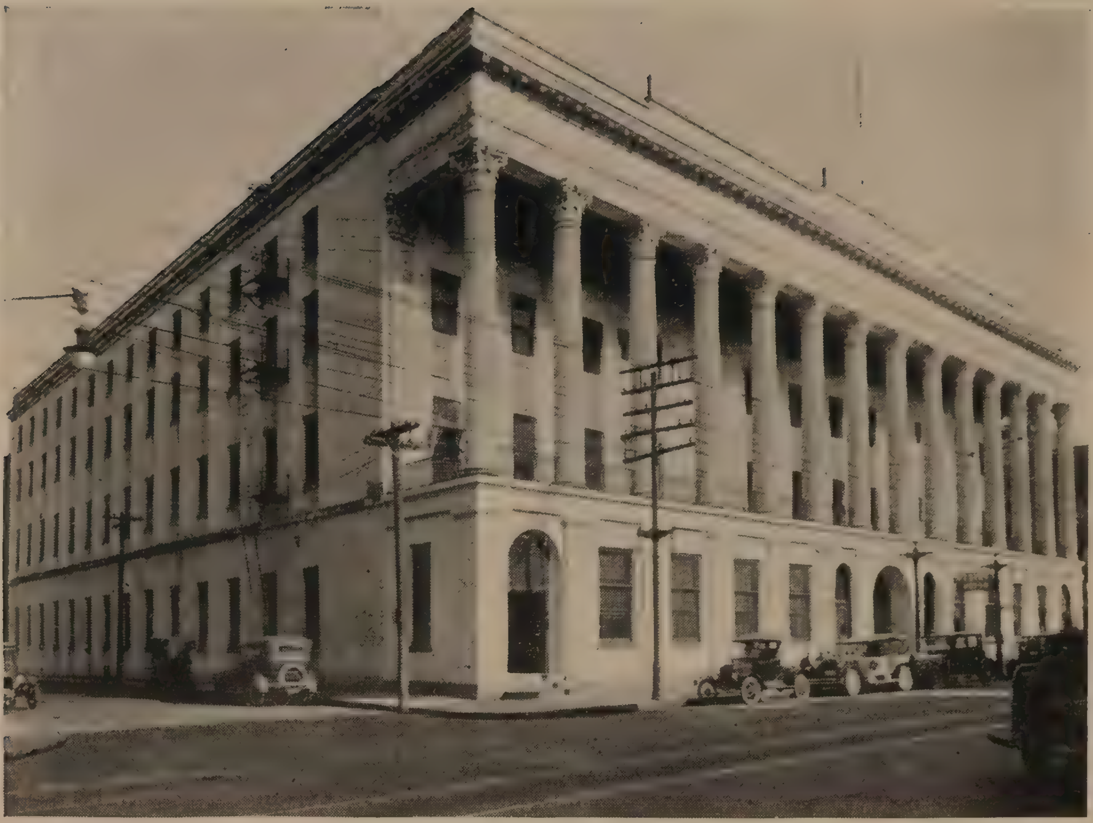
In its early days Washington, the capital of the country, was not very happy in its hotels. When the city was laid out, John Francis, who had managed private hotels in Philadelphia, was bargaining for two large houses, which General Washington was erecting in the new capital city in 1799, for hotel purposes. It was with some such idea that the former President was erecting the houses. They were to be boarding houses, for hotels such as were known in the middle of the nineteenth century had not then been dreamed of. Early foreign visitors to the new capital did not find anything to commend in those buildings which were erected as hotels.

Brown's Hotel, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and West Sixth Street; Fuller's Hotel, corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and West Fourteenth Street; and Gadsby's Hotel at the Northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and West Sixth Street, were the leading houses in 1841. Brown's was a large house, and the principal hotel in the capital at the time. Its full name was Brown's Indian Queen Hotel, and its proprietor was Jesse Brown, who purchased the house and made extensive additions to it in the early thirties. A little later Fuller's was opened and there Charles Dickens stopped on his first visit in 1842. On his second visit, in 1868, the novelist would not stop at any hotel there because he had been told he would not have a moment's rest from callers.

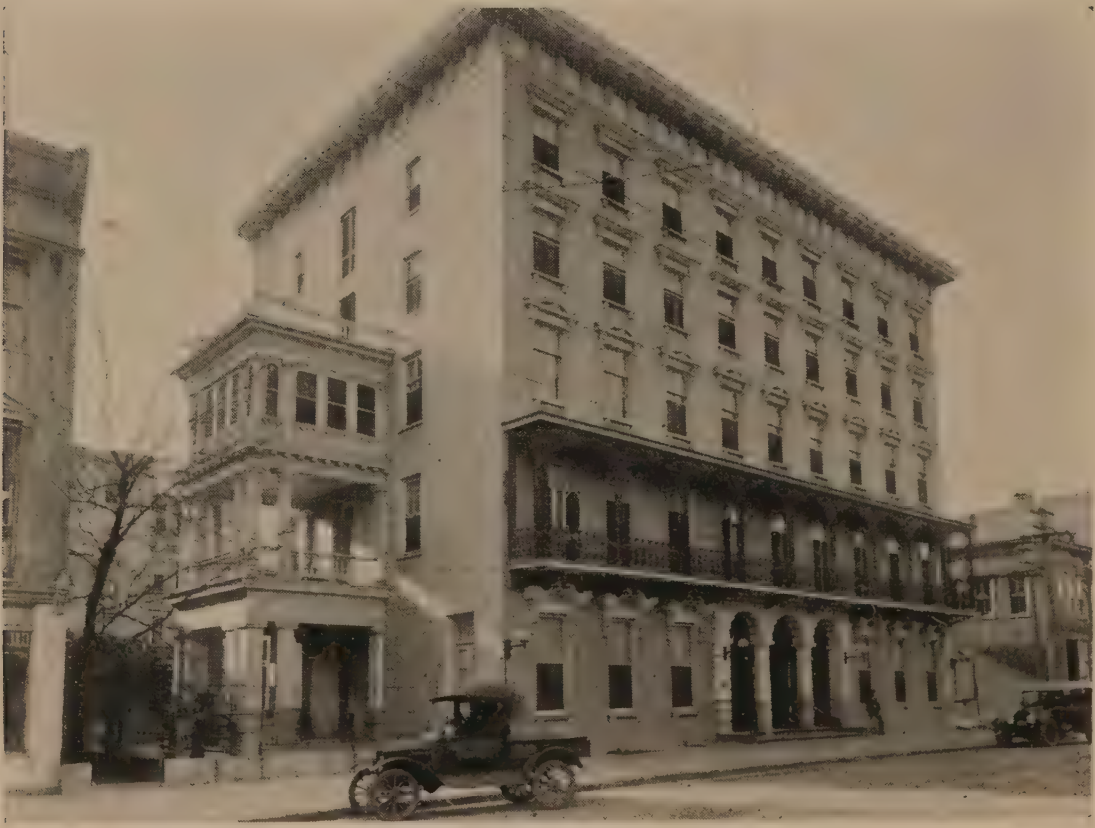
"Accordingly," he wrote to his eldest daughter, "here we are on the first and second floor of a small house, with

Hygeia *Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va.* (Page 248)

Swan *Tavern, Richmond, Va.* (Page 247)



Charleston *Hotel, Charleston, S. C.* (*Page* 252)



St. John *Hotel, Charleston, S. C.* (*Page* 252) no one else in it but our people, a French waiter and a very good French cuisine. Perfectly private, in the city of all the world (I would say) where hotels are intolerable, and privacy the least possible, and quite comfortable. 'Wheleker's Restaurant' is our rather undignified address for the week."

Fuller's Hotel became the Mansion House a few years after Dickens' first visit, and this, in turn, became Willard's Hotel a few years before the Civil War. It bore that name in 1854. It was a favorite hostelry for distinguished visitors to Washington in the period just prior to the Civil War, and during that struggle it became historic from two circumstances.

The first of these was the residence there of the President-elect, Abraham Lincoln, when he went to Washington to take the oath of office as Chief Executive, in 1861. The other was that while Julia Ward Howe was staying at the hotel she wrote her immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mrs. Howe accompanied her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, visited Washington in December, 1861, and stopped at Willard's. During their stay there was to have been a pageant of military a few miles from the capital, and the Howes went out to see it. A small Confederate force, however, put in an unexpected appearance, and a skirmish followed, and the spectators hastened—or tried to hasten—back to Washington, but the roads were filled with marching troops which somewhat impeded their progress.

As the soldiers swung along many of them kept step to the strains of "John Brown's Body," which the majority of marching men were singing. Mrs. Howe seemed to be impressed with the value of the tune for a marching song. The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke was in the Howes' party, and noticing Mrs. Howe's lively interest, he turned to her saying:

"You ought to write new words to that."

She said she thought well of the suggestion, but the subject was not pursued then.

Mrs. Howe returned to the hotel and said she slept as well as usual that night, but when she awoke in the morning the words of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" came to her mind almost without effort. She sat down at a table and began to write. The words flowed so freely that the hymn might be said to have written itself.

Willard's was the most prominent hostelry in Washington during the Civil War, and almost everybody of consequence in the government offices there was in it at one time or another, but even before that Presidents Taylor, Fillmore and Buchanan had made it their Washington residence before or after their term of office. Indeed, it is one of the proud boasts of Willard's—including the New Willard, which supplanted the original on the same site in 1901—that there never has been a President of the United States, since the hotel was erected, who has not been a frequent diner there. It was the home of Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson during their frequent visits to Washington before or after their presidency.

The New Willard has carried on the tradition of the original hotel, and when President-elect and Mrs. Harding went to Washington after their visit to Panama, they occupied the Presidential suite in the hotel. When they came back to Washington on the eve of President Harding's inauguration, they again occupied the Presidential suite.

But a greater distinction than this was the New Willard's, after President Harding's death. President and Mrs. Coolidge took up quarters at the hotel for nearly a month, during which time it was the executive mansion, probably the first time a hotel in this country has enjoyed that character. It was no novelty for Mr. Coolidge, for he and members of his family had made the Willard their home before he became President, and there too Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas W. Marshall lived while the former was in office.

Prince Henry of Prussia, during his stay in Washington, elected to reside in the German Embassy, but for the accommodation of his party an entire floor of the Willard was reserved. The Prince of Wales paid a formal visit to Vice-President Marshall in the Willard, during his hasty call at Washington.

Marshal Foch, of France; General Diaz, head of the Italian Army and hero of the Piave, have stopped at the Willard. During the Disarmament Conference the French delegation, including former Premier Briand, Rene Viviana and Minister Sarraut made the Willard their headquarters, occupying an entire floor. Signor Tomasso Titoni, President of the Italian senate; General Fayolle and General Niville, of the French army, were other noted guests, who included, also, Mr. Carlos Aramaz, foreign minister of Argentina, and Mrs. Aramaz; Dr. Belisario Porras, former President of Panama; Lord Shaughnessy, of Montreal; Albert Einstein, author of the "Einstein Theory" of the relativity of matter; John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Sr., and Elihu Root.

In the ball-room of the Willard the United States Chamber of Commerce was organized, and at a dinner given there by the Geographical Society Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary first told of his exploits in connection with the discovery of the North Pole. There, also, at a dinner given in honor of former President Roosevelt after his return from South America, he told of his discovery of the River of Doubt.

In January, 1927, the Egyptian Government established its legation in the Willard, where the New Egyptian Minister, S. Yousry Pasha, and members of his family, make their home. Ten rooms on the third floor was set aside for them. This was the first time the Egyptian Government had been represented by a legation in Washington.

From Lincoln's time the Willard has been the headquarters of the Republican National Committee; it also has for many years been the headquarters for the Daughters of the American Revolution.

XIV

NINETEENTH CENTURY HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES (*Continued*)

IN THE SOUTH

As might be expected, Virginia has numerous hotels which have some good claim to be held as historic, although usually their stories are short ones, for the majority of these houses that have a place in history obtain it through a very few incidents or events. A few of them date prior to the nineteenth century, but it seems that this is a fitting place to discuss them.

The southern cities and towns all have their locally historic hotels, as cities and towns everywhere have, but only a few of these can be included because only a few are historic in a broader sense of the term.

Of the nineteenth century hotels in Petersburg, Virginia, the Bollingbrook is interesting for several Civil War incidents. Orginally the house was called Niblo's Hotel, and it is now known as the Stratford. During the early days of the Civil War a Secession flag, called the Bonnie Blue Flag, because it was a blue ensign with a single white star in it, was flung from a flagstaff erected on the hotel corner. As Petersburg was a strong Union city at the time, a crowd of a hundred or more collected around the flagstaff the night it was erected and tore it down. In the course of the small riot which followed one man was killed. This is said to have been the only Secession flagstaff erected in the town.

During the siege of Petersburg a banquet was given for General Longstreet at the Bollingbrook Hotel. Considerable interest was aroused at the feast by the appearance of a detail of soldiers sent to arrest a private who without leave had broken camp and come into Petersburg to attend the dinner. He was "Dick" May, a local man-about-town, who was very popular. However, he was a private soldier and was absent without leave. The provost marshal's guard found the soldier seated at the right hand of General Longstreet and opposite his own Corps commander, General A. P. Hill.

May thought he was caught red handed and saw no means of escape, but just as he thought he would be taken back by the guard, General Hill wrote something on a blank, handed it to May, and dismissed the guard. No one ever seemed to know exactly what the General wrote, but one theory was that it was no more than a pass; another theory, which is a little more theatrical, is that the private soldier was appointed a member of the General's staff. However, he was saved and enjoyed the banquet.

Another Civil War hotel is the Spotswood Inn, at Spotsylvania, Virginia. This hostelry was in the midst of the battlefield of Spotsylvania, where a series of fierce engagements were fought from May 8 to May 19, 1864, and in the front walls of the house are still to be seen holes made by cannon and rifle shots at the time. The hotel, which was built in 1799, was the headquarters of General Robert E. Lee during the battles of Spotsylvania and Bloody Angle.

At Fredericksburg, Virginia, is the Hotel Maury, which during the Civil War was used as a soldiers' hospital. The house was built in 1837 and after having been gutted by a fire in 1850, was rebuilt.

When we come to Richmond, Virginia, we find a number of hotels mentioned as historic ones. One of the oldest, and certainly one with some interesting memories, still stands at Fourteenth and Franklin streets, although the building is no longer a hotel, but is occupied by the Associated Charities. This house was early known as the Exchange Hotel, and later as The Ballard.

In March, 1842, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Dickens and their party stopped at The Exchange. When the novelist returned to Baltimore, which he did very quickly, he wrote to his friend, Macready, the great English tragedian, that the weather was so unseasonably hot that he had abandoned all thought of proceeding to Charleston, "but having got to Richmond," he added, "I think I should have turned back under any circumstances."

Edgar Allan Poe gave a series of lectures on "Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle," in the parlor of the Exchange during his last visit to Richmond, in 1849, but he stopped at the Swan Tavern, which, until it was supplanted by the Bijou Theatre a few years ago, stood on Broad Street, between Eighth and Ninth. It was a plain, long, two-storied frame building without anything romantic about it. Poe also was known at the St. Claire Hotel, once the Washington Tavern, and now the Hotel Richmond, at Ninth and Grace Streets.

Jenny Lind stopped at the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, when she was in that city in 1850 on her historic concert tour under P. T. Barnum, and in January, 1856, Thackeray was a guest at the same hotel. He spent a little time touring Virginia, the fruits of which were later seen in his novel, "The Virginians." While at the Exchange Hotel he wrote in a letter home, "Do you know why I am using my old handwriting? Because I have bought a new gold fountain pen price 4$ which is really very ingenious and not much more inconvenient than a common pen—I dare say I shall write half a page with it and then never use it no mo'." Further in the same letter he wrote, "I am sitting at Richmond with my windows open, thank God, though a plenty of snow is still on the ground."

In 1860 the hotel had as distinguished guests King Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales, and on January 17, 1862, John Tyler, former President of the United States, died in the hotel.

Among other Richmond hotels that belong in any list of historic hostels is Eagle Tavern, Main Street, near Twelfth, which was built in 1798 on the site of the City Tavern. In 1807 Burr was there after his trial for treason. Lafayette was entertained at a ball given at the Eagle in his honor, in January, 1825, on which occasion the yard of the hotel was floored and sheltered by a canvas canopy. Lafayette, during the same visit, was entertained at the Union Hotel as the guest of the Virginia Legislature, and in March, 1827, a public dinner was given at the hotel for John Tyler, afterwards President of the United States. The Spottswood Hotel, which stood at the corner of Main and Eighth Streets, was the Post Office of the Confederacy, and Jefferson Davis stopped there while he was in Richmond after his incarceration in Fort Monroe. General Sherman made it his headquarters on his way to Washington. A fire in 1870 destroyed the ancient structure.

While Captain John Smith discovered and named Point Comfort, Virginia, in 1608, it did not become famous for more than two centuries afterward, and probably not until it added the word Old to its name. Old Point Comfort and Fort Monroe, which dominates it, may be said to be one and the same thing. The fort was erected in 1819, or rather started in that year, and in 1821 the beach at the Point began to be a popular summer resort. In that year the Hygeia Hotel was erected—not the mammoth structure which so many visitors to the Point thirty years ago may recall—but a more modest hostelry.

Year by year Old Point Comfort increased in popularity, at first being frequented in the summer, by Southerners.

Palmer *House, Chicago, in 1875. (Page 259)*

Nachusa *Tavern, Dixon, Ill. (Page 260)*

Walker *Tavern, Brooklyn, Mich.* (*Page 260*)

John *Jacob Astor House, Mackinac Island, Mich.* (*Page 261*)

By degrees the Hygeia Hotel was increased in size until it was described, in 1841, as being "large and commodious," but about twenty-five years ago it was removed to make room for the extensions to the fort. The hotel was visited by almost every noted or prominent Southerner and by many of the foremost Northern figures in finance or industry, for it was open all the year, being a favorite with its Southern trade in the summer and with its Northern guests in the winter.

Beside it, in 1887, was erected the Chamberlain Hotel, which has been a worthy successor to its fame and, indeed, has become itself historic from the curious technicalities which surrounded its building. It was built by John F. Chamberlain, who had become the most popular restaurant keeper in Washington. It was once said of Chamberlain that he was the greatest American restaurateur, meaning one whose nativity and tradition were American. In order to build his hotel Chamberlain had first to get an enabling resolution of Congress to authorize him to put it up on a government reservation. More than that, he had to have the consent of the State of Virginia because that commonwealth had ceded the land to the Federal Government with conditions, and these had to be removed for the purpose. Both Congress and the Virginia Legislature passed the needed resolutions and the hotel was erected by the financial aid of Havemeyer, the then so-called sugar king, and the elder J. Pierrepont Morgan. One of the advantages the Chamberlain Hotel is said to have enjoyed was freedom from rent, as it appears the Federal Government, under the deed of cession, could not collect rent for the land upon which it stood.

The Chamberlain Hotel is 754 feet long and is said to have been the first resort hotel to have been entirely illuminated by electric lights. While the Hygeia Hotel made history before and during the Civil War, the Chamberlain has made it since that time.

On the site of the new Robert E. Lee Hotel, in Athens, Tennessee, there stood, until removed for that structure, the Bridges House, variously known as Bridges Tavern. This house was erected in 1830, and it is said the builders took Negro slaves as part payment. In the early days this was a central point in the town. The Tavern stood on the main highway, and mail from North or South was relayed there. The stage, known as the "Washington Express," was due there about sundown, and there always was a crowd to see its six Kentucky thoroughbreds draw it into Athens.

David Crockett stopped at Bridges on his way to Texas; President Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," on his way from Nashville to Washington, delayed his journey to dine there. Henry Clay lent his personality to the hotel's fame by drinking at its bar, while campaigning for the Presidency, in 1844, and General Sherman spent a night there after he left Chattanooga to relieve General Burnside at Knoxville. In February, 1865, the hotel became a temporary fortress, being held by a band of Confederates bent on pillaging Athens.

The Battle House, Mobile, Alabama, and its site has quite a long history. In 1814 the site, the southeast corner of Royal and St. Francis Streets, was occupied by the headquarters of General Andrew Jackson. Later two hotels were built upon it. At the corner was erected in 1829 the Waverley Hotel, and next to it was built a year later the Franklin House. The former was a brick structure and the latter was built of frame.

In 1852 both of these hotels were removed and the Battle House, named for one of the group of promoters of the enterprise, a cotton merchant, James Battle, erected on the site. This building was reconstructed in 1896, but it was destroyed by fire in 1905, when the present modern hotel which bears the same name was erected.

Among the many noted guests who registered at the Battle House or its predecessors on the site were Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian exile, who toured the United States in 1851–52; Sir Charles Lyell, British geologist, who wrote two volumes on his travels in the United States and Canada was there in 1845; Jefferson Davis, who stopped there on his way to be inaugurated President of the Confederate States, at Montgomery, in February, 1861; Generals Bragg and Beauregard, of the Confederate Army; Admiral Semmes, who commanded the "Alabama" the Confederate privateer, stopped there; President Millard Fillmore, after his term had expired, was a guest; General U. S. Grant, before he became President, and President Woodrow Wilson, while he was in office, registered at the hotel. Great actors and singers of the latter half of the nineteenth century who visited Mobile stayed at the Battle House, among them being Forrest, Booth, and Sarah Bernhardt.

The Planters Hotel, Charleston, South Carolina, has long been spoken of as one of that city's earliest hostelries, but the present picturesque ruin on Church Street is not the original, although its attractive architecture makes one regret this. However, there is to be found a historic hotel on the ground where the first Planters stood. This is at present known as the St. John Hotel.

A hotel was built on this spot on Meeting Street, at the close of the eighteenth century, known as the Mary Francis. In 1803, either this house or another in its place, was opened and called the Planters Hotel, and in 1808 this business was removed to Church Street, where as the Planters Hotel the place became famed, especially by the planters who came to

Charleston during the racing season. It is asserted that a theatre stood on this site as early as 1731, being the first erected in America.

After this removal the former site was occupied by the United States Court House, but in 1845 this property was bought by Otis Mills, who built a hotel there and gave it his name. Mills is said to have announced that he erected the Mills House for the purpose of accommodating persons who could not pay the high prices of the then leading hotel in Charleston. At the beginning of the Civil War, Mills, who was an ardent supporter of "The Lost Cause," sold all of his property, including his hotel, and invested all the proceeds in the bonds of the Confederate States. The War consequently left him almost penniless. The house was reopened in 1870 and as the Mills House it continued until 1897, when it was bought by Mrs. W. W. Lawton who changed its name to the St. John Hotel. During the Charleston Exposition in 1900 it was the host for many celebrities. President Theodore Roosevelt, before he was Chief Executive, was entertained there.

The Charleston Hotel, which is also on Meeting Street, is an older house than the St. John, and like the latter, is not the first hostelry to occupy the site. The first Charleston Hotel erected in 1814 was destroyed by fire in 1838, and the present house, with its colonnaded façade, was built in 1839.

Sir Charles Lyell, who toured the United States twice, stopped at the Charleston, in 1845, on his second visit to this country, and in his interesting book, "A Second Visit to the United States," he described a thrilling incident which occurred at that hotel.

"A few years ago a ship from Massachusetts touched at Charleston having some free blacks on board," he wrote, "the steward and cook being of the number. On their landing they were immediately put into jail by virtue of a law of South Carolina, not of very old standing. The Government of Massachusetts, in a state of great indignation, sent a lawyer to investigate the case and remonstrate. This agent took up his abode at the Charleston Hotel, where we are now comfortably established. A few days after his arrival the hotel was surrounded, to the terror of all the inmates, by a mob of 'gentlemen,' who were resolved to seize the New England envoy. There is no saying to what extremities they would have proceeded, had not the lawyer's daughter, a spirited girl, refused to leave the hotel. The excitement lasted five days, and almost every northern man in Charleston was made to feel himself in personal danger. At length, by the courage and energy of some of the leading citizens, Mr. H——— was enabled to escape, and then the most marked attentions were paid and civilities offered to the young lady, his daughter, by the families of the very men who had thought it right 'on principle' to get up this riot."

The ball-room of the hotel has been the scene of many brilliant social functions, and in its dining room was held the spectacular reception to the Confederate officers after the surrender of Fort Sumter. Of course many historic banquets have been given in the same apartment, Ex-President and present Chief Justice, William H. Taft, was twice entertained there.

When Captain Thomas Hamilton was in Charleston, in 1832, he stopped at a more or less unfrequented hotel. But, according to his book of "Travels," published the following year, he had been disappointed with American hotels, so it is worth noting that he found one in Charleston to commend.

"Every Englishman who visits Charleston," he wrote, "will, if he be wise, direct his baggage to be conveyed to

Jones's Hotel. It is a small house, but everything is well managed, and the apartments are good. Our party at dinner did not exceed ten, but there was no bolting or scrambling. Jones is a black man, and must have prospered in the world, for, I learned, he was laid up with gout—the disease of a gentleman.

"The pleasure of getting into such a house, of revisiting the glimpses of clean tablecloths and silver forks, of exchanging salt pork and greasy corn cakes, for a table furnished with luxuries of all sorts, was very great."

New Orleans's historic hotels, the St. Louis and the St. Charles, were particularly nineteenth century products, and have been mentioned in the books of those foreign travellers who toured the United States before the Civil War. The former was the older of the two, but both are mentioned by Buckingham, an Englishman who visited New Orleans in 1839.

He found the ball-room of the St. Louis Hotel unequalled for size and beauty in this country, and he pronounced the St. Charles Hotel not only the handsomest in the United States but even surpassing those of London and Paris. He found a descendant of the navigator, Amerigo Vespucci, whose name was given to the New World, in residence there. This was Mlle. America Vespucci, whom he described as an advanced woman and one whose presence was explained as being in search of a grant of land on the strength of her descent.

George Augustus Sala, who saw the old hotel in 1880, wrote that it was an historic edifice, because there, in 1842, Henry Clay was entertained by the people of New Orleans; in 1843 in the ball-room there met that Convention which framed a new Constitution for the state of Louisiana. For years it was the resort of the wealthiest planters of the South, and its great rotunda was long the headquarters of the Chamber of Commerce, the Stock Exchange, and the meeting place for political gatherings. It was, indeed, called the Bourse for years, but when Mr. Sala visited it it was being used as a temporary State House.

The St. Charles has for many years been the centre of interest during the Mardi Gras Carnival, and it was the hostelry at which the distinguished English correspondent stopped. It has taken the place early held by the St. Louis, and scarcely any celebrity who has visited New Orleans since the Civil War has failed to register at the St. Charles.

XV

NINETEENTH CENTURY HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES *(Continued)*

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

In the West, Middle West and Southwest in the United States the inns, taverns and hotels may be said to have "followed the flag," because the great part of these sections became part of the Union during the nineteenth century and before their territories were added to the area of this country they were populated only by isolated bands of Red Men and generally were in a primitive state.

Naturally, a country in the hands of pioneer builders, probably the most daring and successful adventurers the world has ever beheld, had a goodly number of wayside houses, taverns and other resorts for travellers that were historic. It would be useless to attempt to include all of these, because many of them have no claim to the attention of the world outside their own environment. On the other hand, some of them have histories that are well worth listening to, a few of which have been related in previous chapters.

One of the interesting ancient hostelries in Indiana still stands, much the worse for its years—the McKinley Tavern, about three and a quarter miles east of Brazil, on the National Old Trails Highway. The present dilapidated shell of a building is the second building erected on the same spot by Greene McKinley. The first McKinley Tavern was both a general store and tavern, and was of log construction. It was built in 1838, just before the opening of the Cumberland Road.

Hotel *Portland, Portland, Ore. (Page 266)*

P. and A. Photos., Inc.

Astor *House, Shanghai (structure in rear). (Page 273)*

Imperial *Hotel, Tokyo. (Page 270)*

Yamato *Hotel, Dairen, Manchuria. (Page 274)*

The tavern became a regular stopping place for changing horses on the stage line which passed through this way, and some men who later became national figures became transient guests at McKinley's log cabin. Among them were Presidents Van Buren and Buchanan. Later Abraham Lincoln, who was to become better remembered as President than either of his predecessors, was a guest of the humble tavern.

Not many years after it was erected this house was burned by the overturning of a lighted candle which ignited some goods just received for the general store. McKinley immediately erected another house on the site, this time of brick, and this old structure, abandoned a dozen years ago, is the one the motorist sees on the highway as he passes to-day.

In Metamora, Illinois, stood, until about a quarter century ago, the Metamora House, which is said to have been built in 1843 by Samuel S. Parke. It is claimed that the house was much patronized during the court term by lawyers and others, and that on one occasion Lincoln, then a rising attorney, was a guest.

The Halliday Hotel, Cairo, Illinois, was built in 1859, when it was opened as the St. Charles Hotel. During the Civil War it was, at different times, the headquarters of General McClellan and of General Grant, and its register was filled with the names of men prominent in the country's affairs.

In the first Chicago Directory, that issued for 1844, there is an historic sketch of the city which was written with benevolent pride, especially when the writer describes the hotels of the young municipality.

"In facilities for the accommodation of the travelling public," it runs, "Chicago has made great progress. In early times our inns were miserable in the extreme. Now we have eighteen hotels and houses of public entertainment, some of them large and splendid establishments, not inferior to any in the West."

One of these hotels was the Sherman—not the Sherman the present-day traveller enters, but still a hotel of which the city was then proud. For a century, or close to it, it is said a hotel has stood at Clark and Randolph Streets, and there has been a Sherman Hotel there for eighty years.

Originally the corner was occupied by Elijah Wentworth's tavern. Those were the days when it was difficult to separate Chicago from the prairies which almost surrounded it. In 1836 Francis Cornwell Sherman, a brick manufacturer, began the erection of a brick hotel on the site of the old tavern. This house was at first named the City Hotel, evidently in recognition of the fact that in the year 1837 Chicago was incorporated as a city.

The Sherman Hotel was among the first hostelries in the West to have a passenger elevator, but this convenience was so new that Chicagoans taxed their ingenuity to name it. When the house was rebuilt in larger size in 1861, one of the Chicago newspapers described its elevator as "the steam car that runs from floor to floor." Added to once or twice, the house was one of the foremost hotels in Chicago, having had as guests some of the country's most famous persons, when the great fire of 1871 reduced it to ashes. But a new Hotel Sherman was built, and the flow of distinguished patrons continued until 1909, when the old structure was taken down and the present twenty-four-story hotel was erected.

Among the early guests were Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Admiral Farragut, Generals Scott, Sherman and Grant, among those of the Civil War period. Daniel Webster and Emerson were also of the number who registered at the Sherman in its early days. Later politicians, governors, congressmen, actors who went to Chicago were usually to be found at the Sherman. Among its later guests were President Coolidge, General Pershing, William Jennings Bryan, and Commander Byrd, who flew over the North Pole in an aeroplane and more recently flew from New York to France.

The Palmer House, Chicago, does not have so extensive an ancestry as the hotel just mentioned, but the story of its career is a tale of Chicago for the past fifty years. The hotel known by this name is the third to be so designated. In 1871 the first Palmer was opened on September 26, and thirteen days later was a smouldering ruin, being one of the victims of the great conflagration. It had been erected by Potter Palmer as an investment and leased, for Mr. Palmer had been a pioneer in the dry-goods business in the Windy City, and had sold out his store to Marshall Field. The second Palmer House was then in course of construction some distance away, on part of the site of the present modern hotel.

This latter house, usually referred to as "The Old Palmer House," was erected as a fire-proof structure, being composed of brick and iron, and probably the first of its type. As soon as part of the structure was ready for occupancy it was rented, and in order to hasten the construction work was carried on night and day, also a novel bit of enterprise for those times. In 1873 the hotel was opened, and it soon had many notable guests sign its register.

There was an army headquarters in Chicago, so General Philip H. Sheridan, the commandant, took up quarters for himself and family in the hotel. General Grant always stopped at the Palmer House while in Chicago, and in its rotunda speeches were made by James A. Garfield, afterwards President, Roscoe Conklin and other statesmen. Rudyard Kipling was a guest there on his return home from

India by way of the United States; Richard A. Proctor, the famous English astronomer, lived there for a time; and from its balcony General Grant reviewed the great parade in his honor after his return from his round-the-world trip. There also was a banquet given for him at the hotel at which General Sherman presided and both Colonel Robert T. Ingersoll and Mark Twain spoke.

A new and greater Palmer House stands on the site of the old, every bit as advanced for its time as was its predecessor of half a century ago.

At Dixon, Illinois, is the hotel still called Nachusa Tavern, which was originally built in 1838 by a company headed by John Dixon, who went to Central Illinois a few years before and began to build. He builded so well that the place on the Rock River where he settled was first called Dixon's Landing, and later developed into the town of Dixon. The original structure was added to in 1853 and 1865, another story and Mansard roof given to it in 1880, and in 1914 a new addition built.

It has had a long list of famous guests of which its management is proud, for on the register are such names as Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Stephen A. Douglas, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Cassius M. Clay, Adelina Patti, Ole Bull, the Marquis of Queensbury, Jefferson Davis, General George B. McClellan and Henry Ward Beecher. The tavern is referred to in Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis."

Michigan has its relics of pioneer inns that seem to have historic backgrounds. At Brooklyn is to be seen the Walker Tavern, now preserved as a kind of show place, which has its "chamber of horrors," probably made a little more horrible by the names given these rooms—one called "murder room," and another, "suicide room"—although it does not appear that a murder actually was committed there.

The guest vanished, that is all; although "blood stains" are still pointed out.

On the other hand, there is a more agreeable sight for the visitor who is shown also J. Fenimore Cooper's room. The novelist with his wife, two daughters and two servants were at the Walker Tavern in June, 1847, while Cooper was making his studies for his novel, "Oak Openings; or, The Bee Hunter," a story of woodland life, which was published that year. The novelist and his party occupied nearly one-half of the second floor of the house. Daniel Webster stopped at the tavern in 1838.

Walker Tavern is said to have been erected in 1832 by Sylvester Walker, who, in 1853, built a three-story brick building to the south of the old house to accommodate balls and other entertainments in the neighborhood. Then the older house was abandoned as an inn and became a farm house for many years. A few years ago the latter was purchased by the Rev. Frederick Hewitt, an Episcopal clergyman of Detroit, who has preserved the ancient frame structure. The newer tavern, also a show place, has as one of its features a Henry Ward Beecher room, being the apartment occupied by the distinguished preacher when he was a guest there.

On Mackinac Island, Michigan, an island in the straits which connect Lakes Huron and Michigan, stands the long, low frame building which has been known as the John Jacob Astor Hotel for many years. This island was early a trading centre for the fur companies of the neighborhood of the lakes mentioned, and becoming an important trading post, it was fortified. After the termination of the Revolutionary War, Michilimakinac, as the island was known in those times, was fortified by the United States as an outpost of its North West Territory. It was a rendezvous for Indian traders who brought in their winter fur trappings and exchanged them with the agents of the fur companies.

In 1804 the North West Fur Company and the X Y Fur Company, which had been competitors, united, and it was in this year that the building, now a hotel, was erected for the Michilimackinac Fur Company, the name of the reorganization. In 1808 John Jacob Astor, who had bought out several lesser fur companies, acquired the Michilimackinac, and formed the South West Fur Company. The success which followed led Astor to spread out across the continent to the Pacific, with his Pacific Fur Company and found Astoria. The second war with Great Britain—that called the War of 1812—made a partial failure of the project, but after the peace Astor formed the American Fur Company, which was successful.

The building erected at Mackinac Island was used by the fur companies which succeeded each other, as combination store, office, warehouse, and headquarters. During the War of 1812 the fort was captured by British and Indian allies, but was retaken by the American forces. Constructed of white pine logs, the Astor Hotel is still in good condition after more than a century. Many relics of the fur company's occupancy remain in the ancient balance scales, the eleven-foot elevator wheel, office desk and quaint fireplaces. During the British occupancy part of the building was used as a barracks.

When General Grant visited Mackinac he made the Astor Hotel his headquarters. The hotel is now a summer resort, although the atmosphere of the days of the fur traders is not entirely eliminated.

Saginaw, Michigan, began its career as a fort of the old stockade type in 1822, and its first hotel was a blockhouse within the fortification. The site of this modest tavern is now covered by the Hotel Fordney.

In 1858 the Bancroft House was built, and named for the historian and President Polk's Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft. He also was subsequently American Minister to the Court of St. James. A few years ago the Bancroft, which had entertained many noted men, gave place to a larger and more modern hostelry of the same name.

As early as 1812 Detroit had its hotel. This was known as Woodworth's Hotel, and was owned by a brother of the poet who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket." In 1820 the house was enlarged. In 1818, when the first steamboat came up the lake from Buffalo, the hotel's name was changed to Woodworth's Steamboat Hotel. As Detroit was early the capital of Michigan, Woodworth's house was the centre of many political activities. It was destroyed by fire in 1847, the year the state capital was moved to Lansing.

The Michigan Exchange Hotel, Detroit, was built in 1834 at the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Shelby Street. It was considerably enlarged in 1860, and during the Civil War was Governor Blair's military headquarters. While doling out commissions at this time it is said he was waited upon by George A. Custer, just fresh from West Point, who desired one but was refused. Blair was instrumental in having Philip H. Sheridan promoted to be a Brigadier General. At the Michigan Exchange Hotel General Gordon Granger, who was well known to Governor Blair, had lived before the war. He knew the young cavalry captain and desired his promotion. As Sheridan was a Democrat, this was denied him at Washington, so Granger wrote to Governor Blair to use his influence. The Governor therefore asked Secretary Stanton to give Sheridan his earned promotion, and he was won over. In a short time Captain Sheridan was made a Brigadier.

The Michigan Exchange Hotel stood until 1892, when it was demolished and a shoe factory erected on its site.

Quartz gold was first discovered in Colorado, in what is now Central City, in 1859. News of this naturally attracted a large number of prospectors and others to the scene, and in 1872 the Teller House was erected by Henry M. Teller, who represented Colorado in the United States Senate for thirty years. The house is still used as a hotel, being owned by a son of Senator Teller. While he was President, General U. S. Grant stopped at the Teller House in the course of his trip from Denver to the mountain districts.

Denver has an even older hotel still standing at Sixteenth and Blake Streets. This is the American House, which, when built by John W. Smith in 1869, was considered a marvel of luxury. In 1872 the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, was a guest there during his tour, which had been arranged so the Russian Prince could enjoy a buffalo hunt. A hunt was arranged for him by "Buffalo Bill" Cody and General Custer, who had the Grand Duke in their charge.

At Colorado Springs the Antlers is a hotel which has been known to every visitor to Pike's Peak during the last forty years. The first house of this name was destroyed by fire, and the present one erected on the site differs only slightly from it in architecture.

Arizona likes to date the ancestry of its oldest hotel back to the year 1774. In that year Padre Garces built a wall, in the Spanish manner, of course, to enclose the settlement of Tucson, and make it safe from surprise attacks by Apache Indians. In 1856 a pioneer named Phillips built a hotel in Tucson, and part of it was erected on the ancient wall used as a foundation. This hostelry was named the Phillips House. Among its early noted guests was General John C. Fremont, who stopped there on his way to become Governor of California, and the name of Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," appears repeatedly on the old registers of the hotel.

The room to which both of these notables were assigned is No. 1, which measures twenty by twenty feet, and its ceiling is twenty feet high. There is preserved in this apartment the furniture that was in it when General Nelson A. Miles occupied it many years ago. At the time the General, noted as an Indian fighter, made his headquarters there while a garrison was maintained at Fort Lowell. In this apartment the General was presented with a golden sword by the citizens of Tucson.

On the first floor, where the bar-room was located in the early days, the Legislature used to hold its sessions, and when there was work for the United States District Court to do, the room was turned into a court room. On the second floor the local lodge of Masons held its meetings. Some additions were made to the house by the next owner, who named it the Cosmopolitan.

The Southern Pacific Railroad reached Tucson in 1882, and in that year the house was arranged for the better reception of guests by its new proprietor, a Mrs. Orndorff, who changed its name to the Orndorff. In 1902 it passed into the hands of its present proprietor, F. J. Wharton, who maintains it as the Orndorff.

Helena, Montana, had two pioneer hotels which its citizens regarded as historic, but both were destroyed by fire many years ago. One of these was the International, at Bridge and Main Streets, which dated back to the days when all persons in the vicinity were interested in the mining in Dry Gulch. The house was enlarged twice, the last time in 1878. In 1868 the Cosmopolitan, which absorbed the St. Louis House, was opened.

These two houses were much frequented by prominent army men in the pioneer days, and later they entertained such noted persons as Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Gibbons and the Marquis of Lorne, afterwards the Duke of Argyle, who was Governor General of Canada and a son-in-law of Queen Victoria.

The Hotel Portland, the first modern hostelry built in Portland, Oregon, owes its being to the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. As early as 1883 Henry Villard saw the necessity of a large first-class hotel, because in that year the west coast city first became directly connected by rail with the East, which meant that it would soon have more visitors than its modest caravansaries could take care of.

However, Mr. Villard's ideas were more along the lines of a resort hotel of the period, because he intended that it should be built of wood. Steps were taken to secure a site in the centre of the city, at that time occupied by a school-house. The necessity was brought forcibly to the financier's attention when he came with a large number of distinguished visitors in the autumn of the year mentioned to take part in the ceremonies attending the driving of the last spike in the railroad which connected the chief city of the Northwest with the East.

Before work had proceeded beyond the foundation of the new hotel Mr. Villard was caught in a financial crash and retired from the management of the Oregon companies. Five years later Portland capital was interested and the great hotel, two hundred feet square, was erected. In April, 1890, the house was opened. Since that time no distinguished visitor to Portland has failed to register at the Portland, including Presidents of the United States. It was opened under the management of Charles E. Leland, who for many years was identified with hotels in Albany, Saratoga and New York City.

Oregon's diminutive city of Jacksonville, which lies in the southern part of the state, not far from the California border, has a little historic hotel, and its history seems to have been commenced and ended on the first day it was opened. The site, however, was more or less historic.

The United States Hotel is a small brick building erected in 1880, although there was a hotel built on the site early in the fifties. In 1856 it was managed by Austin Badger, and contained the office of the Oregon & California Stage Line, operating between Sacramento and Portland. In 1874 it was destroyed by fire, when its registers were consumed. It is said that many men of prominence in the pioneer days stopped there.

In 1880 the present building, called the United States Hotel, was opened under the management of Madame Holt, a French woman. Its first guests were President Hayes and General Sherman, who with their party were touring the Pacific Coast. The house was not ready for occupancy, but Madame Holt took great pains to accommodate her distinguished guests. They occupied quarters in the corner rooms over the main entrance. Not used as a hotel for some years, the building is now occupied by the city of Jacksonville as a public auditorium, museum and library.

It is claimed, and with probably good reason, that the Tacoma Hotel is the oldest hotel in operation in the state of Washington. Before the first transcontinental railroad was constructed across the state the Tacoma Hotel was erected in the city of Tacoma. This was in 1884. Stanford White, an architect responsible for many fine buildings in the East, not only designed the house, but selected its site. To-day it stands in the heart of a bustling city, one of the most progressive ports in the Northwest. As the chief hostelry in the city, it naturally has entertained every notable visitor to Tacoma during the last forty years.

XVI

HOTELS IN THE ORIENT, AFRICA, MEXICO AND CANADA

In these days of convenient travel Europe and the United States can have no monopoly in historic hotels, although, as is to be expected, the number of such houses in the Orient, Africa, Mexico and Canada are inconsiderable. Europe may have invented the hotel, but America has perfected the model upon which the best hotels in any country are founded, even if they do not always adhere closely to the design.

Time was when the foreign country outside of Europe and America had a type of hotel which varied somewhat, but followed more or less faithfully the German, Swiss, French or Italian hostelry. In some remote sections of the globe these patterns continue, but in Japan and China the foremost hostelries are frankly inspired by the American hotel; in Africa we find the European model—French, German, or Italian in the North, and British in the South. In Mexico and Latin America generally we find Italian or French types predominating, while in Canada usually the American style hotel is the rule among the recent enterprises, and British in the older houses.

The old treaty ports of Japan—Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kobe, Niigata, and Hakodate, in which foreigners in the empire were compelled to reside prior to the revision of the treaties in 1887—had each its hotels in the foreign style. Some of these are still in existence and all of them may be properly regarded as historic, because all of them are in the pioneer class and have sheltered the great as well as the small visitors from other parts of the world. In 1887 Tokyo and the rest of the Empire was opened to travellers from other lands, and then, or really a little before that year, the Imperial Capital had added its modern hotels.

In Yokohama was the Grand Hotel, Ltd., and it was for years the stopping place for round-the-world travellers, and probably the oldest house of its kind in the port which was made famous by Commodore Perry's advent there in 1854. Before accommodations were generally available for the foreigner, the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, was a favorite resort for tourists, American naval officers and others. Originally operated on a small scale as a private enterprise by a Frenchman, about 1885, the rapid increase of tourist travel caused its proprietor five years later to interest a number of Yokohama business men in it and they formed a public company registered in Hong Kong, to take over the house, which was enlarged, new features added, and the place generally improved and modernized.

Located in a part of the Bund that had the strategic importance of an uninterrupted view of the harbor and Tokyo Bay, its patronage rapidly increased. American naval officers became financially interested in the house, which in time became American in plan and management. From 1890, about the period when the American naval officers became interested in the Grand, until its destruction by the earthquake of September, 1923, nearly every distinguished foreign visitor to Japan was a guest at this hotel. It became very popular because of the efforts of the management to give special attention to the comforts of its guests.

Louis Eppinger, of San Francisco, was brought to Japan to manage the house, which he did most successfully until his retirement on account of age. During this time and for some years later the managing director of the company was Dr. C. H. H. Hall, U. S. N., retired, who only recently died. A later manager, who continued and added to the success of the house, was H. E. Manwaring, now occupying a similar position with the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

During its existence the Grand Hotel was the recognized headquarters for nearly all important social activities sponsored by the foreign community of Yokohama. In its destruction by earthquake fifty persons lost their lives, including the then managing director, Pay Inspector Mitchell MacDonald, U. S. N., who was also the largest individual stockholder.

It has been said of the Grand Hotel that it was a money-making enterprise until the end, for, owing to the foresight of the managing director, earthquake insurance was in force, and in the liquidation that followed the shareholders received substantial returns on their investments. The municipality of Yokohama, which is reconstructing the city, is building a new Grand Hotel very close to the site of the destroyed house—whose place it is designed to take.

The Oriental Palace Hotel, which was under French management and whose cuisine was regarded as superior; the Club Hotel, which was usually the rendezvous of Canadians, Australians, and British visitors generally, were two other Yokohama hotels that were familiar to all who visited the port before the earthquake.

In Tokyo, as has been mentioned, there were practically no hotel accommodations for foreigners until the Empire, under revised treaties, was opened to them. Inns there were, of course, but these were conducted in the strictly Japanese manner, and were only infrequently visited by travellers who were given passports to the interior. The first effort to establish a modern hotel in Tokyo for the accommodation of foreign visitors was taken about 1887, when the then foreign minister, the late Count (afterwards Marquis) Inouye and Mr. (later Viscount) Shibusawa, and

Mr. (later Baron) Okura, held a conference at which it was decided to build a foreign hotel in Tokyo.

Viscount Shibusawa and Baron Okura, the official promoters of the company, secured a lease of fifty years on a large site in the centre of the city, next to the site of the present Imperial Hotel. The company erected a three-story wooden building, and named it the Imperial Hotel, which was opened in 1890. The principal shareholder was the Imperial Household, others being prominent Japanese business men.

At the time this house was opened the average number of guests per day was less than fourteen persons. However, the chief purpose of this pioneer establishment was the entertainment and accommodation of foreign visitors and guests, merely from a sense of international courtesy. After the Japan and China War there was a commercial exhibition, the first ever held in Japan, and the foreign visitors included salesmen from all over the world ready to sell their goods to the awakened nation. These were accommodated at the Imperial Hotel.

From 1902, when the world tourist travel increased enormously, and due to the fact that Americans were becoming interested in the Far East, the business of the Imperial Hotel increased. In 1910 a whole party of world tourists, 500 in number, were quartered at the hotel, and this same year the Imperial had as distinguished guests Prince Tai-Toh, of China, who was a national guest; a plenipotentiary of Belgium, and a Prince of India.

In 1919 the hotel's capital was increased from its original 260,000 yen ($130,000) to 3,000,000 yen ($1,500,000), and Frank Wright, architect, and an engineer, a Mr. Miller, engaged on plans for a new hotel, an annex having been destroyed by fire the previous year. The capital was doubled in 1921 in order to carry out the architect's elaborate plans for the new hotel. The new Imperial Hotel was opened for the reception of Secretary Denby and his party on July 4, 1922. The new house, which was designed by an American architect and engineer, has already cost $4,500,000, and has every convenience and improvement known for a modern hotel. One of its features is an auditorium seating 750 persons. It covers an area of 300 by 500 feet.

Specially constructed, the Imperial Hotel successfully withstood the earthquake of 1923, although the heat of the surrounding fire which followed melted window glass in parts of the building. The following day the embassies of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States, as well as various legations, moved into the hotel.

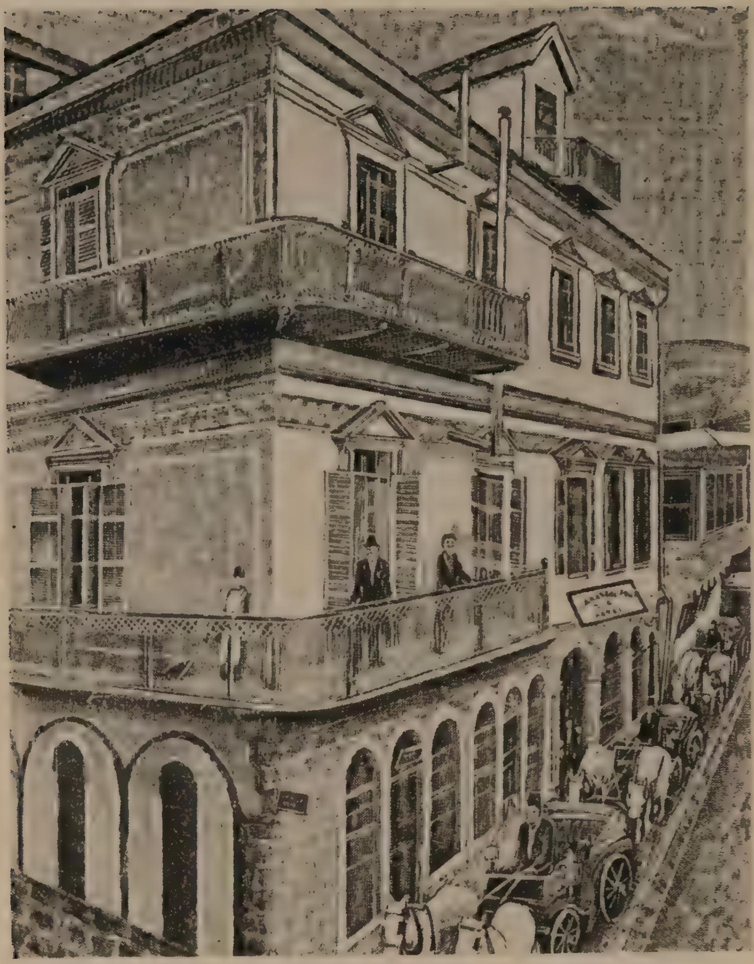
Among the prominent persons who have been guests at the Imperial are Dr. Thomas Massaryk, first president of Czecho-Slovakia; General Leonard Wood; Governor W. C. Forbes, of the Philippines; H. R. H. the Siamese Crown Prince and his suite, in 1921; Lord Northcliff, the late British publisher; General Joffre, in 1922; Dr. R. Tagore, of India; H. H. the Maharajah of Rampur. Delegates to the Pan-Pacific Scientific Congress of 1926; the second Oriental Red Cross Congress of 1926; and a world Sunday School Convention of 1920, which convened in Tokyo, stopped at the Imperial.

Some other Japanese hotels which have a claim to be included in any list of historic hotels include two in Kyoto —The Miyako Hotel, at which H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught stopped on more than one occasion; and the Kyoto Hotel. In Kobe there is a like number of old hotels much frequented. These are the Oriental Hotel, Ltd., which is a British enterprise, and the Tor Hotel, Ltd., somewhat newer, which is under Swiss management.

In the two principal ports of China are to be found hotels which deserve the title historic by reason of their age and

GRAND *New Hotel, Jerusalem. (Page 275)*

SHEPHEARD'S *Hotel, Cairo. (Page 276)*



Damascus *Palace Hotel, Damascus.* (*Page* 274)

Continental *Hotel, Cairo.* (*Page* 278) from the fact that such world notables as have touched these cities in the East have, perforce, stopped at one or another of them. Thus, in Victoria, the capital of Hongkong, is the Hongkong Hotel, close to the clock tower, which probably is older than the Victoria Hotel, which faces Queen's Road and Praya Central, the main thoroughfare of the city, although both have histories running back for more than half a century, and both have been much enlarged or rebuilt during that period.

At Shanghai, in Northern China, the Astor House Hotel, facing the Wusung River, has been the principal hostelry for more than fifty years. It has been rebuilt more than once—the first time in the early eighties. About the same time the Central Hotel, on the Bund, was opened, and the Hotel des Colonies, in the French quarter, rebuilt. All the important foreign visitors to Shanghai have been guests at one of these houses, which are much superior to the primitive hotels which they replaced. It is not only possible to enjoy modern conveniences in these Chinese hotels, but they are quite as well equipped as those to be found in America or Europe.

The visitor to Dairen, South Manchuria, who steps down from a drosky in front of the Yamato Hotel, scarcely realizes that he is in China, especially in a part of the once Celestial Empire that thirty years ago was in an almost primitive state. The marquise over the entrance and the great majestic façade itself give one the impression that he is in Paris. This Yamato Hotel is one of the chain of five large hotels maintained by the South Manchurian Railway in its effort to modernize and open up this richly endowed part of China which is now under the "Open Door Policy," with Japan exercising control as a lessee.

These hotels, all of them known as Yamato Hotels, have been established in Dairen, Port Arthur, Mukden, Changchun and Hoshigaura, and all of them are modern to the last word. That at Dairen, the headquarters city of the railway, is the largest and most imposing, but all of them are attractive architecturally, with no trace of the oriental in their design. These houses have all been erected within the last ten years, and would be creditable to any European or American city.

Damascus, in Syria, probably has had hotels of one kind or another for two thousand years. The claim is made for this ancient town of being the oldest in the world. As it looks its age, no one will be likely to challenge its claim to antiquity. Being the terminus of several very old caravan routes, it naturally has entertained travellers from a time that antedates the Christian Era. One of these trade routes is the great caravan road through the Arabian desert; another runs south to Mecca and Medina, to which sacred places great bands of Mussulman pilgrims turn each year.

Pilgrims, modern pilgrims, usually called tourists, in large numbers turn their steps to Damascus each year, on their way to Jerusalem. This ever-increasing tide of travel from the New World has called into existence a type of hotel more or less suited to the wants of an occidental people.

The Damascus Palace Hotel is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the modern type of hotel in Syria's chief city, and being especially a tourist's house, has had as guests many notables from other parts of the world. During the World War the leading officers of the Turkish Army stopped at the Damascus Palace Hotel and, later, during the British occupation of the country, the hostelry became a favorite resort for British officers. Practically every person of prominence or distinction who has visited Damascus during the last half century has been a guest at the Palace Hotel. The house has been rebuilt in that time and those conveniences looked for by tourists from the new world have been installed.

Jerusalem, "The Holy City," is a little more modern in appearance than Damascus. Here the Grand New Hotel is the one which perhaps might be designated as a historic one, although it was erected only in the year 1900. It has a historic location, being on the street of David, and just inside the Jaffa Gate of the city, facing the Tower of David.

Under the east wall of the hotel is a section 120 feet in length of the "second wall" of the ancient city of Jerusalem, a fact that was discovered in 1885 by Dr. Selah Merrill, United States Consul for Jerusalem and Palestine. Dr. Merrill found the ancient wall composed of stones of old Jewish work, similar to the largest in the Tower of David, which stands opposite the hotel.

The list of prominent guests is a very long one, but the historic character of the hostelry may be admitted when it is known that its register shows such names as Mrs. Grover Cleveland, John Jacob Astor, W. Flinders Petrie, the noted Egyptologist; Lord Northbrook, Lord Baring, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexel, Countess of Cavan, Duchess of Bedford, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Earl of Sheffield, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince and Princess Henry, of Prussia; the Duke of Orleans, Prince Louis d'Orleans et Bragance, Felix Faure, late President of France; Pierre Loti, Emile Zola, François Coppee, James Tissot, the artist who painted the series of paintings illustrative of the Life of Christ; Archduke and Archduchess Maria Therese of Austria; and Lord Beaverbrook.

The tourist who visits Palestine and Syria in these days usually makes a stop in Egypt, even if he does not journey up the Nile as far as the sixth cataract; so a few words here about two Egyptian hotels which are widely known to travellers and which have entertained the most distinguished visitors to the land of the Pharaohs, are called for by these historic hostelries.

Of these hotels, Shepheard's at Cairo is by all accounts the oldest, as it is the most romantic, of all Egyptian inns. Parts of the house might be said to date from the days when Ali Bey, the Shekh al-Beled, ruled Egypt and conquered part of Arabia and Syria. Historically that was not so very long ago—say, about one hundred and sixty years. In the days of Ali Bey the building, or part of it, was a harem.

In 1841, the harem having been removed or abandoned as a result of the frequent wars on the Turks by the Egyptians, the house was fitted up as a hotel, and was opened under the name of Hotel des Anglais. It immediately attracted the best class of visitors to Egypt because of its location, its enchanting gardens, and its refined atmosphere. Many French were interested in Egypt in those days and gave complexion to the foreign population.

De Lesseps was engaged for ten years in digging the Suez Canal, which was finally completed in 1869, and that new wonder of the world acted as a magnet for this ancient land. During the period of construction this new interest manifested itself, and upon the achievement western ways began to spread over northern Egypt and tourists began to arrive.

While this new interest was being taken in Egypt, the Hotel des Anglais became anglicized in fact, and became Shepheard's Hotel. This change was made in 1860, and it is Shepheard's to-day; frequently improved and modernized, of course. Situated in the European quarter of Cairo, fronting on the broad thoroughfare known as Sharia Kamel, one of the busiest streets in the Egyptian capital, Shepheard's is the centre of attraction. In front is its famous terrace—how many romances and novels of modern Egypt included this historic entrance as a scene for one or more incidents! Behind and on two sides of the great building lies Shepheard's Gardens—a beautiful park, where the guest may retire from the native noise and bustle and obtain absolute rest and quietude.

Mark Twain was a visitor on his first trip abroad—that journey which resulted in his first successful book, "The Innocents Abroad." Charles G. Leland, the American poet, philologist and educator, was there a few years later, when Ralph Waldo Emerson also was a guest.

In his entertaining volume, "The Egyptian Sketch Book," Leland makes some reference to Shepheard's. At the time he spent three months in the hotel it was under German management.

"The Shepheard of Cairo," he wrote, "has very little in common with the Shepherd of the Pickwick Club. A century ago it was a harem, and then it became a hotel, passing, like most elderly 'houses,' as Germans call jolly fellows, from the service of Venus in youth to that of Bacchus in a hearty old age. It is large and cool and comfortable, and it surrounds one beautiful garden, while it is surrounded by two or three more. In these gardens I did not discover a single English out-of-door plant. There are bananas and mimosas, Indian figs, cactuses, and behind the house a great grove of date-palm trees.

"One day Herr Vasel pointed out to Mr. Emerson in this garden a banyan-tree. No one whose mind is imbued with poetry and philosophy can behold this legendary tree unmoved. I did not; for I immediately jumped up and picked a leaf, which I gave to the Sage of Concord. At dinner our fruit was always served on banyan leaves."

Many years later an American lady who stopped at Shepheard's Hotel wrote home: "This hotel is the funniest combination of Paris and Saratoga. There is a terrace between the door and street where you sit and see all Cairo go by." In the same communication the writer continued: "Out at the Pyramids I meant to mention the Mena Hotel, a most beautiful hotel, with every comfort, on the very edge of the Desert. Many people spend the winter there for lung and bronchial troubles."

Mena House Hotel is situated on the skirt of the Libyan Desert, near the Great Pyramid of Cheops, about eight miles from Cairo. Although so close to the capital the air is cleaner, drier and fresher than it is in Cairo. The hotel, which is named for the first king of the first Egyptian dynasty, Menes or Mena, was built by Mr. Locke-King, an Englishman, in 1890, the hotel being opened in 1892. Since that time virtually every tourist who stops at Shepheard's has made a stop at the Mena House, for the Gréat Pyramid is one of the sights no visitor to Cairo fails to see. The Continental Hotel, Cairo, is another hotel that has been noted for a generation.

Abyssinia has no sea coast, consequently the country usually is entered through French Somaliland, from whose chief port, Jibuti, which also is the capital, runs the single track Franco-Ethiopian Railway, which penetrates the empire that has been identified with the land of the famed Queen of Sheba, which used to be called Ethiopia.

One would not couple thoughts of Abyssinia with modern hotels and yet the country of Menelek, who capriciously built his new capital, Addis-Abeba, struggling on the side of the mountains, contains a few hotels which are fairly well patronized by prospectors, big game hunters and wealthy travellers.

As the Abyssinians come into such close contact with the French, it is only to be expected that the majority of its hotels are French in character and arrangement, but are generally managed by Greeks. A French traveller who journeyed through the country has given a very fair idea of these hostelries. M. Jean D'Esme wrote a series of articles for the French clerical daily, "L'Echo de Paris," in which he described his impressions of modern Ethiopia.

The railroad train which runs from Jibuti makes its first halt in Abyssinia at Dire-Dawa, which town is reached after a twelve hours' journey, the distance being about two hundred miles. Here dinner is served to the passengers at a hotel, The Continental, where M. D'Esme found "large, airy chambers with circular verandahs and bathrooms, which seemed the height of luxury." This and several other hotels in Abyssinia are operated by Mr. Boloullakos, a Greek. The following day a stop in the journey to the capital was made at the village of Hawash, where the traveller found he was "served a Greco-Ethiopian menu that he imagined was the worst in the world." This house is named Hotel Hawash. On the third day of the journey, which was only about six hundred miles in length, the Frenchman reached the capital, Addis-Abeba, which is situated twelve thousand feet above sea-level.

Addis-Abeba has three hotels in which Europeans stop when they visit the capital. Each boasts of a special attraction—one of its bar and movie show, another of its French cuisine, and the third of its flower garden and eucalyptus grove. Each has an illustrious patron. The Imperial Hotel is owned by the Empress Zeoditou; another by Ras Hailo, described as "the richest and most powerful feudatory of the crown."

It was in the Imperial, managed by a Greek, that M. D'Esme registered as a guest, and he wrote with interest that the brass bed in his apartment bore the coat of arms of the Abyssinian Empire, with the Ethiopian lion in the centre. The dining room, he added, suggested "the first halting-place after the dispersion from the Tower of Babel." The hotel has its billiard room, telephones and many more conveniences than would be expected in the heart of Africa, such as electric lights and hot and cold running water in guest apartments.

The Imperial Hotel received all the excess furniture which the Empress found in her palace, hence it is elaborately fitted. The rates are seven Maria Theresa dollars ($3.50) a day, "*pension complete*," and you can have the manager's $500 mule any time you like to go out. The guest may have breakfast in bed; or, indeed, anything the house affords, according to J. Loder Park, American Vice-Consul at Aden, who has visited these hostelries.

"Altogether," writes Mr. Park, "I felt as snug as a bug in a rug during my stay there, and steadfastly refused to spend week-ends with kind friends who commiserated with me upon my lot in being obliged to partake of the Bouloullakos hospitality. The service is good, and prices are reasonable. The hotel has a telephone, too! This merely means that there is a possibility of talking to other people who may have telephones, if you are patient and shout long and hard enough to rouse 'Central.' "

South Africa has a large number of hotels, few of them very old. In the Northern Transvaal, in the Zoutpansberg, a country made familiar by some of Sir Rider Haggard's novels, there is the Duivel's Kloof Hotel, a small but typical house at Duivel's Kloof, sixty-seven miles from Pietersburg. The picturesque hotel in this fertile valley is each year visited by many tourists. At Cape Town, where hotels are numerous, is the Grand Hotel, in Strand Street, opposite the railway station; and at Victoria Falls is the Victoria Falls Hotel, also visited by many tourists each year, now that the South African Railway has extended so far north. Every person of prominence who has visited South Africa in recent years has stopped at one or another of these hotels.

Durban, the chief port of Natal, is also the chief seaside resort of South Africa. It has been said of it that it "is the best town in the Union for hotel accommodation." The Marine Hotel, which is one of the oldest hostelries in

Marine *Hotel, Durban, S. A. (Page 280)*

Carlton *Hotel, Johannesburg. (Page 281)*

HOTEL *Regis, Mexico City.* (*Page 283*)

BORDA *Gardens Inn, Cuernavaca, Mexico.* (*Page 283*)

Durban, having been established about forty years ago, has the distinction of having had as guests the highest titled persons who have visited South Africa. During the last thirty years the house has been enlarged and rebuilt several times.

The Prince of Wales was there two years ago, and among the prized possessions of the management is a letter from Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, stating that the Royal visitor was "very pleased with the arrangements made for his comfort." Other royalties who have registered at the Marine Hotel have been H. H. Princess Marie Louise and H. H. the Princess de Bourbon. Among other distinguished personages whose names appear on the register of the hotel are the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale, the Earl of Wilton, Lord and Lady Loughborough, Lord and Lady Methven, and Lord and Lady Milner.

The situation of the hotel is a historic one, for as one lounges on the balconies he can look out upon the lighthouse on the bluff, where Lieut. Farewell, of His Majesty's Navy, first hoisted the British ensign over the soil of Natal, and on the same shores the last battles between the Boers and Britons were fought. In front of the hotel is another historic reminder, in the shape of an equestrian statue of Dick King, who swam his horses across the Bay to the opposite shore and rode to Grahamstown, six hundred miles away, in order to get assistance for the beleaguered garrison.

Johannesburg, South Africa, which less than fifty years ago was not on any map, now has one of the largest hotels in the Union. The Carlton, like its name, is suggestive in appointments and luxuries of a London hostelry. It was erected less than ten years ago, and is the scene of all the important social gatherings in Johannesburg, as well as being the temporary home of all distinguished visitors to this city of gold.

Mexico, the land of the Aztecs, the Mayas and the mysterious Toltecs, being a land of romance, is filled with history as yet only scratched by the archæologist. There are found, naturally, hotels that for one reason or another might be termed historic, but there is space here to mention only one or two in or near Mexico City. Quite early in its history Mexico City had its inns; indeed, it is asserted that the first inn in America was established there after that conquest by Hernan Cortes.

Cortes landed on the shores of Tabasco in 1519, and "The very loyal, noble and imperial city of Mexico" was granted its title in 1523. Two years later there was passed a city ordinance giving the rates that might be charged by hostelries. On December 1, 1525, the City Council of the Capital of New Spain granted permission to Pedro Hernandez Paniagua to found the first inn in that municipality, but the oldest remaining inn in Mexico is to be found at Perote, on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

The inn, originally known as San Jose de Perote, was opened in 1527 by a Spaniard named Pedro Ansurez, who was nicknamed Perote, on account of his huge bulk. The San Jose is said to have had stables for seven hundred beasts and rooms enough for the travellers. To-day the building belongs to the Hacienda de San Jose de los Molinos, an agricultural enterprise owned by Don Vicente de Caso Mier, who inherited the property and now uses it to house his employees. The historic tavern is now called the Tavern of La Pilarica, and the stables are still in use.

In Mexico is found also the first system of a "chain" of hotels, usually believed to be of recent origin, but known to our southern neighbor as early as 1526. Juan de la Torre, who established an inn in the Province of Michoacan in 1525, obtained permission the following year to establish a tavern in Taximaroa, and an inn in Cuernavaca, the historic city of Cortes, thus antedating the enterprising American and European hotel companies who operate houses in many cities.

Joseph La Borde, a Frenchman who changed his name to Borda, a wealthy mine owner, built himself a magnificent residence and gardens in Cuernavaca about 1725. His residential property was said to have cost a million dollars. About twenty years ago the property is said to have been sold for fifteen thousand dollars. For the last forty years the Borda Garden (Jardin de La Borda) has been one of the points of interest to visitors who have made the journey from Mexico City, forty-five miles away. The garden originally was a beautiful formal one in the Italian style, but latterly had been allowed to drop into ruin.

In 1923 George J. Watson, an Englishman who operates the Morlos Hotel, which adjoins the Borda Garden, took the latter place and, as he explained, "cleaned it up just sufficient to make it habitable." La Borda spent a million *pesos* in building the church at Taxco and endowed the Cathedral at Mexico City. His fortune was estimated at forty million *pesos*, or about twenty million dollars.

Mexico City is well supplied with hotels of all classes, and those of the first class may all be said to be historic, for one reason or another. Thus, the Hotel Geneve is the only hostelry in the Mexican capital that is owned and operated by Americans; also it is said to be the only steam-heated building in Mexico. It might be thought this is an unnecessary precaution, but the nights are chilly in the capital, which is situated on a plateau more than seven thousand feet above sea-level.

Until a dozen years ago the Hotel Iturbide, situated on the avenue de San Francisco, was celebrated for its *patio*, or court, and entertained many persons of importance.

The Hotel Regis, one of the comparatively new and very modern houses in the City of Mexico, is already in the category of historic ones by reason of its site—occupying part of the grounds that formerly belonged to the Convent of San Diego. The fine Avenida Juares on which the magnificent hotel stands, with its attractive façade, was cut through these ancient courtyards and gardens of the ancient Barefooted Friars of New Spain. A number of small residences were erected on this new thoroughfare, and these were in turn removed for the office of the newspaper "El Imparcial." The latter building later was transformed into an office building and apartment house and lastly into a small hotel.

Acquiring adjoining properties a few years ago, the owners of the present Hotel Regis erected a thoroughly modern and magnificent hostelry. It was established and is operated by the "Compania Internacionel de Hoteles, S. A.," with M. Castelan, President, and Lucas De Palacio, Manager. Some idea of its modernness can be gained by the statement that it has 300 rooms and 300 baths. The dining room is named "Salon Don Quixote," its decorations picturing incidents in the life of Cervantes' delightful hero. It has a grill room, European and American kitchen, swimming pool, valet service, laundry, and a theatre seating 1,200 persons. The Maya Room is one of the unique features of the resort. It reproduces in a striking way the carvings and art of the ancient Mexicans. The Regis Hotel also maintains its own taxicab service, another feature that is unique in Mexico. Across the street from the hotel is the site of the eighteenth century prison and scaffold, "Tribunal de la Acordada," where, in 1847, during the war between Mexico and the United States, General Scott, the American Commander, was granted special permission to bury some of the soldiers of his army who died in Mexico City.

The register of the Regis Hotel contains the names of innumerable persons of international importance, and they come from many foreign countries, among them William G. McAdoo; Orestes Ferrars, famed Cuban lawyer; Dr. Susuki, Japanese surgeon; Prince Don Antonio Pignatelli, Marquis of the Valle de Oazaca, a direct descendant of Cortes; Don Jacinto Benavente, Spanish dramatist; Vicente Blasco Ibanez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; Dr. Abdon Saavedra, Vice-President of Bolivia; to say nothing of ambassadors and special envoys from many countries, and eminent musicians, singers, actors and other prominent professionals.

Eight miles southwest of Mexico City stands San Angel whose San Angel Inn is a favorite resort hotel, and at one time the country residence and farm of Santa Ana, the Mexican statesman and general who was President of the Republic in 1832. Some years ago the farm and the ancient farm were taken over by a Frenchwoman, Madame Jeanne Roux, who has transformed what had lately been a place to exhibit Mexican curiosities to tempt the tourist into an artistic, delightful little hotel, where soirées and social entertainments attract visitors of discernment who journey out from the capital by motor or the more prosaic electric train.

When the United States constructed and opened the Panama Canal it found it advisable to go into the hotel business, and two fine modern hotels of the tropics type are to be found in the Canal Zone. The larger of these is the Hotel Tivoli in Ancon, overlooking the city of Panama, at the Pacific end of the great ditch; and the other, and smaller house, is the Hotel Washington, in Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the Canal. There are other hostelries in the cities of Colon and Panama, but the Government owned hotels are the more important and attract the notables who visit the Zone, these notables including Presidents and other high officials of the United States and many foreigners of eminence.

Canada, no doubt, has many hotels which may be regarded as historic; that chain of fine hostelries which mark the journeys over the Canadian Pacific Railway have every one of them entertained all the great personages who have crossed the continent on the great transcontinental line. However, there are a few of the hotels in the eastern part of the Dominion which have a historic past or occupy historic sites deserving of mention.

One of the oldest of these will have passed into oblivion by the time this volume is published, for the old Queen's Hotel, in Toronto, opposite which the big new Union Railway Station was erected about ten years ago, will be removed for a more modern hostelry for the Canadian Pacific chain.

The Queen's Hotel has been a landmark in Toronto for more than sixty-five years, and has been a hostelry since 1856. Henry Winnett, who had learned the hotel business in the house and had been proprietor since 1874, died in 1926 in his eightieth year. He was the dean of the Dominion Bonifaces and one of the most popular and genial hosts.

In 1838 a row of four three-story brick dwellings in Front Street was erected, and these, being combined in 1844, became Knox College. When the college was removed to another site in 1856, its old home was transformed into a hotel by a man named P. Swords. Two years later it passed into other hands and was known as the Revere House. In 1862 it had a new proprietor who changed the name to Queen's Hotel. In 1874 the late Henry Winnett, who had been a clerk in the house, became one of the proprietors, and a few years later the sole owner.

There was, until the end, an air of comfortable antiquity about the hotel. While it had electric lights, it had few labor-saving devices. Its furniture was massive and impressive, and the whole place had about it a charm for those who were not ultra-modern. It was long a political headquarters, and three Premiers stopped there while awaiting the occasion of being sworn in.

H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, who was Governor-General of Canada, were among the hotel's distinguished guests. Prince Leopold, brother of Princess Louise, also was a guest. Its Red Parlor, so called from the color of its draperies and furnishings, had become historic. It was the reception room for the royal suite. Sir John A. Macdonald, first Premier of the Dominion, made the Queen's his Toronto residence, and while there was visited by deputations and persons of prominence in Canada. The famous suite also was occupied by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and by the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, both Earls being Governors General of Canada at the time of their visits. Distinguished actors and other celebrated travellers registered at the Queen's in the old days when it was the leading hostelry in Toronto.

Montreal probably has no hotel that has a more brilliant history than the Windsor, which presents a broadside to Dominion Square. It has been urged that the Chateau de Ramezay is the oldest inn in Canada's largest city, having been built in 1705 by the then Governor of Montreal, Claude de Ramezay. It would be stretching a point to regard the Chateau as either an inn or as a hotel, although during the American Revolution the American plenipotentiaries, among whom was Franklin, were accommodated there. The quaint old structure has been transformed into a museum under the control of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal in 1895.

The Windsor Hotel has been a historic house from the day it was formally opened, January 28, 1878. On that occasion there was an opening ball, and heading the distinguished guests were the Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, and the Princess Louise. Since that time the house has several times been altered, improved and enlarged. Recently very extensive alterations were made on its internal arrangements, which included transforming the old promenade into a replica of the Long Gallery at Haddon Hall, England.

At the Carnival Ball, given in February, 1889, nearly all the members of the Canadian Parliament as well as the leaders of Montreal society were present. Max O'Rell, the French writer, who was a guest a little later, wrote: "in many respects it is the best hotel I have stopped at on the Great American Continent."

A list of the notables who have registered at the Windsor would fill a volume, but it is interesting to mention that among them have been the late King Edward; H. R. H. The Prince of Wales; Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Duke of Connaught, Duke of Devonshire; Lord and Lady Byng of Vimy; Hon. Charles E. Hughes, American Secretary of State; and Chief Justice William H. Taft.

The Windsor was designed by W. J. Bounton, of Chicago, and a great deal of the original construction and fitting was done by American firms. At that time it was regarded as the last word in hotel architecture, and its owners were especially proud of its elaborate but tasteful interior decorations.

If any hotel on the American Continent has a more historic site than the Frontenac at Quebec its name does not readily occur to the writer. Here, on the rocky heights, one hundred and eighty-five feet above the lower town and the river St. Lawrence, Champlain built his Fort St. Louis, the residence of the Governor, and the settlement, in fact. The founder of Quebec first built his fort in the lower city in 1620, but soon abandoned it for this Gibraltar-like citadel.

Later the Chateau St. Louis was erected on these heights, approximately in front of the present hotel, on Dufferin Terrace. This was the home of Frontenac while Governor, in 1672. The Chateau St. Louis was burned in 1759, 1775, and finally destroyed by fire in January, 1834. After Canada passed into English control the Chateau continued for some years to be the home of the Governor. Only a short distance away is the Plains of Abraham, where General Wolfe fell mortally wounded, and within a block or two of the hotel the visitor will be shown the house where Montcalm died.

Coming down to more modern times, the Hotel Frontenac may be said to be a monument commemorating the completion of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. Carried across the continent the first Canadian transcontinental system had Quebec for the Atlantic terminus of the line, although the city is hundreds of miles from the ocean; and, as the railway was establishing steamship lines as well, a modern hotel was desirable at that point. So in 1892 the Frontenac was erected, from designs by the late Bruce Price, who by a happy inspiration produced a building which conveyed an impression of a sixteenth century chateau, and one which rose majestically above the great rocky cliff at Quebec. The tower was added recently, and carried out in the same spirit, and the original structure considerably extended.

As was only to be expected, the Frontenac since its opening in 1893 has entertained the highest personages who have visited Canada. As Lord Renfrew, the Prince of Wales, incognito, has twice been a guest; Marshal Ferdinand Foch, of France, Earl Haig, Lord Allenby, among distinguished soldiers, have been there; Admiral Sims, of the

United States Navy also has registered at the Frontenac, as have Princess Patricia of Connaught and her sailor husband. The newly crowned King of Siam, while a prince and travelling incognito, also stopped there. Among others whose names are literally legion were Ex-President Taft, who is a regular visitor; Hon. J. J. Astor, Lady Astor, Baroness Orczy; Rex Beach, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Burnham, J. J. Gould, Sir Alfred Yarrow, James Oliver Curwood, Sir Martin Harvey, Maurice de Feraudy, dean of the Comedie Francaise; Lady Mount Stephen, Lord Buckmaster, Lord Romney and Marquis Najera.

SAN ANGEL *Inn, San Angel, Mexico.* (*Page 285*)

TIVOLI *Hotel, North Ancon,* C. Z. (*Page 285*)

HOTEL *Washington, Colon.* (*Page 285*)

QUEEN'S *Hotel, Toronto.* (*Page 286*)

XVII

RECENT HOTELS IN EUROPE

At the beginning of the present century European hotels underwent a change by which they abandoned some of their ancient picturesqueness and took on luxury of decoration, and, what was more to the minds of American travellers, made some advance in service and conveniences. They also were built much larger than had been the case in the past, without sacrificing any of the comforts of the older hostelries.

This revolution in construction and conduct of hotels was one of the characteristics of the last decade of the nineteenth century and, it might be said, that it was not peculiar to Europe, for in the United States the building of immense hotels became frequent and the addition of private baths to the majority of the guest rooms, to say nothing of an opening of an era when elaborateness and luxury were keynotes everywhere, a new hostelry was planned.

The advent of the motor car undoubtedly has been a factor. There were more travellers than ever and they demanded comforts and elegancies to which they were accustomed at home. Hotels increased in number and many famed older houses were superseded by larger and more modern buildings.

The Hotel de Crillon, in Paris, is an example of a very modern and luxurious hostelry occupying an ancient building, but one whose architecture is so superb that the twentieth century has nothing to offer it in exchange. It is one of the commanding buildings which face the Place de la Concorde, and as a hotel it dates only from the beginning of the present century.

The buildings, of which the Hotel de Crillon is one, were constructed on the order of Louis XV by the architect Jacques Gabriel, whose work has been admirably epitomized by a recent historian of architecture in these words: "In the eighteenth century such buildings as Gabriel's Ecole Militaire and Petit Trianon and the buildings at the head of the Place de la Concorde, show a greater dignity as Classic architecture than anything in the vast mass at Versailles; but it is Classic architecture in the scholarly Italian manner, and not, like the earlier Renaissance, distinctly French, except in the excellence of its design and detail, in which it was superior to anything to be found in any other country at that date." It might be added that it is probable that the classic manner in these structures has not been surpassed by any buildings erected since.

Louis XV, no matter what his faults, and they may easily be assigned to his tradition and environment, was responsible for much of the architectural enterprises that have made Paris the most beautiful city in the world. It was in 1758 that he commissioned Gabriel, who finished the Pont Royal and had completed many works of importance under Louis XIV, to erect the buildings on the Place Louis XV, now the Place de la Concorde, as an outer structure to the Tuilleries, to which it made a grand and imposing entrance, standing between the Gardens of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysees.

The Place Louis XV became the Place de la Concorde in the nineteenth century, to efface some of the memories of the anguish of the Revolution. On the other side of the Rue Royale stands a structure, similar in outward aspects to the Hotel de Crillon, now the Ministère de la Marine. Although these two buildings have been through more than one Revolution, the magnificent ceiling in the apartment of the hotel, known as the Salon des Aigles, and all its sculptures, remain intact, and virtually as when executed for the ill-fated Louis XVI. The hotel was organized by the same company which established the Hotel du Louvre and the Hotel Terminus de la gare Saint-Lazare and the Palais d'Orsay. It derives its name from that which it bore as the residence of the Dukes de Polignac, one of whom owned the building when it was transformed into a hotel, about twenty years ago.

Since its opening it has entertained a long list of prominent guests. In 1918 President Wilson and the American Envoys made it their headquarters in Paris while the Versailles Treaty was in course of construction, and General Pershing made it his temporary home in the French Capital when he went over ahead of the American forces in June, 1917. On the occasion of his arrival, June 13, the Place de la Concorde, in front of the hotel, was filled with a crowd of enthusiastic men and women, ready to welcome him.

"Whenever I enter Claridge's," wrote Colonel Newham Davis, in an article on "Two Restaurants for Kings," "I feel as if a patent of nobility had been bestowed upon me."

That sentence summarizes in a vivid manner the whole story of this historic hotel, which has always been designed more as a palace than a hotel, so that the European aristocracy might have a comfortable stopping place while in London.

Of course, the Claridge's one enters to-day is a new Claridge's, erected, however, on the site of the original house, in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, almost in the heart of Mayfair. On one side is the aristocratic residential section of the English metropolis, and on the other lies Clubland.

No one ever seems to have written the whole history of Claridge's; perhaps it would make a large volume; certainly it would be an entertaining one. Its origin lies in the misty past, and the hotel, from very modest beginnings, "grew" until even its dignified calm demanded a new and more modern structure. The tradition of the old house was so strong, and so essential to a hotel of the character of Claridge's, that it not only survived the rebuilding, but if anything is more strongly followed than ever it was.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century a certain Monsieur Mivart, said to have been "a gentleman's gentleman," opened a house he called Royal Hotel, in Brooks Street. Although his name is all but forgotten in the traditions of Claridge's, he is not without fame, for did not Byron immortalize him in "Don Juan"? Contemporary with Monsieur Mivart's Royal Hotel, a Mr. Claridige, whose full name does not seem to have been preserved for posterity, did something in the catering line for kings and ambassadors at a house which subsequently gained some reputation as "Fenton's," in St. James Street. Claridge succeeded Monsieur Mivart, and gradually improved the patronage. He made the house an exclusive one. While it bore the evidence of elegance, every decoration, every piece of furniture, the whole equipment, in fact, displayed no tendency to what might be considered "showy." It provided a home in London for those accustomed to dwell in palaces, castles and great mansions, and gave them the kind of quiet, tasteful and refined environment to which they were accustomed.

A list of the personages who had been guests at Claridge's or the original hotel looks like a reprint of the greater part of the "Almanach de Gotha." It is so remarkable that it will bear quotation here:

H. M. King and Queen of the Belgians, H. M. King and Queen of Hanover, H. M. King and Queen of Rumania, H. I. M. Emperor of Brazil, H. M. late Queen of Holland, H. I. M. Empress of Austria, H. I. M. Empress Eugenie,

H. M. King and Queen of Sweden, H. I. H. Crown Prince, of Austria, H. M. King of Italy, H. R. H. Count de Paris, H. R. H. Duc de Chartres, H. R. H. Duke d'Aumale, H. R. H. Prince de Joinville, H. R. H. Duke de Montpensier, H. R. H. Crown Prince of Portugal, H. I. H. Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, H. I. H. Grand Duchess Catharine of Russia, H. I. H. Grand Duke Waldimir of Russia, H. I. H. Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, H. I. H. Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, H. I. H. Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, H. I. H. the Czarevitch, H. I. H. Prince Soltykoff, H. R. H. Prince Auguste of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, H. R. H. Prince Philip of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, His Ex. Rustem Pascha, His Ex. Marquis De Noailles, His Ex. Hassan Fehmy Pascha, His Ex. Count Corti, H. M. late Sultan of Turkey, His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakau, H. M. Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, H. H. Maharajah Duleep Singh, Prince Arenberg, H. R. H. Crown Prince of Sweden.

Earl of Carnarvon, Duke de Castries, Prince Demidoff, H. H. Prince Hahim Pascha, H. H. Prince Hassan Pascha, Prince William of Prussia, Prince and Princess of Oldenburgh, Princess Clothilde and Prince Napoleon, Prince Alexander Dolgorouky, H. R. H. the Duke de Banos, H. R. H. the Count de Flandre, H. R. H. the Duke D'Aosta, Prince Orloff, Princess Mary Czernicheff, Prince Belosselsky, Prince Kinsky, Prince Rospioliosi, Prince Giedroye, Count de Chambord, Grand Duke Nicholas Leichtenberg, Grand Duke George Leichtenberg, Duke de Croy, Duke D'Osuna, Count and Countess Leon Bobrinsky, Earl of Dalhousie, Count Streganoff, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Duchess of Wellington, Louisa Marchioness of Waterford, Baron Henry de Worms, Earl of Granard K. P., Count D'Oultrement, Duke De Choisel Praslin, Lord Stourton, Lord Beaumont, Marquis Salamanca, Earl of Glasgow, Lady Howard De Walden, Prince Scherbatoff.

His Ex. Malcolm Khan, Lord Lilford, Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Tatton Sykes, Duchess of Cleveland, Baroness Adolphe De Rothschild, Sir John St. Anbyn, Sir John Errington, Count Clam Gallas, Earl of Guilford, Dowager Viscountess Hill, Marchioness of Hastings, Baron Von Hoffman, Sir Rainald Knightlay, His Ex. Count Larisch, Lord Lovat, Earl of Pembroke, Marquis De St. Sauveur, Marchioness of Winchester, H. G. the Duchess of Hamilton, Grand Duchess of Baden, Countess Charleville, Count Erdody, Earl of Minto, Count Arnim, Lord Gage, Duke of Roxburgh, Count Schouvaloff, General Stanford, Count de Vogue, Earl of Jersey and Marquis Pahavincini.

The above list is obviously not a complete one, but it will give some idea of the character of the clientele which made Claridge's a name closely associated with Europe's ruling classes in the nineteenth century. Was it any wonder that enthusiastic writers have called Claridge's "The Home of Kings" and "The House of Call for Emperors"?

At this time Claridge's consisted of half-a-dozen houses connected by means of doorways pierced through the walls. Not an imposing group, but it made history. Then, in 1893, the cornerstone of the New Claridge's, which was to carry on the tradition in a palatial structure more fitted to be "The Home of Kings," was laid by Lady de Grey. The old Claridge's had its "Throne Room," but in erecting the New Claridge's, the great royal apartment was not perpetuated. A private entrance to the royal suite, however, was built.

The New Claridge's is very spacious, and apparently could entertain a large number of guests, but internally it is seen that, having great vistas and large rooms, many *en suite*, mere numbers of guests has not been the aim of the management. Therefore, it can accommodate only about 150 visitors, while its hotel staff numbers about 500 persons.

THE *Frontenac, Quebec.* (*Page 288*)

WINDSOR *Hotel, Montreal.* (*Page 287*)

CLARIDGE'S, *London, Entrance to Restaurant.* (Page 297)

HOTEL *de Crillon, Paris.* (Page 291)

The reception and banquet rooms on the ground floor are very commodious, and a thousand guests can easily be provided for at important social functions.

The first year the New Claridge's was open—it began business in November, 1898—it had as guests, among others, The Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess Torby, Prince and Princess Radziwill, the Princess Ourousoff, Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the American Ambassador; the Earl and Countess de Grey, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, the Duke and Duchess de Bojano, Comte de Castellane, Lady Mary Sackville, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Marjorie Greville, the Duc de Grammont and Lady Corisande de Grammont, the Countess of Dunraven, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, the Earl and Countess of Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, and the United States Ambassador to Russia and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower.

In November, 1899, a reception and concert were given at Claridge's by the Committee of American Ladies in London in aid of the United States Hospital Ship Maine, which was the first large, historical and society function to be given in the new hotel. It was a gorgeous bit of color and gold lace, for a contingent of the Second Life Guards in full uniform and a detachment of the Scot's Guards in their bearskins with drummers and pipers lined the hall and filled the staircase as a Guard of Honor. The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, honored the event by his presence. His Royal Highness afterward took tea in the public restaurant of the hotel. There also were present H. R. H. the Princess Christian and the Princess Aribert of Anhalt, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

Were it not that the Savoy Hotel in London, which is built on a historic site bordering the Thames Embankment, is younger than Claridge's, it would run the latter a keen race as "The House of Call for Emperors." The long tradition and the extensive aristocratic vista may be missing, but the associations with great personages have given to it a prestige to be envied. It is the most modern of all the hotels in Europe, and Arnold Bennett referred to it in his novel, "The Grand Babylon Hotel" as "a very town in itself."

Here, again, luxury, the modern kind that makes that of the ancients pale, was aimed at by the group of enthusiasts who sought to erect a palatial hotel on the site of the old and historic Palace of the Savoy, in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

There are few more historic quarters in London than the old Savoy, in which district Peter, Earl of Savoy, erected a noble palace in the year 1245, the gift of his nephew, Henry III. That palace descended into many other hands as years went on, and it was the scene of much strife. John, King of France, who had been taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, was brought to England and confined there in 1357. Six years later, being on a visit to England, he died in the palace. The Savoy Palace was attacked by the Londoners in a riot growing out of the tenets of the reformer, Wickliff, in 1377, and in 1381 was burned to the ground by the insurgents under Wat Tyler.

The ruins remained undisturbed for a century, and then, in the reign of Henry VII, a hospital was founded there under the auspices of that king. The Savoy Hospital was buffeted around by each ruler who followed in those exciting times, and Queen Anne finally dissolved the foundation. Many of the buildings remained until the Waterloo Bridge was built in 1815, when they were demolished to make way for the northern approach of the bridge. Very few fragments now remain of the old Savoy, whose literary associations go back as far as Chaucer, who, as the protégé of the great Henry, Duke of Lancaster, was married to Philippa, daughter of a knight of Hainault, in the Savoy Chapel. The latter, somewhat restored by Queen Victoria, is the largest memorial of the old Savoy.

The Savoy Hotel has been extended, added to and partly rebuilt so many times that it is thoroughly modern. In 1898 its famous restaurant was opened in an effort to bring the best catering of Paris to London, and now it is as well known in the French capital as it is in the English metropolis.

In addition to having many eminent names inscribed on its register, the Savoy has had even greater personages attending functions. The Duc D'Orleans before his marriage made the Savoy his London home, and even afterwards his place of call when in the English capital. On the evening of the wedding day of his sister, the Princess Helene of Orleans and Duc d'Aosta, a royal dinner party was given at the Savoy and among the forty-two guests, it was noted, there was not one under the rank of a Serene Highness. This was on June 25, 1895.

Ten months before that time the Savoy had under its roof what was believed to have been the largest assemblage of French nobility ever mustered at an English hotel. The occasion was the funeral of the Comte de Paris. At the Savoy were the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, the Duchesse de Luynes, née La Rochefoucauld, and the Duchesse d'Uzes, the Prince de Lucinge, the Duc de Doudeauville, the Duc de Bisaccia, the Duc de Lorge, the Marquis d'Hervey St. Denys, a score of counts and minor notabilities of the Royalist party.

To mention only a very few of the personages who have been guests of the Savoy, it could be said there have been entertained there Rajah of Pudutokai, Prince Lubomirski, Prince Galitzin, Countess Potocka, Lord Dunraven, M. de Blowitz, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, Princess de Sagon, Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg, MM. Ephrussi, Baron Schroeder, the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, Comte de Perigord, the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharini, M. Emile Zola, the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Reuss, Rajah of Kapurthala, Madame Patti, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The recent history of the Savoy is equally important. Almost every vital announcement by British statesmen during the World War was made there, and the American Ambassador, Walter Hines Page, has left a record of the great work under his influence which was carried on there.

On one occasion the entire Ulster Cabinet, under the Premiership of Sir James Craig, stayed at the Savoy and carried on the government of their country. After the Locarno Pact, Sir Austen Chamberlain was entertained there at a non-party banquet.

Next to the Savoy, to the westward, also opposite the Embankment and in the old Adelphi quarter, stands the enormous Hotel Cecil, where the visitor usually sees flying from the roof two ensigns—the British Union Jack and the American Stars and Stripes. On the Embankment, in front of the Cecil, stands Cleopatra's Needle, the Egyptian obelisk brought to England in 1878.

As the Adelphi already has been the subject of a volume, this historic quarter, in which the western part of the Hotel Cecil lies, it will be understood can not be adequately treated here. There are traditions of bluff Prince Hal, of Henry VIII, of Lady Jane Grey, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Walter Raleigh in this little section of London, and in the eighteenth century David Garrick lived and died in Adelphi Terrace, close by; Voltaire had been there, Oliver Goldsmith and the great Doctor Johnson, too. There are traditions of Fielding, of Mrs. Oldfield, two more characters of that century; and in the nineteenth century there are visions of Dickens—for did not David Copperfield describe the place to a T where the Micawbers spent their last night before sailing to Australia? There is ever so much to interest the literary antiquarian in the Adelphi, so the Cecil can be understood to enjoy a real historic site, as well as having contributed to history since the hotel was opened in 1896.

The hotel itself occupies the site of Durham House, a palace erected seven centuries ago. Durham House had many royal visitors in its time, and for twenty years it was the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote one of his books in a tower overlooking the Thames. The Hotel Cecil impresses the visitor on account of its enormous size—Americans are familiar with taller buildings, but this covers an immense area.

As the Hotel Cecil probably is the largest hotel in England, it was taken over by the British Government during the World War for headquarters for the Royal Air Force. The banqueting rooms were refitted and re-opened in 1920, and in 1921 the entire house, after being overhauled and renovated, was once more open to receive guests. Many prominent Americans have stayed there.

While it would convey a very false impression to describe many of the inns and hotels in England which are owned and managed by the Trust Houses Limited, as recent hotels, yet the plan under which they have been acquired and operated is essentially one that belongs to the present century. The history of this immense organization of small and large hostelries in England, as given by the company's publicity department, shows it to have been founded by the late Earl Grey.

Earl Grey founded the Trust Houses Limited in the year

1903 as one of the Public House Trust Companies which were at about that time formed in different counties to acquire licensed houses free of tie to brewers or distillers, and to secure their management by managers remunerated at a fixed salary with commissions on takings for all items except alcoholics.

Thus the Company was, in the first place, an attempt at a constructive solution of the temperance problem, on the assumption that elimination of trade interest in the sale of liquor would enable the development of the licensed house in the line of its proper function of the provision of both food and drink.

The dividend payable to shareholders was limited in the first place to five per cent. (5%) and now, owing to the change in money values, to seven per cent. (7%) free of tax.

Formed in Hertfordshire, the Company proceeded to acquire by amalgamation the interests of the Essex, Middlesex, and Sussex Trusts, and gradually by extension to acquire houses as far apart as Inverness and Plymouth. The original problem of the Company was the village inn and roadside public house; in its wider field it comprises practically every type of licensed house from the London tavern to the large business hotel, such as the Victory Hotel, Leeds, and the holiday hotel, such as the Royal Hotel, Ventnor. It has happened that a number of the most picturesque and historic inns of the country have from time to time come under the Company's control. Some of these have been mentioned in a former chapter and others will be found included in the chapter on Dickens Inns. All the Trust Houses cannot be mentioned, for at present they number more than thirty.

Every visitor to Berlin at least sees the Hotel Adlon, because it has a most prominent site on the Pariser Platz;

indeed, it is so much in the midst of private palaces, embassies and monuments of that kind on Unter den Linden, that Imperial sanction was helpful in securing it.

Built in 1907 and ceremoniously opened in the presence of the last German Emperor, his family, together with the most distinguished scholars, artists and financiers then in Germany, the house has attracted the greatest travellers who have since visited Berlin. It is a very modern and gorgeous hotel.

A little newer, and, consequently, also very modern in ideas of convenience, luxury and comfort of guests, is the Hotel Royal, in Rome, the scene of many important social events. It is close to the British and American Embassies in the most aristocratic quarter of the Eternal City.

Nice, on the French Riviera, is filled with "Grand Hotels." There are to be found the Hotel Royal, Hotel Savoy, Hotel Plaza and the Hotel Ruhl et Des Anglais. The latter, although built only in 1910, has, since its construction, entertained as guests some of the greatest world figures who have visited Nice. The Hotel itself was designed by the eminent French architect, M. Dalmas, who tried to incorporate all the ultra-modern ideas of M. Ruhl. The result is one of the sights of this part of the Riviera.

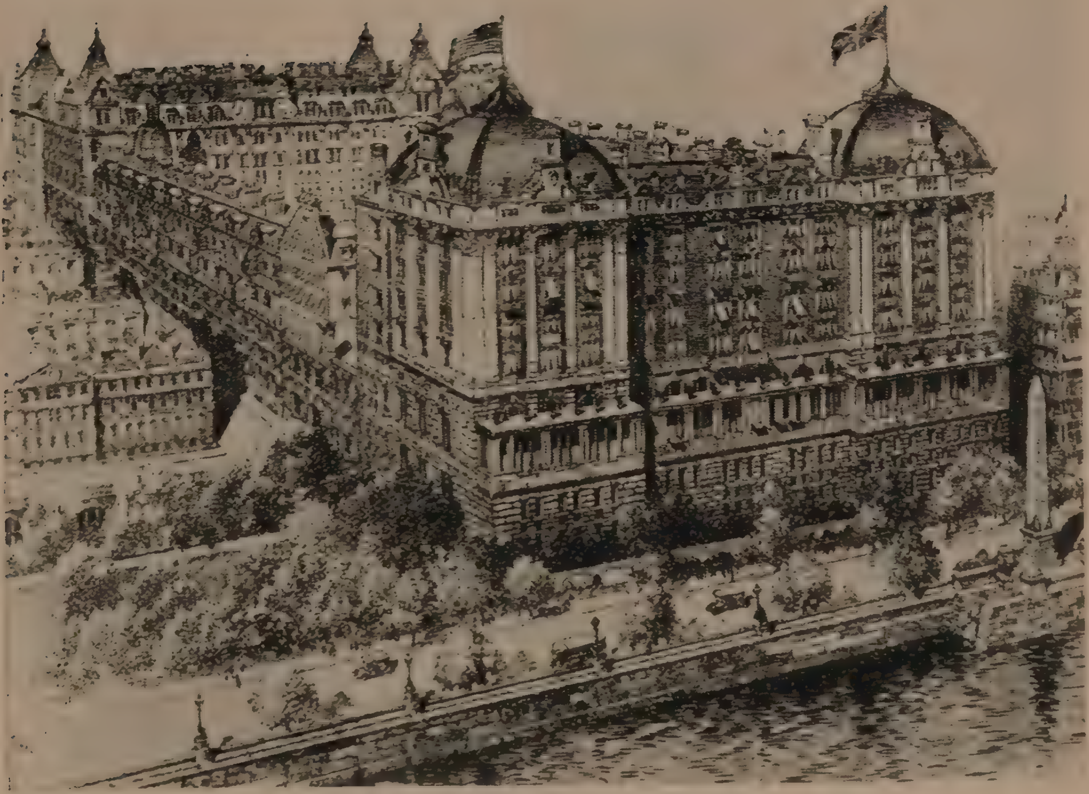
XVIII

RECENT HOTELS IN THE UNITED STATES

As was told in the previous chapter, hotels in both Europe and America entered upon a new era with the dawn of the present century. Particularly those in the United States became not only larger, but more attractive to travellers in every way that modern inventiveness and desire to entertain and comfort could suggest. The chain system of great hotels also was developed until by this time considerable space would be needed to describe these alone. In a measure probably all of these great hostelries are historic, but there is room to mention only a few typical examples of great, modern hotels in the United States that have a history of general interest. Some of these modern hotels have been rebuilt upon sites of houses that have made their names historic. Fire, desire for expansion and the need for replacement are some of the causes that have led to the building of these immense and luxurious caravansaries.

An interesting example of this kind is the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, perpetuating the Palace Hotel which gave the Pacific Coast a new importance when it was built in 1875. Then it was believed to surpass any hostelry in the United States for size. The original Palace Hotel owed its creation to a demand for something better in housing travellers and residents who had been rapidly making money and wanted a house that would be an attractive place to entertain in. The year 1875 is recalled in California as the peak of the Bonanza period, when nearly everybody there had money and prosperity was only a daily experience.

THE *Savoy, London.* (*Page 297*)



HOTEL *Cecil, London.* (*Page 300*)

Adlon *Hotel, Berlin.* (*Page 303*)

Hotel *Royal, Rome.* (*Page 303*)

At that time William Ralston, who was a leading financier in San Francisco, and head of the Bank of California, planned and virtually had completed the Palace Hotel, having realized the need of a great, sumptuous house for travellers when the last spike was driven in the Central Pacific Railroad. Just on the eve of opening the fine new hostelry, the Bank of California, locally regarded as safe as the United States Treasury, suspended. To add to this seeming disaster, Mr. Ralston was drowned while bathing the same afternoon, August 26, 1875.

There was need for a strong, confident hand to straighten out these two imperilled enterprises, and it soon was discovered, for, just when San Franciscans despaired, the "King of the Comstocks," Senator William Sharon, of Nevada, who had been a close friend of Ralston, and who had taken an active part in his many business ventures, came forward and saved both the bank and the hotel, and confidence was restored.

San Francisco was almost as happy over the successful opening of the Palace Hotel as it was over the resumption of the bank. The people had learned that the hotel was supplied with four artesian wells, five elevators, seven stairways and four hundred and thirty-seven bath-tubs. The house was designed to accommodate twelve hundred persons. Word had gone forth that the bank would resume on October 2, and it did, only the crowd that clamored for admittance wanted to deposit their money and not to draw it, especially as they saw an abundance of bright twenty-dollar gold pieces encouragingly displayed in the window of the institution. The evening of the same day the Palace Hotel was opened, and the first guests to register were Governor Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford. On October 14, 1875, a banquet to Lieut. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan was the formal opening of the big hotel.

Together with a large section of San Francisco the hotel was destroyed partly by fire in 1906, but before the ruins had cooled work on a new Palace Hotel was under way. The new house is eight stories in height and has seven hundred rooms. As the original hotel had a Sun Court filled with palms which carried the fame of the house to the ends of the earth, the new Palace Hotel also has a Palm Court which is an attractive dining room, instead of the Sun Court entrance of other days.

For large banquets the Palm Court, Rose Room and the Grill can be thrown together, and this was done on the occasions of the dinners to President Wilson, King Albert, Former Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Former Senator Hiram Johnson, and to President Harding during his visit to San Francisco.

The hotel will always be historic, for it was while President Harding was stopping there, on his return from Alaska, that he had that attack of illness which so suddenly terminated in his death.

Having been opened only three weeks before the inauguration of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904, the Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, naturally started at an auspicious time. Thousands of persons, many of them notables, went to St. Louis to see the World's Fair, and a large proportion of the distinguished visitors registered at the newest and largest hotel in that city. The house was erected at the request of the Directors of the Louisiana Exposition, with Festus J. Wade, president of the Mercantile Trust Company, as promoter. Mr. Wade undertook the financing of the enterprise, which was not intended for revenue producing only, but mainly to take care of the visitors to the Exposition. It thus was in effect a part of the show itself.

During the same year and while the Fair was in progress the Democratic National Convention was held in St. Louis, where Judge Parker was nominated for the Presidency. The Jefferson was the headquarters for the Democratic National Committee, leading figures of which at that time were Thomas Taggart, Roger Sullivan, and August Belmont. The Committee of the Democratic National Convention, in 1916, when President Woodrow Wilson was nominated for a second term, made the same hotel its headquarters. In 1906, when the International Balloon and Aviation Meet was held in St. Louis, the Jefferson was the headquarters.

Four Presidents of the United States have been guests at this hotel—Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Woodrow Wilson, and Warren G. Harding. Both Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Wilson also were guests. The Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Congressman Joseph Cannon, Hon. Josephus Daniels, Vice-President James S. Sherman, Vice-President William Fairbanks, Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, Wilbur and Orville Wright, the Maharaja and Maharina Jind, Marshal Joffre, Hon. William G. MacAdoo, John Jacob Astor, Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker and his staff, of Pennsylvania; Admiral von Tirpitz, the German Navy Lord; and practically every great actor and operatic singer who has visited St. Louis since 1904 have registered at the Jefferson.

The Wentworth By-the-Sea, which is situated on the beautiful island of New Castle, three miles from Portsmouth, N. H., is an example of a hotel which not only occupies a historic site but which was itself the scene of some modern history making.

Erected in 1874, the Wentworth's history is inherited from a tavern established at or near the same location by Samuel Wentworth, in 1669. The house, which was built in 1874, and the first to be called the Wentworth, was only a third of the size of the house now known by that name, for the hotel built by C. E. Campbell and C. H. Chase has several times been augmented and improved, more than $400,000 having been expended on improvement during the last few years.

In the summer of 1905—August 5 to 9, to be exact—the Treaty of Peace which ended the disastrous Russo-Japanese War was concluded at Portsmouth, the peace delegates from the two countries making the Wentworth their headquarters, where all the discussions preliminary to those in the general conference were held. The actual conferences were held at the Portsmouth Naval Station, which had been placed at the disposal of the two governments by President Roosevelt, who invited them to meet and arrange a peace.

The Shoreham Hotel, at H and Fifteenth Streets, N. W., Washington, closed its doors in 1926, after a long history connected with many national and world celebrities. The Shoreham which went out of business was a New Shoreham and was so called, because it was entirely a twentieth century hotel and catered to official and social life of the Capital.

It was probably during President Wilson's term that history began to be made at the Shoreham. Mr. Wilson with his family stopped at the hotel just before his first inauguration in 1913. Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall not only lived at the Shoreham before he was inducted into office, but with Mrs. Marshall continued to live there for two years afterward. Many of the members of Mr. Wilson's cabinet met at the Shoreham every day for luncheon, and usually brought friends or guests with them. This became a practice, so a table was reserved for them, popularly referred to as "The White House Table." Having thus started a custom, it was continued by the cabinets of President Harding and President Coolidge.

During the World War many of the foreign Ambassadors accredited to Washington were frequent visitors to the Shoreham. General Pershing was a guest before he went

Palace *Hotel, San Francisco.* (*Page 304*)

Hotel *Ruhl et Des Anglais, Nice.* (*Page 303*)

The *Traymore, Atlantic City.* (*Page 310*)

The *Wentworth, Portsmouth, N. H.* (*Page 307*) to the Mexican border and after his return from the World War. Dinners to such distinguished visitors as Marshal Foch, General Haig, and General Gouraud were given there, while on one occasion the head of the military mission from Russia, Colonel Nikolaieff, gave a dinner there in honor of the high officials of the armies and navies of The Allies then in Washington.

While the first hotel erected in Atlantic City, named the Bedloe House, was finished just about the time the first Camden and Atlantic Railroad train ran into the resort, in 1854, what may be justly regarded as its historic hotels are of more recent date. The United States Hotel, which was removed about a quarter of a century ago, was another very early hostelry that attracted the most distinguished visitors on account of its great size and its prominence. In 1874 President U. S. Grant was a guest at the United States Hotel, and in the same house the Potter Committee held a session in the summer of 1878, when some notables appeared as witnesses, among them General James A. Garfield, later President of the United States.

As the city increased in size and its fame as a resort spread literally all over the world, it began to attract persons of national and international reputation. During the last twenty-five years it has become one of the best known convention cities in the country, and this fact also has brought to the resort men and women of mark in all the sciences, arts and industry. Atlantic City also has become pre-eminently a city of great hotels. No other city in the world boasts of so many, and those luxurious and palatial houses, one of which makes the reputation of the average city, are found to be numerous in this unique seaside resort.

Naturally many of these hostelries have some claim to historic distinction from having entertained persons whose fame makes their names as familiar as household words.

Their individual stories would supply matter for a separate volume, therefore only a few of these can be mentioned here.

One of the earliest of the exclusive hotels in Atlantic City was the Brighton, which has been many times extended, altered and modernized, although always in keeping with its original character. In 1894 the hotel erected the Brighton Casino on the ocean front, to which the exclusiveness of the hotel was extended.

Some of the early hotels have been entirely replaced by modern structures in which the last word in comfort, convenience and luxury has been said. Among these are the Traymore, a gigantic brick building of imposing design; the Chalfonte, Haddon Hall, originally Haddon House; the Shelburne, and the St. Charles. The building of the Marlborough-Blenheim, about twenty years ago, was the first movement experienced by the resort toward a modern mammoth hotel for the class who desire surroundings of taste and luxurious influences. It naturally attracted many persons of note, including ambassadors, statesmen and high lights in the artistic and literary world. More than that, the enterprise exerted an influence on hotel architecture and construction in Atlantic City.

The Hotel Traymore is famous among the high-class resort hotels of the world and architecturally imposing in both its exterior appearance and interior composition. It probably has entertained more notables of both the Americas and of foreign countries and housed more important business, scientific and social conferences and conventions than has any other resort hostelry. Since its opening it has entertained Presidents Wilson, Coolidge and Roosevelt; several of the Vice-Presidents, practically all of the Cabinet members holding such office since the hotel opened, and innumerable leading scientists, explorers, physicians, financiers, authors, musicians, dramatic and operatic stars and social leaders of both America and foreign countries.

Among the notable international gatherings held under its roof have been: the Joint American-Mexican Congress, which continued in session there over two months; the first International Conference of the Bishopric of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the World; the War Convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; the Japanese Commission to establish better relations between that country and the United States; the War Council of the Manufacturers of the Eastern States; the War Convention of the American Bankers Association; the Reconstruction conference of that same organization; the Inter-allied Missions from Belgium, France, Great Britain and Italy and a host of smaller but no less notable assemblages purposed for the advancement of science, art, discovery and business. It has been truthfully said that many of the important governmental and business problems have been solved and subjects introduced under the domes of the Traymore.

One of the most recent of the great hotels at the resort is the Ambassador, which, while only opened in 1919, already has a history lent it by the many persons of prominence who have been entertained there. Thus, on July 1, 1920, the greatest tenor of the operatic stage, Enrico Caruso, sang in the Renaissance Salon of the Hotel. President Plutarco Elias Calles, of Mexico, was a guest at the Ambassador, and other distinguished names found on its register include those of Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Mme. Galli-Curci, Baron Ago Von Maltzen, German Ambassador to the United States, the late Samuel Gompers, the late James B. Duke, John Hays Hammond, and many of prominence in the theatrical, motion picture and sports world, including the heavyweight and the lightweight champions.

In these days of enormous structures one has to be very careful in the use of the word "largest," but when it was opened to the public January 28, 1919, the Hotel Commodore, which adjoins the Grand Central Terminal at Forty-Second Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City, it was popularly acclaimed as the world's largest hotel. There was some justification for this characterization at that time for the house was thirty-three stories in height and had two thousand guest rooms. It still has the world's largest hotel ball-room, and frequently has served thirty-five hundred banquet guests at one time.

The Hotel Commodore, which took care of the great Peace Ball three days after it was opened, has been the scene of many large social and official functions since that time. It has had as guests President Harding and President Coolidge, and in its brief career has also had the distinction of entertaining King Albert and the Royal Family of Belgium, Marshal Foch, General Pershing, Enrico Caruso, Mary Garden, Governor Smith of New York, Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, and Cardinal Hayes, to mention only a very few celebrities who have been within its walls. On June 14, 1927, thirty-six hundred guests attended the great civic dinner given in honor of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who was the first aviator to "hop" from New York to Paris!

While the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, occupies a site which has had hotels upon it for more than fifty years, and while this house itself was only completed in 1913, it and not its forerunners is the most historic hostelry to stand on part of this corner of Broad and Walnut Streets.

The first hotel erected on this lot was one put up by adding to two existing old city residences in 1875 in order to take care of the Centennial visitors the following year.

THE *Commodore, New York City.* (*Page* 312)

BELLEVUE-*Stratford, Philadelphia.* (*Page* 312)

THE *Ambassador Hotel, New York City.* (*Page 315*)

BULL *Hotel, Rochester.* (*Page 317*)

It was named the St. George, and continued to be so called until late in the eighties, when George C. Boldt, having already outgrown his little Hotel Bellevue at the opposite corner, took over the house, extended, altered and refitted it and called it the Stratford. It had considerably more guest chambers than the Bellevue, and was used principally for overflow and for resident guests.

Another decade showed the inability of these two houses to take care of the little Bellevue's business, especially after Mr. Boldt had opened the Waldorf and added the Astoria to its name, in New York city. The Waldorf-Astoria in 1898 was the newest thing in hotels in the world. A few years' experience, however, brought out for the keen, observant mind of Mr. Boldt its deficiencies. Consequently, when the new Bellevue-Stratford was opened, September 19, 1904, and especially when its size was almost doubled and a roof garden introduced, the completed house was opened in 1913 by a reception to Mr. Boldt's friends, including many old guests of his houses, he saw that the Bellevue-Stratford contained everything that could then be conceived as applicable to a first-class hotel. In 1913 it was the leading house in the hotel world.

Prince Albert, later King Albert, of Belgium, was a guest at the old Stratford, about thirty years ago, and a few years later Prince Henry of Prussia also was entertained at the Stratford, because the Bellevue was too small to properly accommodate them, being almost always filled.

The Bellevue-Stratford, owing to its large ball-room and its large banquet rooms, became instantly the scene of brilliant social affairs in Philadelphia, many of them of national and international character. The first large dinner given there was that to the late Congressman H. H. Bingham, in January, 1905. The same year the first convention of The American Street Railway Association was held at the

Bellevue-Stratford. The Clover Club and The Five O'clock Club, two notable Philadelphia dining clubs of international reputation, which had held their dinners at the old Bellevue, transferred their allegiance and home to the new hotel. Philadelphia's most patrician and exclusive dances, the Assembly Balls, which have an uninterrupted history since 1749, were transferred to the Bellevue-Stratford after its opening and have since been annual fixtures, while the Contemporary Club, a literary society known to literati everywhere, has held its meetings, to which distinguished authors and artists have taken part, in this hotel for the last fifteen years.

Every President of the United States from Roosevelt to Calvin Coolidge has been entertained at the Bellevue-Stratford; some of them have been there more than once. Queen Marie, of Rumania, the Maharajah of Baroda, the richest potentate in India; the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia; the Grand Duchess Cyril, of Russia; the Crown Prince of Sweden, and the last Crown Prince of China; the Crown Prince of Siam, now King of that country, have been among the royalty who have been guests of the house. The Crown Prince of China and his numerous suite and retinue were given the whole first floor of the hotel, and a part of the kitchen was assigned to the Imperial Prince's cooks, for he carried with him his own cooks, his own waiters, and even provided his own food. The Prince returned to China in time to learn that it had become a republic.

Many national and international organizations have either been formally organized in the Bellevue-Stratford or have completed their organizations at conventions held there. Thus, the first convention of The National Electric Light Association was held there in 1912; the meeting of delegates to an international convention held there the same year led to the formation of the Pan-American Congress. The first international meeting of the Advertising Clubs of the World was held at the hotel in 1916. In 1919 the hotel was successively the headquarters during the celebrations for the return of the Seventy-ninth and the Twenty-eighth Divisions, which were composed of Pennsylvanians, in the World War. General Pershing and his staff were guests on these occasions. More recently Dr. Eckner, the German pilot of the great dirigible ZR3, which he brought through the air to this country, hurried from Lakewood, as soon as he turned over his precious airship to the air force there, to the Bellevue-Stratford and registered. The ZR3 is now renamed the Los Angeles.

One of the latest additions to the group of distinguished hotels in the United States is The Ambassador, New York City, which occupies the entire block between 51st and 52nd Streets, on the east side of Park Avenue. It has been designed and furnished for those travellers who demand the luxurious, and although only a few years in existence its list of guests already has given it the right to be called historic.

Its most eminent guest, of course, was Queen Marie, of Rumania, who, in an interview, gave The Ambassador the highest kind of recommendation, being especially charmed with the "good old furniture and exquisite objects of art" she found in her suite.

Already the hotel register contains a long list of names of royalty, nobility, and other distinguished personages of Europe and America.

XIX

DICKENS HOTELS AND INNS

Dickens inns first began to attract the attention of tourists and readers in 1880, when an article on "Mr. Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby" in "Scribner's Monthly," written by Alfred Rimmer and illustrated by Charles A. Vanderhoof, pointed out to an unsuspecting public that although the novelist had been dead ten years, yet a great deal of him survived in concrete form in London and elsewhere in England. For the first time some one had arisen to point out the great sentimental and historic interest these comfortable, ancient hostelries can have for one who has read the works of the great novelist, and has absorbed them as only the true Dickensian can.

Since that time Dickens inns have attracted American pilgrims, and many magazine articles and a few books have been devoted to describing and picturing these old places that remain. Mr. B. W. Matz, probably the dean of Dickensians, published a sizable book on "The Inns and Taverns of Pickwick," and by actual count he mentioned seventy-four, including a few coffee houses. Since then, a larger volume on "Dickensian Inns and Taverns" has come from his pen, and in this he takes us to one hundred and twenty-nine, although he especially omits the Pickwickian interest. However, a few of the houses necessarily are duplicated, but it is perfectly safe to assert that Dickens introduced into his works so enormous a number of inns, hotels, taverns and such like places that their total is at least one hundred and fifty.

All of these places have not survived to the present day,

Angel Hotel, *Bury St. Edmunds.* (Page 319)

The *Spaniards, Hampstead, London.* (Page 319)

Great White Horse, Ipswich. *(Page 320)*

Pickwick *Room, Great White Horse Hotel, Ipswich, England.* *(Page 320)* and fewer of them measure up to the demands of the word historic. At the same time the attempt to include so many here would be both impractical and disproportionate. Some of these inns and hotels have already been mentioned, and in this chapter a few of the leading interesting Dickens inns not already referred to will be pointed out.

Few of the Dickens London inns survive. Even Mivart's, now Claridge's in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, where Nicholas Nickleby overheard Sir Mulberry Hawk talking familiarly about his sister Kate, is no more, a new and larger Claridge's having succeeded the ancient hotel. It has been suggested by Mr. Matz that Mivart's was the house at which Mr. Dombey stopped after his return from the Continent.

There is still something of Dickens London surviving, and the Dickens Tour is one of the most popular ones with American tourists in the British Capital. But the enthusiastic Dickensian is not satisfied with this: he usually follows some of the roads Mr. Pickwick or Nicholas Nickleby took and visits as many Dickens inns in "the Provinces" as he has time to give. While he may not visit all there are a few he will strive to enter, or at least see.

Of all surviving Dickens inns in England the Bull Hotel at Rochester is the one the American Dickensian usually tries to visit. The reason this house is so popular lies partly in the fact that it is not a long distance from Gad's Hill Place, the novelist's last home, which is a shrine for the Dickens pilgrim.

To go through the Bull Hotel is to find that Pickwickian characters are popularly regarded as real human beings, instead of the creation of a most fecund novelist. Dickens as a very young man had stopped at the Bull; when he wrote Pickwick he laid two or three scenes there, and even gave it a reputation in words that still survive on the inn signboard. It will be recalled that Jingle commended it in his abrupt, decisive way as "Good house—nice beds"; and you will find that statement from "Pickwick" carefully quoted on the sign.

The visitor is shown Pickwick's room, the one in fact that Dickens had occupied; he will find the ball-room, with its "elevated den" for the musicians, more or less as it was in Pickwick's time—1827. There also is the coffee room, and the private banqueting room where the dinner was held for Pip, in "Great Expectations"; and the great inn yard, where Dickens feasted the "Seven Poor Travellers." Winkle's room and Tupman's room are shown, as if they were genuine flesh and blood guests. One night in 1836 the Princess Victoria, later to be Queen Victoria, slept at the Bull and no stronger argument could be made for the hold the novelist still maintains than to be informed that "the Princess had Winkle's room," for the fictitious character is always given precedence of the slight, young girl who became a Queen.

The Bull Inn, or Hotel, is a very ancient hostelry, although its early history is bathed in mystery. It is said to date from the fourteenth century, and that Queen Elizabeth once stopped there. Hogarth also is said to have been a guest. In 1864 the place was rebuilt, and in 1836, when "Pickwick" was being published in monthly parts, the house was known as the Crown, which was long its name. However, it is as the Bull that the place appeals to Dickens lovers, although, curiously enough the inn is not specifically named in the works of the novelist, yet described in a manner that made its identification easy.

No reader of "Pickwick" needs be told that many London coaching houses and inns figure as scenes in that immortal work. Alas for the enthusiast who seeks them to-day in the British metropolis! Almost every one of them has vanished in that "march of improvement" which has been in progress for the last hundred years.

The Golden Cross Inn, where in Chapter II of "Pickwick Papers" the famous club started on its peregrinations, and where the mild mannered Samuel Pickwick was saved from the wrath of a London cabby by the timely intervention of Jingle, disappeared many years ago when Trafalgar Square absorbed it. There is still a Golden Cross in the Strand, but such expert Dickensians as Mr. Matz assure us that this one has no connection with Mr. Pickwick. The old Golden Cross also figured in "David Copperfield," and as early as 1757 it was the starting place for the Brighton coach.

Some other London Pickwickian inns were the White Hart, Southwark, where Sam Weller was "boots," and where he so fascinated Mr. Pickwick that that worthy hired him as his personal servant; La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, which was the terminal of Tony Weller's coach route. The senior Weller drove the Ipswich coach, which started from the Bull Inn, Whitechapel; the Spaniards, at Hampstead, which dates from 1630, where traditions of Dick Turpin abound, and where Mrs. Bardell and her friends were celebrating when the party was thrown into confusion. Mrs. Bardell was taken away in a hackney coach to the Fleet for failure to pay her attorneys their costs in the famous breach of promise suit. The Spaniards is one of the ancient places which, being out of the centre of London, has survived the hand of improvement. Osborne's Adelphi Hotel is another survivor. Its Dickens interest is due to the fact that there Mr. Pickwick abandoned his idea of travel and the famous club came to an end. The Angel, Bury St. Edmunds, should not be forgotten, for it was while Mr. Pickwick was comfortably installed there that he was summonsed in the famous breach of promise suit.

The Angel, which is said to occupy the site of three earlier inns, known as the Angel, the Castle, and White Bear, was built in 1779. In the square before it is held the Bury Fair annually on September 21. In 1835 Dickens stopped there during a reporting expedition, and in 1861, when he gave a reading in the old town, he again put up at the Angel.

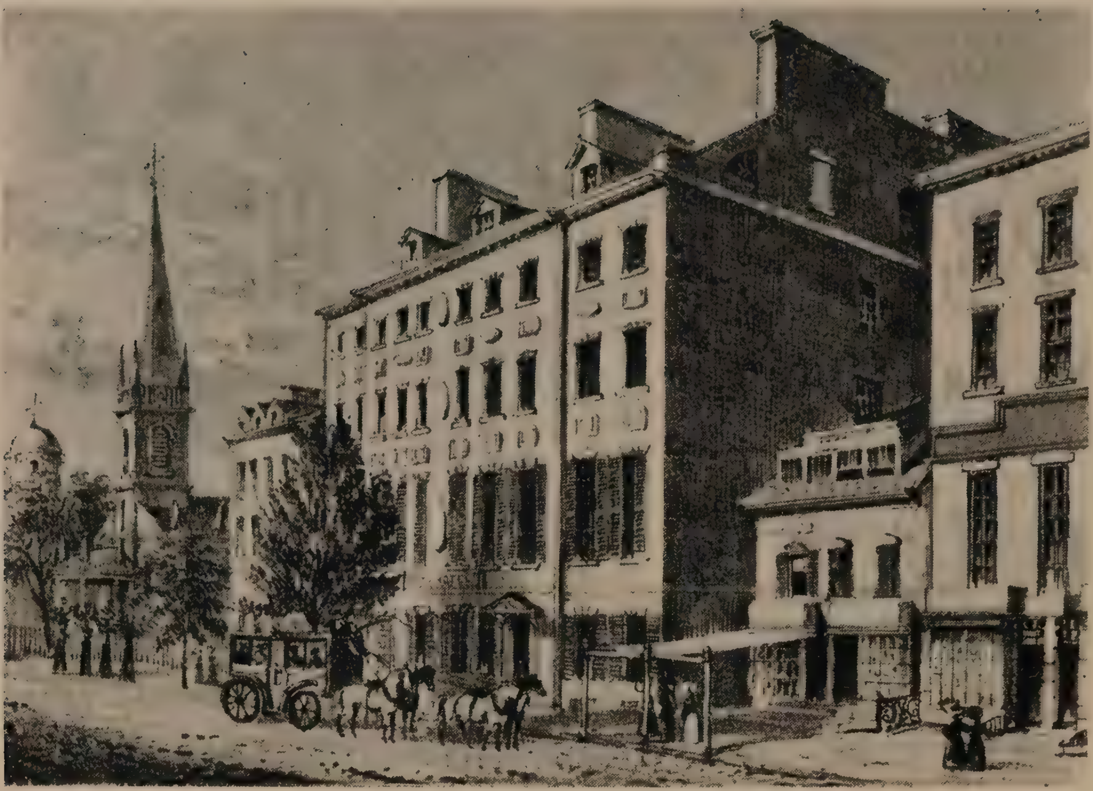
Few Dickens inns have a greater attraction for Dickensians than the Great White Horse, Ipswich. This is not only due to the "stone statue of some rampacious animal" which surmounts the entrance, but equally to the circumstance that it was here that Mr. Pickwick had that embarrassing adventure with "the lady with yellow curl papers." This is now one of the Trust Houses.

There are the inns made notable by being introduced into other books by the great novelist. For instance, the Coach and Horses, Islesworth; the Red Lion, Barnet; and the Angel, Islington, which, however, was already widely known as a centre for mail coaches, figure in "Oliver Twist." The Saracen's Head is recalled by all readers of "Nicholas Nickleby," as it was the place where Squeers and his pupils started for "Dotheboys Hall." It stood on Snow Hill, London, and long ago was removed. In the same novel many other inns and hotels are mentioned as scenes for moving incidents. Among these is the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge, where Mr. Squeers and the boys left the coach for his humane school.

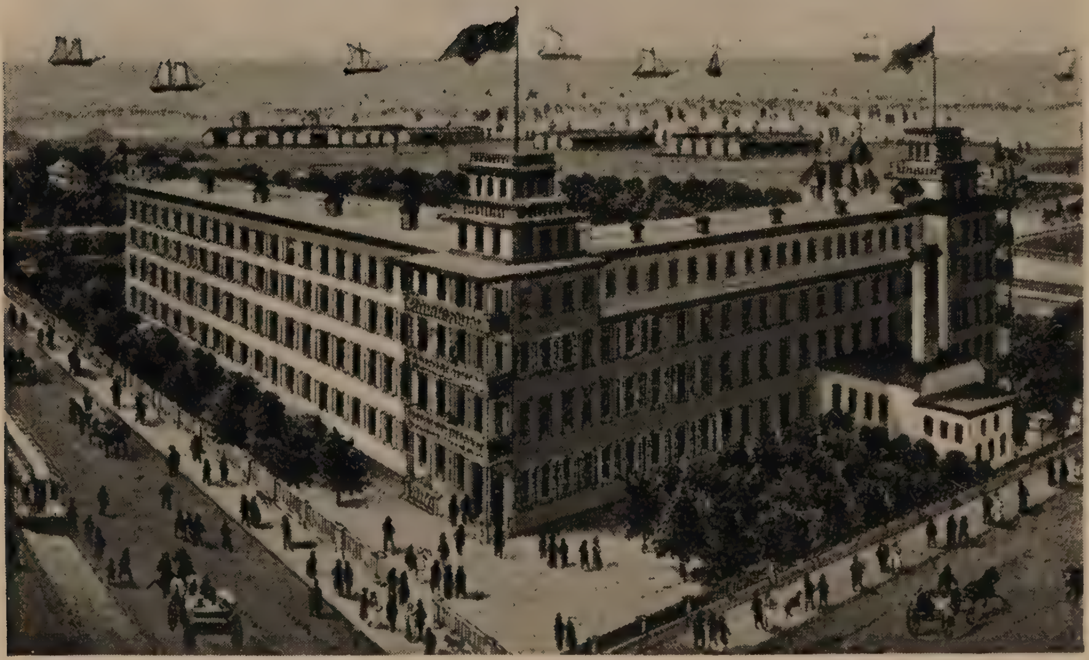
Although the inn is thus named in the novel, the novelist probably purposely confused the inquirer, because the George is half a mile from New Inn, and the latter has long been a farm house, named "Thorpe Grange." The George still stands beside the picturesque bridge, and it was later used as the original of "The Holly Tree Inn," in the Christmas story of that name, by Dickens. Dickens once, when a

Old George *and New Inn, Greta Bridge.* (*Page 320*)

Wood's *Hotel, London.* (*Page 322*)



City *Hotel, New York City.* (*Page 118*)



United *States Hotel, Atlantic City, 1876.* (*Page 309*) young man, stayed at the New Inn. Both these houses have long since ceased to be used for their original purpose.

The King's Head, Chigwell, has been identified as the original of the Maypole Inn of "Barnaby Rudge." So strong is the affection of Dickens's lovers in the old "Maypole" that in 1899 "The Charles Dickens Lodge" was consecrated in the inn, and continues to meet there, using "the best bed room" for meetings and the Chester room for its banquets.

Other inns figure in "Barnaby Rudge," and a few in "Old Curiosity Shop." The favorite tavern of Quilp, and Dick Swiveller's favorite, the latter identified with the Red Lion, Bevis Marks' "The Blue Dragon" inn in "Martin Chuzzlewit," has been identified with the George Inn, Amesbury. "Dombey and Son" is a book of few inns. They had become hotels by that time, and Mr. Dombey was at the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, and Cousin Feenix stopped at Long's Hotel in Bond Street, when he arrived from the continent to attend Mr. Dombey's wedding.

"David Copperfield," being largely, in the earlier part of the book, autobiographical, introduces a number of inns, taverns and hotels. There are the Royal, Lowestoft; Jack Straw's Castle, the Sun Inn, Canterbury; the Buck Inn and the Duke's Head Inn, at Yarmouth, and the Plough Inn, Blunderstone, among others, the majority of which are still in existence.

Mr. Matz identifies the Old Cheshire Cheese, which is in Wine Court, off Fleet Street, London, as the tavern mentioned in "A Tale of Two Cities," where Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton dined after the trial at the Old Bailey, and asserts that Dickens was known to have visited the quaint old chop house where Doctor Johnson is believed to have frequently presided over the long table on the ground floor.

"The Fox under the Hill," now a modern public house in London, is said to have been the tavern where Wemmick's wedding breakfast, in "Great Expectations," was served.

"The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters," a tavern which figures in "Our Mutual Friend," is said to still exist. The resort of Rogue Riderhood and Gaffer Hexam is to-day known as the Grapes, and is still a favorite resort for London watermen of Limehouse. The Ship tavern at Greenwich, where Bella Wilfer, in the same novel, entertained her father to dinner, has given way to a modern structure, the Ship Hotel.

Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn, London, which was demolished in 1898, was frequently visited by Dickens, when, as a very young man, he had chambers at 13 Furnival's Inn. The House was introduced in the novelist's last and unfinished romance, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." It was at Wood's Hotel that Mr. Grewgious went for his dinner "three hundred days in the year at least."

But there are ever so many Dickens Hotels in England, either standing or recalled. All of them have picturesqueness, and to those familiar with the great novelist's works, a deep interest; however, enough has been given here to suggest their number and importance. In the majority of instances the chief sentimental interest of these old places rests upon their use by Dickens, although all of them have a quaint character of their own.

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